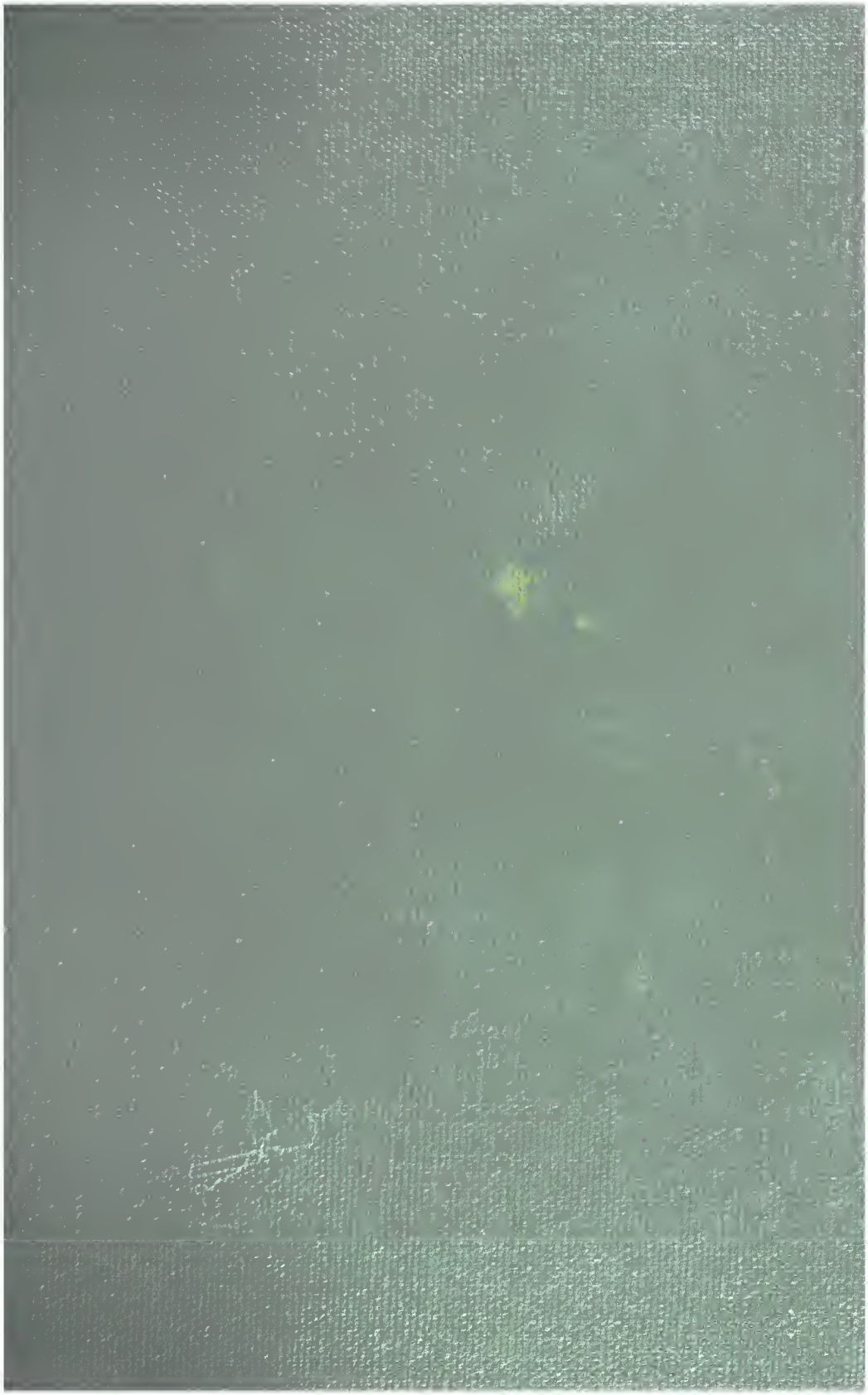

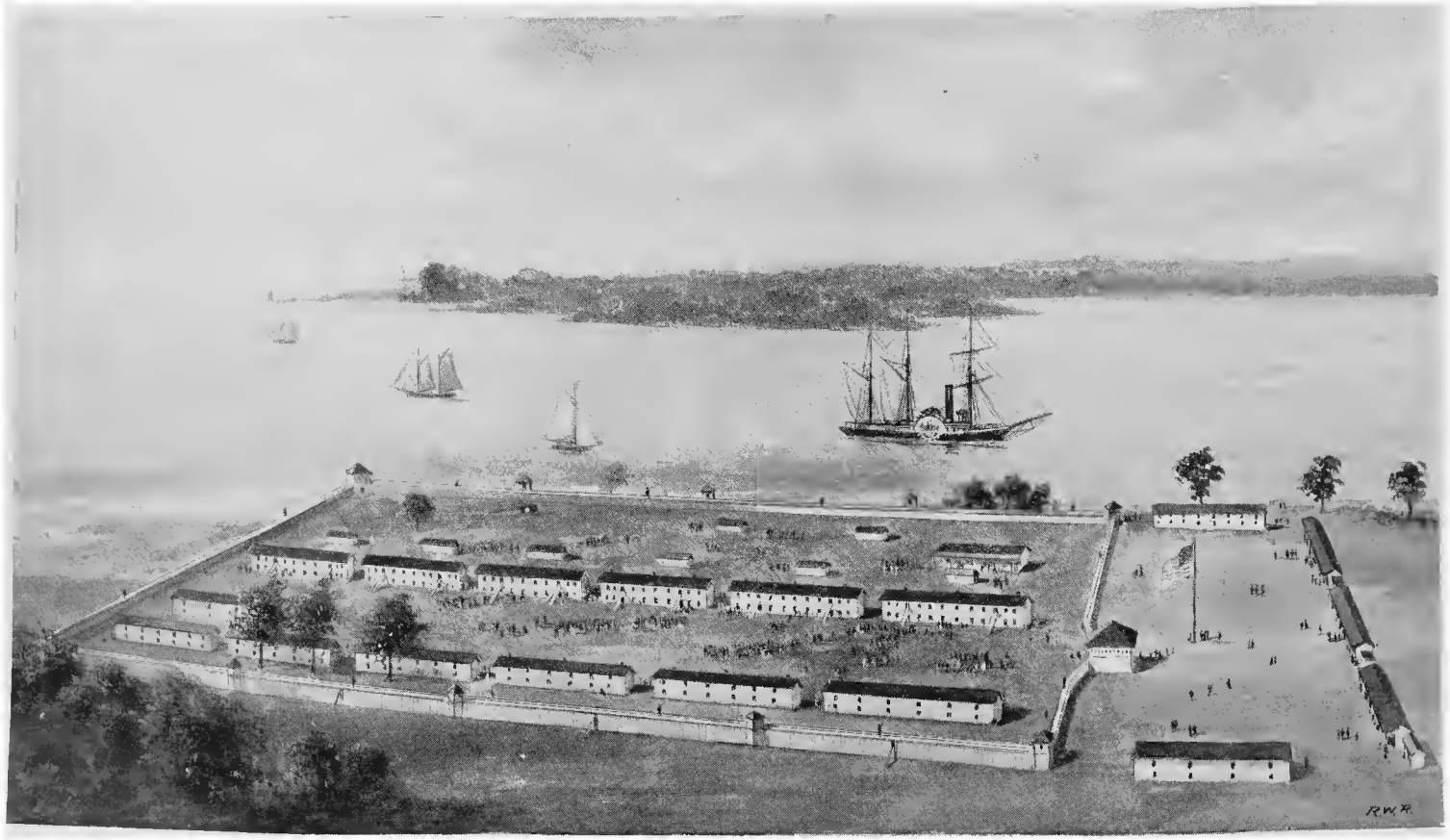

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UNITED STATES MILITARY PRISON,
Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio.

HISTORIES

OF THE

SEVERAL REGIMENTS AND BATTALIONS

FROM

NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE

GREAT WAR 1861-'65.

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF THE RESPECTIVE COMMANDS

EDITED BY

WALTER CLARK,

(Lieut.-Colonel Seventieth Regiment N. C. T.)

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ORGANIZATION OF RESERVES.

By WALTER CLARK, Lieutenant-Colonel 70 N. C. T.

When the Southern leaders were contemplating separation, they estimated largely upon the expectation that all the States South of Mason and Dixon's line, the Ohio and the northern boundary of Missouri would go with the South, including Indian Territory and New Mexico. This would have given the new Confederacy nearly one-third of the population of the old Union. In this event there would have doubtless been a peaceable separation and no war. But it proved that in the States of Maryland, Delaware, that part of Virginia since known as West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, the majority were largely on the northern side and there was no small defection among the whites in East Tennessee and other localities, to say nothing of the colored refugees who swelled the Union army. It is estimated that no less than 350,000 men from the Southern side of the line above indicated served in the Federal armies which also contained, besides the troops from the populous Northern States, a host of foreigners attracted by high bounties and good pay.

The result was that instead of the Confederate armies being one-third of the forces in the field (which would have insured early success if there had been war) the official records show that first and last over 3,000,000 of men served in the Northern armies and 600,000—certainly not more than 650,000—in those of the South. This disproportion of 5 to 1 struck the cold calculating mind of Edwin M. Stanton, who perceived that in an exchange of prisoners, man for man, the South therefore was largely advantaged. With an iron will, and reckless of all considerations of humanity, he stopped the exchange of prisoners. The blow was a staggering one to the Confederacy. It could not recruit its armies from abroad and the loyal population, capable of bearing arms, was already almost en masse in service.

President Davis, contrary to the course pursued by Governor Vance, instead of shipping cotton as a basis of credit and to procure supplies, conceived the fatal idea, and pursued it to the disastrous end, that by withholding our cotton, a "cotton famine" would force the nations of Europe to raise the blockade, and come to our aid. Thus besides the natural weariness of war, the lack of supplies caused the soldiery to be half fed and badly clothed and shod, and more than this, when the cry of want went up from wives and little ones in many an humble home, the cancer of desertion became an open sore.

With ranks daily depleted by deaths on the battlefield and in the hospitals, by wounds, by the growing volume of desertions, by the necessity of detailing troops from the front to prevent depredations at home, and the "unreturning brave" who languished in Northern prisons, the necessity to replenish the ranks was overpowering. A resort to the colored population for many reasons was deemed impracticable and when tried in a small way, in the last days of the war, in the spring of 1865, the experiment was not satisfactory.

There was only one other resource, to extend the age of the military conscription, which already embraced all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45, except those exempt as State officers, physicians, and ministers of the gospel, and perhaps some others. In the presence of a necessity which would admit of no denial, the Confederate Congress on 17 February, 1864, passed a law placing in the "Reserves" those between the ages of 17 and 18 and between 45 and 50. A salvo was added that they were not to serve out of their respective States, but this was, by reason of the same necessity, disregarded. Junior Reserves from this State served in South Carolina and Virginia and our Senior Reserves fought in South Carolina and Georgia, though the bulk of the latter relieved other troops to go to the front by taking their places in preserving internal order, arresting deserters, forwarding conscripts, guarding bridges on the great railway lines (over which passed the supplies and recruits for our armies) and guarding the prisoners at Salisbury.

A brief breathing spell was given in which those who

wished might volunteer. Then the General Orders to embody the Reserves were formulated and issued. Those between 17 and 18 years of age were embodied in April and May, 1864. Those between 45 and 50 were, with the exception of two regiments and two battalions, left at home till August and September to make and harvest the crops, and the remainder were organized into regiments in the Fall. The reserves ordered out in April were organized into companies and sent to camps of instruction at Wilmington, Raleigh and Morganton and during May and June nine battalions were organized, as follows—the men electing their company officers and these latter electing the Field Officers:

First Battalion (three companies), Major Charles W Broadfoot, 25 May, at Raleigh.

Second Battalion (three companies), Major John H. Anderson, 28 May, at Raleigh.

Third Battalion (three companies), Major B. F. Hooks, 31 May at Goldsboro.

Fourth Battalion (three companies), Major J M. Reece, at Raleigh, 30 May

Fifth Battalion (three companies), Major W F Beasley, at Goldsboro, 2 June.

Sixth Battalion (five companies), Major Walter Clark, 3 June, at Raleigh.

Seventh Battalion (three companies,) Major W Foster French, 4 June, at Wilmington.

Eighth Battalion (three companies), Major J B. Ellington, 10 June, at Morganton.

Ninth Battalion (three companies), Major D. T. Millard, Asheville, 28 June.

The Sixth was the only battalion having more than three companies when organized. On 15 June another company each was added to the First, Fourth and Fifth Battalions and later another company to the Second.

All these were Junior Reserves except the Third Battalion, which were Seniors. This battalion of Seniors went into immediate service as bridge guards and later on were in several battles and became part of the Eighth Regiment of Reserves—or Seventy-eighth North Carolina. Another Bat-

talion was partially organized with three companies at Morganton where over 100 of them were captured 28 June, 1864, in Geo. W Kirk's raid. The remainder were recruited up by the addition of Juniors from other counties and two new companies were thus created which later at Salisbury were added to Millard's Ninth Battalion. This battalion after seeing services at Wilmington as is narrated in its history herein, was brigaded with the three Junior Reserve Regiments (Seventieth, Seventy-first and Seventy-second North Carolina) at Kinston in January, 1865, and attached to Hoke's Division whose fortunes that brigade thenceforward shared till Johnston's surrender. As to the other eight battalions, the First (Broadfoot) and Sixth (Clark) Battalions with two other companies added, were organized into the First Regiment of Reserves (Seventieth North Carolina) at Weldon 4 July, 1864. The Second (Anderson) and Fifth (Beasley) were organized into a larger battalion at Weldon 16 July, and this on 7 December, 1864, by the addition of two companies, was raised to a regiment, the Second Reserves or Seventy-first North Carolina. The Fourth (Reece), Seventh (French), and Eighth (Ellington) Battalions were organized into the Third Regiment of Reserves or Seventy-second North Carolina, at Wilmington, 3 January, 1865. Major Reece, with six other officers and between one hundred and two hundred men of these three battalions, which were then under his command, were captured near Fort Fisher the night of 25 December, 1864, under circumstances not creditable to him. His brave but inexperienced boys, many of them, stoutly refused to be surrendered and saved themselves. The report made by one of these, the gallant young Adjutant, F M. Hamlin, will be found in Serial Volume 87, *Official Records Union and Confederate Armies,* p. 1025.

The Junior Reserve Brigade, composed of the above three regiments and Millard's Battalion, was commanded at first by Colonel F S. Armistead, of the Seventieth. At the battle of South West Creek below Kinston 8-9 March, 1865, it was under General L. S. Baker, and 15 March Colonel J. H. Nethercutt, of the Sixty-sixth North Carolina, was assigned to it just before the battle of Bentonville and commanded the

brigade till the surrender under Johnston. At first, Adjutant A. T. London and Lieutenant E. S. Foster of the Seventieth acted as Assistant Adjutant General and Ordnance Officer, respectively, of this Brigade but when Colonel Nethercutt took command 15 March he assigned Lieutenant Wm. Calder as Assistant Adjutant General and Lieutenant E. S. Martin as Ordnance Officer, both of the First Heavy Artillery Battalion.

The field officers of the Junior Reserves without exception had seen previous service in the army. The writer was the only field officer who was himself a Junior Reserve (under 18) and only one other (Beasley) was under 21 years of age, which fact it appears from General Holmes' letter book he reported to the authorities at Richmond. The company officers were, as a rule, 17 years of age when elected, but those who passed the Examining Board were retained after they reached that age and there was a good sprinkling of company officers of maturer age and army experience who having resigned, or been discharged, from the army by reason of wounds or physical disability re-entered service with the Juniors. The Examining Board was composed of Majors C. W Broadfoot, J H. Anderson and Walter Clark. As may be imagined at first many of the young company officers were found by this board deficient in education or knowledge of tactics and dropped. These as fast as they became 18 years of age were sent, together with all non-commissioned officers and privates who arrived at that age, to the regiments in Virginia. The company officers who passed the required examination were retained with their companies. The vacancies caused by those failing to pass were filled usually by electing old soldiers "on light duty" by reason of wounds, or other disability or by the election of young men of better education, resulting in a very decided improvement in the personnel of the company officers. Towards the last, amid the pressure and hurry of events, privates and non-commissioned officers arriving at 18 years of age were not always sent off to the older regiments.

So much for the three regiments and the battalions of the Juniors. Of the Seniors, there were five regiments and two

battalions. The words "Junior" and "Senior" were not officially used and the first three were designated simply "First, Second and Third Regiments of Reserves" (or Seventieth, Seventy-first and Seventy-second North Carolina). The latter were designated as the "Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Regiments of Reserves" (or Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth North Carolina, for a cavalry regiment has some how gotten switched into the enumeration in Moore's Roster as the Seventy-fifth). There were also three battalions, besides that of Major Hooks', above mentioned, which was incorporated into the Eighth Reserves (Seventy-eighth North Carolina). These were a battalion of Seniors organized at Asheville and commanded by Major L. P Erwin, who did good service in that section, another from Catawba and adjacent counties, commanded by Major A. A. Hill, and the Third Battalion organized at Raleigh, which served at Fort Fisher and was commanded by Major J. T. Littlejohn. A large part of the officers of these five regiments and three battalions of Seniors had doubtless seen service in the army and probably many of the privates had also.

The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Reserves were formed into the Second Brigade and commanded by Colonel John F. Hoke, with headquarters at Salisbury. Of this Brigade Major M. P Beardon was Quartermaster and Captain R. P. Waring Adjutant General. The Seventh, together with the companies late organized into the Eighth Reserves in December, 1864, were in a brigade at Wilmington commanded by Colonel Jno. K. Connally, of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina. *87 Official Records Union and Confederate Armies,* p. 1021. From December, 1864, to March, 1865, the Seventh Reserves served in Georgia, South Carolina and this State, brigaded with the Tenth North Carolina Battalion (Young) and part of the time with the Fiftieth North Carolina, the brigade being commanded by Colonel Wash. M. Hardy, of the Sixtieth North Carolina.

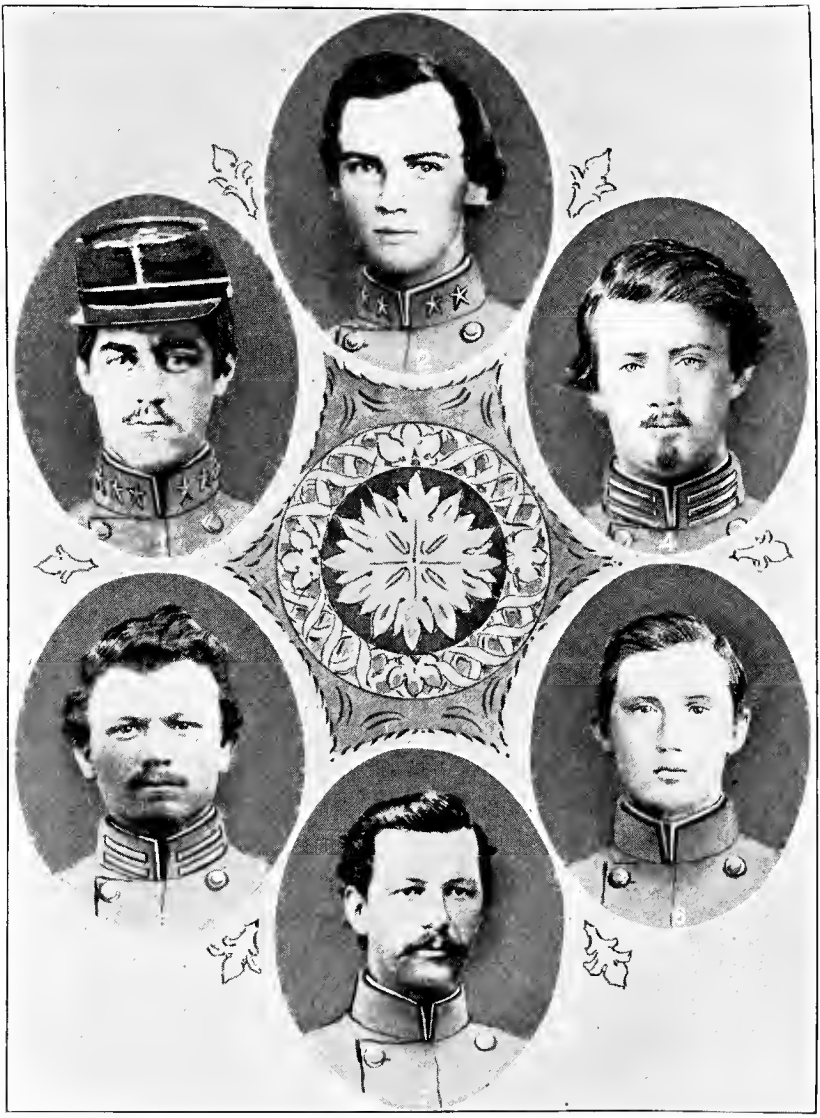
The services of the above regiments and four battalions of Reserves are narrated, as well as they can now be recalled, in the following sketches of their respective regiments and bat-

talions, but this history of their organization is here given as the reference thereto in Major Gordon's admirable article on the organization of troops in Vol. 1 (p. 16) of this work was very brief from his lack of information in this particular matter. Major H. R. Hooper was Quarter Master of all the Reserves of North Carolina and Dr. Thomas Hill, Surgeon in Chief. Lieutenant-General T. H. Holmes commanded the Reserves with Captain John W Hinsdale Assistant-Adjutant General till his promotion to Colonel of the Seventy-second North Carolina (Third Juniors) when he was succeeded by Major Chas. S. Stringfellow as Assistant-Adjutant-General.

The rolls kept in Raleigh of our regiments were duplicates and naturally not kept up with the care of those used as pay rolls, which were sent to Richmond, hence much of the complaint of the defects in Moore's Roster, which is nowhere more incomplete than in regard to the Reserves. The State can not now get a complete and correct roster of her troops unless an act of Congress is passed to have a complete transcript made from the original Confederate pay rolls which were surrendered at Greensboro, where they had been carried from Richmond, 100 (Serial Vol.) *Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 842,* and which are now on file at Washington, and this ought to be done with a careful collation of the rolls which were sent in from time to time, of each company and regiment.

Walter Clark

RALEIGH, N. C.,
4 July, 1901.



SEVENTIETH REGIMENT.

1. Chas. W. Broadfoot, Colonel.
2. Walter Clark, Lieut.-Colonel.
3. N. A. Gregory, Major.
   (Picture in 71st Regiment.)
4. Thos. L. Lee, Captain, Co. G.
5. Christopher C. Smith, 1st Lieut., Co. A.
6. B. I. Breedlove, Private, Co. B.
7. Lucullus Hunter, Private, Co. B.

SEVENTIETH REGIMENT.

(FIRST JUNIOR RESERVES.)

By COLONEL CHARLES W BROADFOOT.

Under the inexorable necessity of filling the ranks depleted by the waste of three years of war, the Confederate Congress on 17 February, 1864, passed the act by which the military age, previously 18 to 45, was extended to embrace all from 17 to 50. Those from 17 to 18 years of age, known later as Junior Reserves, were embodied into companies in April and May, and in May and June were formed into battalions, and later on into regiments—forming a total in this State of three regiments and one battalion, which became the Junior Reserves' Brigade in Hoke's Division, Hardee's Corps. The embodying of those from 45 to 50 years of age was postponed a few weeks to enable the men to make and save their crops and make arrangements for the care of their families.

The First Regiment of Junior Reserves was formed by the consolidation of the First and Sixth Battalions, of whose organization it is proper to speak at this place.

FIRST BATTALION.

This battalion consisted of three companies. Company A, Captain Charles Price, 81 officers and men; Company B, Captain D. S. Speed, 78 officers and men; Company C, Captain C. J. Richardson, 93 officers and men. Total, with field and staff, 255.

It was organized into a battalion at Camp Holmes, near Raleigh, 25 May, 1864, by electing as Major, the writer, who had served in the "Bethel" Regiment and afterwards in Company D, Forty-third North Carolina, but at this time was an Aide on the staff of Lieutenant-General Holmes, and had recently returned with him from the campaign in Arkansas.

The battalion was equipped with clothing, shoes and accoutrements as well as the government at that time could do,

but were armed with Enfield rifles, which had been changed to percussion from flint and steel, and which were well nigh worthless. Later on better guns which had been captured in Virginia, were issued to the Juniors.

On 29 May the battalion was ordered to Weldon, where it went into camp on the Northampton side of the river, on the ground formerly occupied by the Fifty-sixth Regiment, near the residence of Mr. John M. Moody, who with his entire family was as kind and considerate of the soldier boys as it was possible to be. The camp was styled "Camp Daniel" in honor of Brigadier-General Junius Daniel, then recently killed in battle and who was born a few miles distant in Halifax County.

THE SIXTH BATTALION.

The Sixth Battalion consisted of five companies. Company A, Captain A. M. Heitman, 89 officers and men; Company B, Captain C. D. Dowd, 80 officers and men; Company C, Captain W S. Lineberry, 78 officers and men; Company D, Captain W H. Carter, 76 officers and men; Company E, Captain Thos. L. Lea, 82 officers and men. Total when organized, including field and staff, 408 officers and men.

This battalion was organized at Camp Holmes near Raleigh, 3 June, 1864, by electing Walter Clark, Major. Major Clark, a cadet at Tew's Military School, had in May, 1861, entered the service as drill-master and later went to Virginia with Pettigrew's regiment, Twenty-second North Carolina; in 1862-'63 he had served as Adjutant of the Thirty-fifth North Carolina (Colonel M. W Ransom). On the return to this State of that brigade in 1863, he resigned and entering the senior class at the State University, graduated 2 June, the day before his election as Major. His battalion was equipped much as the First had been and was ordered to Goldsboro, 8 June. After a few days stay it was ordered to Weldon 18 June and went into camp 19 June, near the First Battalion, in a camp styled "Camp Ransom," in honor of General M. W Ransom, whose residence was close by and on whose staff (when Colonel Ransom) the Major commanding had served.

The post at Weldon was commanded by Colonel James W Hinton, of the Sixty-eighth North Carolina, and the district was under the command of General L. S. Baker, with headquarters at Goldsboro. Pickets were kept out by the two battalions to guard against surprise by raiding parties, or a sudden advance of the enemy from the Chowan. The command was rigidly and constantly drilled and with the facility of boys soon acquired military discipline and efficiency. On 27 June the Sixth Battalion was ordered to Gaston and took post on the east side of the river to protect the railroad bridge at that point from a threatened cavalry raid, but returned to Weldon 1 July

ORGANIZED INTO A REGIMENT.

On 4 July, 1864, the First and Sixth Battalions were, in pursuance of General Orders, organized into a regiment. On 15 June, Captain M. C. Nixon's company had been assigned to the First Battalion. The Halifax County company of Captain W R. Williams, was now added to the two battalions, making ten companies whose officers on that day elected

CHARLES W BROADFOOT, Colonel.
WALTER CLARK, Lieutenant-Colonel.
N. A. GREGORY, Major.

The election was conducted by Lieutenant Graham Daves, Aide to General Holmes. Upon his report of the election, orders were issued assigning above officers to duty accordingly. Major Gregory had seen service as First Lieutenant of Company I, Twenty-third North Carolina Regiment, but having been wounded and disabled at Chancellorsville, had resigned. He now patriotically accepted his election and re-entered the service.

During July, the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Holmes were removed to Weldon. Not long after his arrival, he sent for the above field officers of the First Regiment and explained to them his earnest wish that his chief of staff, Lieutenant-Colonel F. S. Armistead, might be made Colonel of the First Regiment, as thereby he felt confident that he would without delay be appointed Brigadier-General of the

Junior Reserves Brigade (which was to be formed) by President Davis, who had been a cadet at West Point with himself and a life-long friend. Colonel Armistead was himself a West Pointer and brother of General Armistead who was killed at Gettysburg. Their mother was a Stanly, of New Bern. In deference to General Holmes' wishes the field officers resigned and at the new election F S. Armistead was elected Colonel, C. W Broadfoot Lieutenant-Colonel, Walter Clark Major, and N. A. Gregory accepted the vacant captaincy of Company H. This arrangement was expected to endure for a very brief period and in order to carry it out fully, General Holmes delayed the formation of the other battalions into regiments as long as he could. But the expected promotion of Colonel Armistead, for some reason, did not materialize, and the arrangement continued to the end, except that on formation of the Second Regiment, Gregory was elected Major of that. As Colonel Armistead for many months commanded the post, or the brigade, the regiment was in the actual command of Lieutenant-Colonel Broadfoot and in his absence by Major Clark. On the second organization, the company of Captain W R. Williams was transferred to Anderson's Battalion and that of Captain John A. Manning was substituted.

The companies as relettered after the second organization were officered as follows:

COMPANY A—*Warren, Franklin and Nash*—Captain, Charles Price, of Warren; First Lieutenant, C. C. Smith, of Nash; Second Lieutenants, E. S. Foster and W B. Coppedge, both of Franklin. This company was the only one which had no change in its officers from its organization in May, till the surrender a year later. Captain Price is a distinguished lawyer, living in Salisbury and has been United States District Attorney for Western North Carolina; Lieutenant Foster is a promising physician in Louisburg.

COMPANY B—*Granville*—Captains, D. S. Speed, R. L. Crews, F R. Gregory; First Lieutenants, A. Thorpe, T. W Taylor; Second Lieutenants, F S. Daniels, W H. Gregory, R. H. Andrews, Alex. Turner.

COMPANY C—*Davidson*—Captain, A. M. Heitman; First Lieutenant, J. A. Parks: Second Lieutenants, C. L. Badgett, R. W Lindsay, F. E. Thomas.

COMPANY D—*Wake*—Captain, C J. Richardson: First Lieutenants, A. J. Alford, G. R. Smith: Second Lieutenants, G. R. Smith, W H. Crabtree, R. Halyburton.

COMPANY E—*Moore and Montgomery*—Captains, C. D. Dowd, W W Beard: First Lieutenant, W A. Fry. R. W Wellborn: Second Lieutenants, J T. McCaulay, D. J. Dye, E. J Dye, J C Neal.

COMPANY F—*Randolph*—Captain, W S. Lineberry; First Lieutenants, L. S. Gray, H. C Causey: Second Lieutenants, H. C. Causey, Z. T Rush, W T. Glenn, W R. Ashworth.

COMPANY G—*Caswell and Stanly*—Captain, Thos. L. Lea, of Caswell: First Lieutenant, J W Smith, of Stanly; Second Lieutenants, J G. Denny and L. Eudy, of Caswell, Waverly Johnson, of Northampton.

COMPANY H—*Chatham*—Captains, W H. Carter, N. A. Gregory, J. A. Faison: First Lieutenants, J. T. McAuley, Carson Johnson; Second Lieutenants, W Y Fulford, J. J Watson, J. W Treloar.

COMPANY I—*Orange*—Captains, M. C. Nixon, J. S. Farthing, A. D. Markham, W F Hargrave, B. F Weaver, Gabriel Holmes. The latter was a son of Lieutenant-General Holmes and grandson of Governor Holmes.

COMPANY K—*Martin, Northampton, Bertie and Chowan*—Captains, Jno. A. Manning, Frank S. Faison; First Lieutenants, Frank S. Faison, W D. Pruden; Second Lieutenants, W D. Pruden, J. K. Wheeler. Lieutenant Pruden is now the well known lawyer of Edenton.

There were many changes among the officers by the operation of the Examining Board and resignations and some names may be indavertently omitted. Among the company officers, Captain N A. Gregory, F. R. Gregory, J. A. Faison and W W Beard and Lieutenant W H. H. Gregory had seen previous service in the army. Captain Faison was a West Pointer.

The staff of the regiment was as follows:

A. T. LONDON, of Wilmington, Adjutant.
N. M. JONES, of Chatham, Sergeant-Major.
C. S. WEDDEN, of Wake, Quartermaster Sergeant.
ASSISTANT SURGEONS, James Jordan, of Northampton; F. R. Gregory, of Granville; G. G. Smith, of Concord. Dr. Gregory had previously been Captain of Company B.

When first organized into battalions, we had no surgeons and the following extract of a letter from the writer at that time gives an idea of the situation:

"CAMP DANIEL,
"June 2, 1864.

"I have no surgeon and have to prescribe for the sick myself. A doctor of Major Hahr's Battalion has kindly furnished me with some medicines with *full directions how to use*. To-day I dosed about thirty. * * * I have a good deal to amuse me in camp. My men come to me for everything. One wants a furlough, one has broken his gun and expects me to mend it for him; another wants to go home to get married, etc."

An assistant surgeon reported for duty on 17 June, 1864, but with no medicines. These came within a short time, however, and thereafter we had the services of kind, attentive and competent surgeons. This regiment, with the other Junior Reserves, joined in the following letter:

"CAMP OF JUNIOR RESERVES,
"NEAR WELDON, N. C., October 10, 1864.

"*Hon. Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.*:

SIR:—We, the undersigned Field Officers of the Junior Reserves of North Carolina stationed near Weldon, N. C., at the unanimous request of the officers and enlisted men of the commands, respectfully tender their services to the department for duty in Virginia during the present emergency, while our National Capital is threatened and its brave defenders stand in need of reinforcements."

This letter was a source of pride to Lieutenant-General

Holmes, commanding the Reserves of North Carolina, who often spoke of it in highly complimentary terms to the writer.

On 16 October, 1864, the regiment went to Boykin's Depot, met a raid from the Blackwater where it remained a day or two, and returned to Weldon, as the enemy had retired, where we continued to furnish guards for bridges at Gaston and elsewhere, and heavy details for outpost duty.

THE LOWER ROANOKE.

This regiment and Anderson's Battalion were ordered to Plymouth on Saturday, 29 October. We left Weldon and went by rail to Tarboro. On Sunday marched eighteen miles, on Monday twenty-five to within thirteen miles of Plymouth, where we met our troops returning from the capture of the place and the blowing up of the Albemarle by the enemy, and were ordered to Hamilton, N C. This was extraordinary marching for raw levies. There was little or no straggling and the regiment was highly complimented by General Baker, commanding.

Camp "Baker," near Hamilton, was headquarters, and from this point the outpost service become both arduous and important, as our advanced posts extended to Foster's Mills, below Williamston, in Martin County. Covering the approaches to Martin, Edgecombe and Pitt Counties, whence at the time large supplies were drawn for the support of Lee's army.

Early in November, four companies (B, E, H and I), were sent under command of the Major of the regiment to Williamston where he was placed in charge of the post, relieving Lieutenant Colonel Van Hook with six companies of the Fiftieth. Two companies of cavalry, Captains Pitts and Brown, of the Sixty-fifth North Carolina, and Lee's Alabama Battery of artillery were also under his command, seven companies altogether. With these he was to guard the crossings at Foster's and Rawls' Mills and patrol the roads leading to Plymouth and Washington where the enemy were in force. One of the principal objects served by the outpost at that time was to cover the movements of Dr. Fretwell, who had been sent out from Richmond to place torpedoes in the Roanoke below

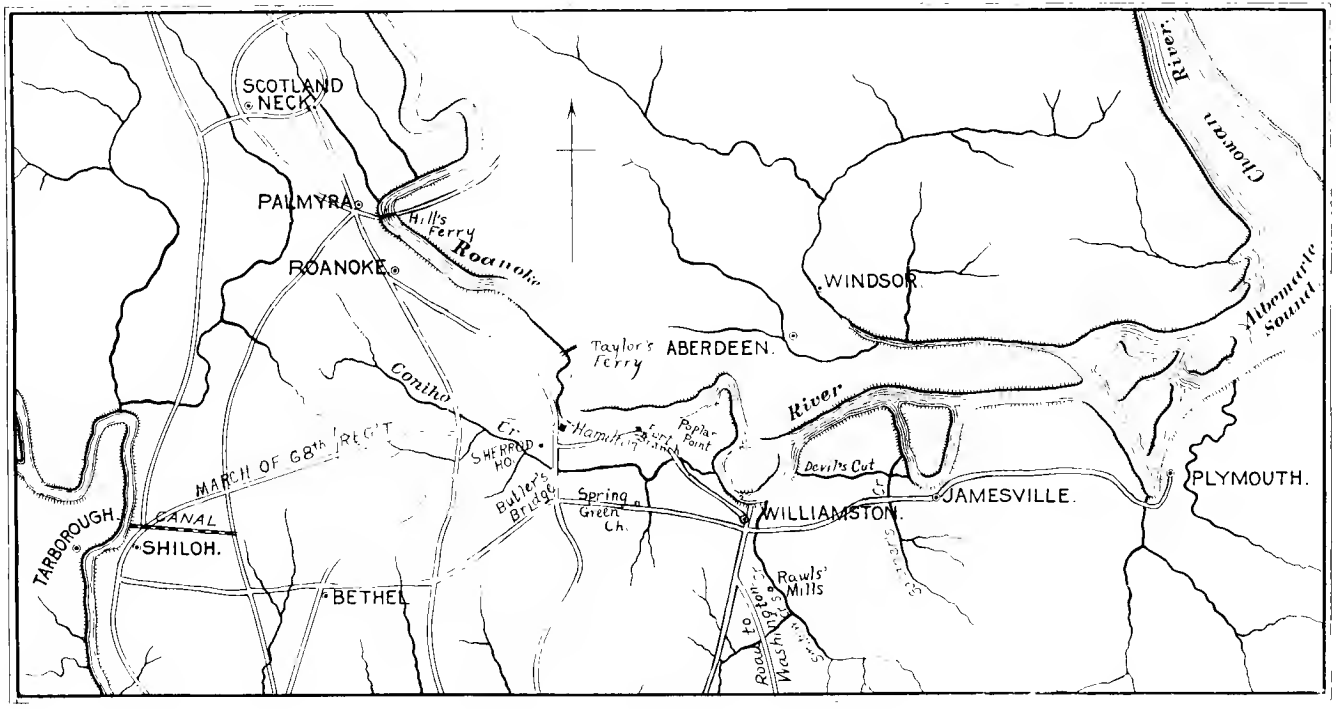
Williamston, which he did successfully with a force of detailed men as experts. The enemy made two or three attempts to disturb our quiet, and on one occasion Major Clark followed them with part of the cavalry, and three companies of infantry and a section of artillery nearly to Jamesville, the rest being left to guard the road from Washington.

BELFIELD, VA.

About 10 December, six companies, A, C, D, F, G and K were ordered from Camp Baker to Virginia and went as far as Belfield, Va., where they took part in the fight at that place which turned back the raid under General Warren. The other four companies, B, E, H and I, were at the time below Williamston at and near Foster's Mills, and were ordered to follow the others as rapidly as possible. These four made a forced march to Tarboro, when they were immediately ordered back to meet a raid from Plymouth.

BUTLER'S BRIDGE.

On 12 December, after marching one hundred miles in eight days, they were in line behind breastworks at Butler's Bridge, near Hamilton, Fort Branch and Camp Baker, with a section of Lee's light battery from Montgomery, Ala., and two companies of cavalry of the Sixty-fifth North Carolina State Troops, Captains Brown and Pitts in the immediate front. The whole force under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Broadfoot. Just before daylight on the morning of the 13th, we were attacked in front and rear at the same time, the party in the rear having been piloted through the swamps by one or more traitors, known as Buffaloes. The cavalry companies were dismounted and in front as skirmishers, and their horses were a few yards in rear of the breastworks, on the Hamilton side, when they were fired upon by the enemy and broke away from the few men in charge of them and dashed over the bridge and up the road in the direction of Tarboro. The noise of these loose horses crossing the bridge was mistaken by the enemy in front for a charge, and they fell back, allowing the entire command to escape, and reform on the Tarboro road about one-fourth of a mile distant, in a line of old breastworks commanding the road.



MAP OF BUTLER'S BRIDGE AND VICINITY.

In this affair the regiment lost Dr. Gregory captured in Camp Baker, where he went to attend the wounded, Lieutenant VanB. Sharpe, of Pitt County, who had been wounded while on the skirmish line, and several privates were also captured, and we had our camp plundered, if a camp of Junior Reserves at that time can be said to be the subject of plunder. Colonel Hinton and Adjutant Hinton, of the Sixty-Eighth, who had spent the night at the Sherrod house in our rear, waiting the coming up of that regiment, were captured, as they came out expecting to meet it, but the Adjutant soon escaped. He had a leave of absence in his pocket to go home to be married and he kept his tryst. The enemy returned hastily to Plymouth. Upon the return of the six companies from Belfield, the regiment resumed its duties at Camp Baker of protecting the approaches from below and thus guarding Tarboro and Weldon.

POPLAR POINT.

Late in December, the enemy sent several boats up the Roanoke, threatening Fort Branch, and on 23 December, two companies of the regiment, with a section of Dickson's light battery (Company E, of Starr's Battalion), the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Broadfoot, who had volunteered for this service, went to Poplar Point on the Roanoke, a short distance below Fort Branch, to reconnoitre, and prevent, if possible, their further ascent of the river. The loss of a boat, sunk near Williamston by a torpedo placed in the river the night before by Dr. Fretwell, who had been sent from Richmond as already stated, for the purpose of obstructing the river, had checked the gunboats which were advancing slowly, dragging the river from open boats as they went. When they passed a bend in the river below Poplar Point and came into view, the guns of Dickson's Battery located on the bluff, opened fire and stopped them. The enemy shelled the banks, which were lined with two companies of our regiment, without damage, and upon 24 December another battery having been placed below the gunboats and the infantry having been reinforced by Colonel Whitford's Sixty-seventh

Regiment, the enemy retired, shelling heavily the woods as they withdrew. General Leventhorpe, commanding the District of North Carolina, complimented our command for its part in this affair.

Just here an anecdote: While passing along the line the officer in command caught one of the boys with an unexploded shell from the enemy between his knees, trying to extract the powder. Upon being sharply reprimanded and told of the danger to himself and others, the boy replied: "I am not skeered of the d—d things when they are coming at me through the air, and I know I ain't afraid of 'em when I have 'em in my hands." About 29 January this regiment, with the Second and Third Regiments and Millard's Battalion of Junior Reserves, commanded by Captain C. M. Hall, were formed into a brigade under command of Colonel F. S. Armistead, by General Order No. 1, of this date, and Captain B. F. Smith, Assistant Quartermaster, was assigned to duty as brigade Quartermaster. This was our first acquaintance with a quartermaster, as our dealings heretofore with that branch of the service were at long range. We never had a commissary officer, but our brigade had an excellent ordnance officer in Lieutenant E. S. Foster, of Company A, of our regiment, assigned to duty as such.

About the middle of February, 1865, our regiment as part of the First Brigade Reserves, went to Kinston, N C., and were accounted worthy to stand with their older brethren of Hoke's Division, as part and parcel of the same; and from this time to the farewell address of that gallant General made to his division on 1 May, 1865, we shared its hardships, as well as its glories.

SOUTH WEST CREEK.

After being encamped with the brigade for some three weeks at Kinston (about one mile west of the Jno. C. Washington residence), news came that the enemy was advancing from New Bern in force. The brigade was placed under command of General L. S. Baker, and attached to Hoke's Division, and on 6 March we crossed the river and marched down to South West Creek, where we lined the bank of that

stream, the right of our brigade (the First Regiment) resting on the county road where it crosses that stream north of the railroad. The morning of the 8th we heard the heavy fighting and joined in the cheering as the news came down the line that Hoke had captured 1,600 prisoners and a general officer on the right. About 3 p. m. we were ordered to cross the stream before us, which we did on an improvised bridge under firing going on between our skirmishers and those of the enemy.

On the other side the brigade formed line of battle in the same order as before, the First Regiment Reserves (Seventieth North Carolina) on the right. On orders from General Baker the brigade moved handsomely forward, and drove the enemy from behind their temporary breastworks of fence rails and logs. We captured some prisoners and the loss in the brigade was not very heavy.

MIS-STATEMENT CORRECTED.

General D. H. Hill, writing a month after, says in his report of this battle, speaking from hearsay, for he states therein that the Reserves were not under his command, as follows, *98* (Serial Vol.) *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1087* The Reserves advanced handsomely for a time, but at length one regiment (the First, I think), broke and the rest lay down and could not be got forward." Had General Hill been writing of troops under his own command, or of matters of his own knowledge, his statement would be accepted. But by the very reason of his high character this statement by him on hearsay can not be allowed to go down in history uncorrected. I, who saw the whole matter, must say, and all others who were present (of whom hundreds are still living,) among them the editor of this work, will concur with me that this statement is a gross injustice to the gallant boys. The facts are that the whole brigade went forward handsomely, as General Hill says, and while closely engaged, a portion of the First Regiment (not all) misconceiving a command that was given to the skirmish line, did break and fell back some 150 yards to the stream. They did not attempt to cross it by the bridge or otherwise and were

readily and promptly rallied and immediately went forward again. They were much chagrined at misunderstanding the orders which alone had caused them to fall back. No part of the brigade at any time lay down and refused to go forward. Those who commanded the Juniors or saw them in action know that there were no troops who had more enthusiasm or were more easily led than they.

About dark General Hoke placing himself at the head of our brigade, some other troops being added, marched us down the road towards Neuse river with the intention of turning the enemy's flank, but about midnight the scouts brought in news which induced General Hoke to retrace our steps and at daylight we had recrossed the creek and were back in our breastworks.

The enemy in front were repulsed, but Sherman's army was coming up from South Carolina and we were in danger of being "in a strait betwixt two." On the 10th we retreated through Kinston, thence through Goldsboro to Smithfield, where we saw General Joseph E. Johnston, who was in chief command. There one morning the Junior Reserves Brigade was drawn up on three sides of a square to witness the execution of three men from Zachary's Georgia Regiment, who were to be shot for mutiny. There were threats of rescue, hence this precaution. The men were tied to stakes and shot by a detail, half only of whose guns were loaded with ball, the other half with powder (the loading being done by others) so no man would know that he fired the fatal shot. It was a painful scene.

BENTONVILLE.

On 16 March the battle of Averasboro was fought and the next morning we moved forward to meet Sherman. The night of the 18th we camped in the woods beyond the stream which runs through Bentonville. The next day, 19 March, was a bright Sunday morning. Hoke's Division lined the road and at right angles to us was the Army of the West. The enemy were in the angle. In the afternoon we saw the Western army at right angles to us as it charged and took two successive lines of breastworks, capturing the enemy's artil-

lery Several officers led the charge on horseback across an open field in full view, with colors flying and line of battle in such perfect order as to be able to distinguish the several field officers in proper place and followed by a battery which dashed at full gallop, wheeled, unlimbered and opened fire. It looked like a picture and at our distance was truly beautiful. It was gallantly done, but it was a painful sight to see how close their battle flags were together, regiments being scarcely larger than companies and a division not much larger than a regiment should be. In the meantime Hoke's Division was sharply engaged with a corps which was trying to turn our flank. The enemy's large force enabled him to do this and next morning Hoke's Division was thrown back and formed a new line of battle facing nearly due east, whereas the day before we had been facing southwest.

This new line the division promptly fortified with breastworks hastily thrown up of logs, filled in with earth dug up with bayonets and tin pans and a few spades and shovels. In front of this line, two hundred yards, was the skirmish line of each brigade. That of our brigade was commanded by Major Walter Clark, of the First Regiment. During the two days we held that position the enemy repeatedly charged and sometimes drove in the skirmishers to our right and left, but being favored by the ground or for some other cause, the skirmishers of our brigade held their ground the entire time. On Tuesday afternoon, the enemy having broken through to our extreme left, threatened our communications. That night General Johnston withdrew across the stream, having held 70,000 of Sherman's troops at bay with forces in the beginning not exceeding 14,000, and at no time reaching 20,000. In many respects this was one of the most remarkable battles of the war. Sherman's troops were evidently demoralized by a long course of pillaging and plunder.

Sherman did not follow our retreat, but sheered off to Goldsboro. General Johnston's army was encamped around Mitchener's depot and was reorganized 31 March, *100 Official Records Union and Confederate Armies 732--736.* On 6 April we had the last great review held of any of the Confederate armies and Governor Vance made one of his most

inspiring speeches. No brigade there made a finer appearance than the Juniors. It was the largest brigade in Hoke's Division, nearly doubling in numbers Clingman's, and indeed was the largest brigade in the whole army by the official returns.

THE RETREAT.

On 10 April we began our final retreat. On 12 April we passed through Raleigh, Hoke's Division being the rear guard and our last pickets passed through the town at midnight, Governor Vance passed out just ahead of us and spent the night in General Hoke's tent about seven miles west of Raleigh. We passed through Chapel Hill and the Alamance Regulator battle ground (of 16 May, 1771) and thence on up to Red Cross in Randolph, where we halted several days awaiting the result of the "Bennett House" surrender of 14 April.

In passing through Alamance the streams were much swollen by recent rains, and there was great difficulty in crossing and many narrow escapes from drowning occurred, especially among the boys.

The first treaty for surrender, the most creditable thing in the career of General Sherman, having been disallowed by President Johnson, we were again moved westward but we were again stopped at Bush Hill, near Trinity College, by the news that a final surrender had been made on 26 April. There on 1 May $1.25 in silver was paid to each one from general to private and on the next day, what was left of the command received paroles from the commanding officer of their respective regiments. By this time the army had dwindled to a skeleton, the certainty of a surrender and the unwillingness to be made prisoner having rapidly thinned the ranks.

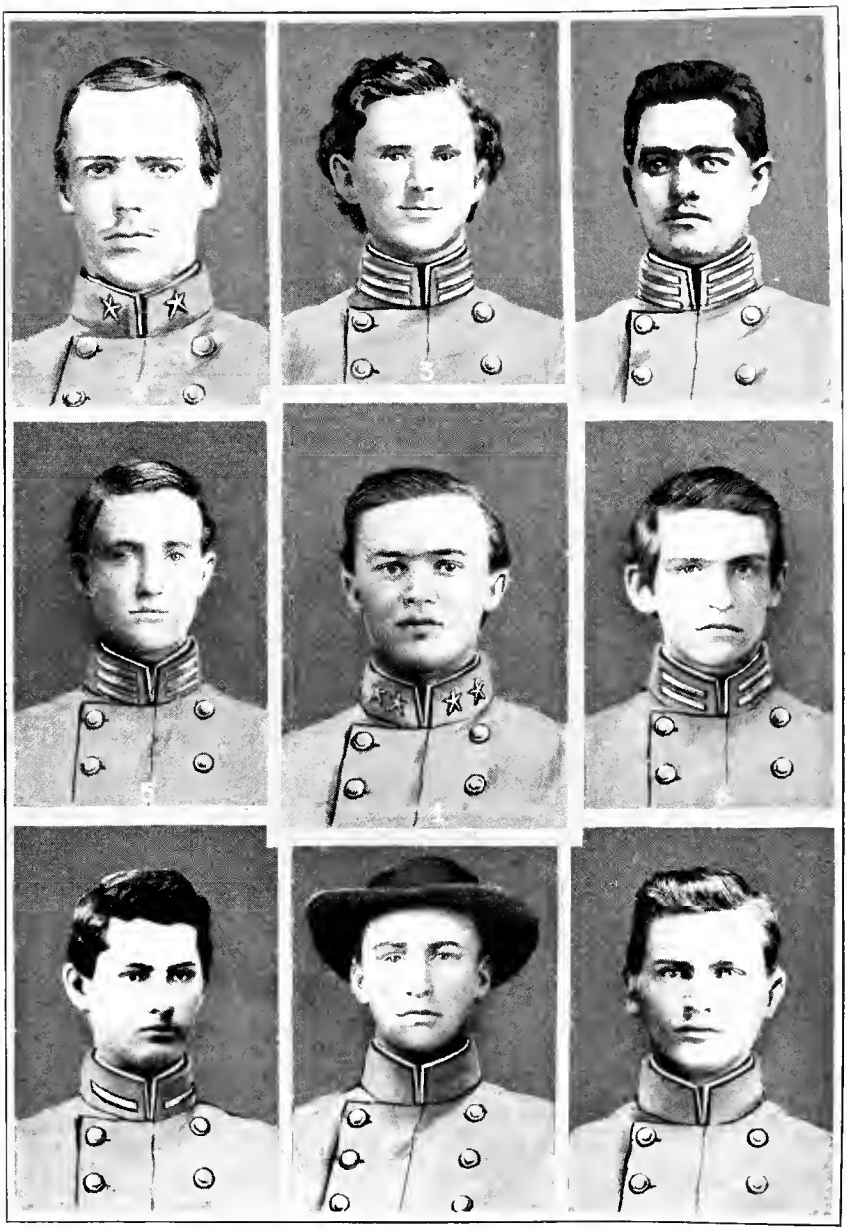
On the afternoon of 2 May, 1865, what was left of the First Regiment of Junior Reserves received their paroles and quietly dispersed to their respective homes. *The regiment was off duty forever.*

We suffered, we fought, we failed, it has pleased some to call us rebels because we had done our duty, but history will record the names of the gallant, bright-faced boys of the

North Carolina Junior Reserves on that page where only those of heroes are written.

CHARLES W BROADFOOT.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
2 May, 1901.



SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

1. W. F. Beasley, Lieut.-Colonel.
2. N. A. Gregory, Major.
3. D. E. McKinne, Captain, Co. A.
4. J. Q. Holland, Captain, Co. C.
5. Wm. H. Overman, Captain, Co. B.
6. B. F. Rogers, 2d Lieut., Co. E.
7. R. M. Furman, 2d Lieut., Co. B.
8. M. P. A. Ludwig, Drummer, Co. F.
9. J. W. Denmark, Drummer, Co. A.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT

(SECOND JUNIOR RESERVES.)

By DAVID E. McKINNE, Captain Company A.

The Second Regiment Reserves (Juniors) was formed by the consolidation of the Second and Fifth Battalions, with the addition of other companies.

THE SECOND BATTALION.

This battalion was composed of three companies, Company A, Captain W H. Overman; Company B, Captain J. Q. Holland; Company C, Captain John K. Wells, and was organized 31 May, 1864, at Camp Holmes near Raleigh, by the election of John H. Anderson, Major. Major Anderson had served as a private in the "Bethel" Regiment and later as First Lieutenant Company D, Forty-eighth North Carolina, and had resigned on account of wounds. His battalion 2 June was ordered to Goldsboro. There on 15 June Captain T. C. Rowland's company was added as Company D.

THE FIFTH BATTALION.

This battalion was also of three companies. Company A, Captain A. R. Hicks; Company B, Captain J W Grainger, and Company C, Captain McD. Boyd. It was organized at Goldsboro 2 June, 1864, by electing W F. Beasley Major. Major Beasley had seen service as First Lieutenant Company H, Forty-eighth North Carolina Regiment. A few days later Captain S. Spears' company, afterwards commanded by Captain Corl, was added to this battalion and both these battalions were ordered to Weldon.

ANDERSON'S BATTALION.

On 16 July at Weldon the Second and Fifth Battalions were combined into Anderson's Battalion of eight companies by electing J. H. Anderson Lieutenant-Colonel and W F Beasley Major.

The fall of 1864, this battalion spent at Weldon. On 4 October Captain W S. Flynn's company was added and on 10 October this battalion and the First Regiment of Reserves united in an offer of their services to go to Virginia.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

The writer, in August, was assigned to duty as Adjutant of the post of Weldon and filled that position until called to the command of his company by the subsequent retirement of Captain Hicks and Lieutenant Draughon. The following personal experiences may be of interest. On 31 August, a dispatch came that the enemy had burnt Winton and Newsom's and were advancing. The commander of the sub-department issued an order to Major Walter Clark, of the Seventieth Regiment (First Junior Reserves) to go to the front, and take command of the scattered companies, infantry, cavalry or artillery in that section and keep the enemy in check till he could send back authentic information. The writer was ordered to accompany him as Acting Adjutant-General. An engine and a box car containing our horses, were obtained by an order for them from General Arnold H. Elzey, commanding at Richmond, who happened to be passing through Weldon. The engine ran down the Seaboard road, car in front, till we reached Boykins, where Lieutenant Bienvenu, of the Louisiana Artillery, was on post with a section of his battery. He and some of his men armed with rifles were taken on board. Lieutenant Bienvenu and his men, took post with us on the top of the front end of the car and we ran down to the end of the track at Nottoway river. The enemy had burnt a few houses but our pickets reported they had left. Returning to Boykins the special-train was sent back to Weldon while we saddled our horses and reached Murfreesboro by 10 o'clock at night. Off at daylight next morning, we went to Winton to find the enemy had burnt houses there and withdrawn. Thence we went on in the Coleraine section towards Pitch Landing, everywhere visiting our cavalry outposts. Nothing more being left to be done, we got back to Murfreesboro by dinner and here a singular thing happened. Major Clark seeing a soldier sitting on

the porch with a Spencer seven-shooter, captured from the enemy, reached out his hand to look at it, when to his surprise the soldier held on to one end of it and declined to let it go out of his hand. When we went to the stables to order our horses, he kept at a respectful distance, but in sight. Soon after Captain Hugh L. Cole, enrolling officer of that district, whom we knew, came over to the hotel, and at sight of us seemed much amused for some unknown cause, while the soldier suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Not till after the war did we learn the solution. The sight of two boys of 17, one wearing the stars of Major and the other the bars of a Lieutenant together with our very rapid movements, had caused some of the cavalry the former had been sent to command to suspect we were spies and we had been virtually prisoners in the hotel "unbeknownst to ourselves" till Captain Cole raised the blockade. That evening we reached Jackson, having ridden that day 72 miles, capturing on the way a Yankee straggler and a Confederate deserter, both of whom, with the aid of two cavalrymen, picked up by us, we carried into Weldon next day as the sole result of our commission to "take command of our forces on the Chowan and skirmish with the enemy, falling back if necessary, but sending all the information to be gathered."

PLYMOUTH.

After this, in October, the Seventieth Regiment and Anderson's Battalion were ordered to Tarboro and thence to Plymouth, where the "Albemarle" had just been blown up by Lieutenant W B. Cushing, of the Federal Navy. After a forced march, just as we were nearly to Plymouth, we met the Fiftieth North Carolina, which had been forced to evacuate the town by the Federal fleet now that their dreaded enemy, the iron-clad "Albemarle," was out of the way. Anderson's Battalion returned to Tarboro and thence to Weldon, leaving the First Regiment at Fort Branch near Hamilton.

SECOND REGIMENT ORGANIZED.

On 7 December the company of Captain W R. Williams was added, making a full regiment, of which Jno. H. Ander-

son was elected Colonel, W F Beasley Lieutenant-Colonel, and N A. Gregory Major. W G. Hunter, of Salisbury, was appointed Adjutant; J. P Jordan, Assistant Surgeon; Chas. R. Ramseur, of Lincoln, Sergeant-Major; C. F Bisaner, of Lincolnton, Commissary Sergeant; J W Worth, Quartermaster Sergeant.

The companies as finally reorganized and relettered, were as follows (including all the officers from the beginning):

COMPANY A—*Wayne and Duplin*—Captains, Albert R. Hicks, of Duplin, David E. McKinne, of Wayne; First Lieutenant, James Walter Draughan, of Sampson; Second Lieutenants, David E. McKinne and Buckner H. Smith, of Wayne, and Hugh F. Murray, of Pitt.

COMPANY B—*Rowan*—Captain, W H. Overman; First Lieutenant, Nevin D. Fetzer; Second Lieutenants, J. J. Trotter and Turner P Trotter, all of Rowan.

COMPANY C—*Lincoln and Gaston*—Captain, J. Q. Holland, of Gaston; First Lieutenant, J A. Beale, of Bertie; Second Lieutenants, L. M. Hoffman of Gaston, C. F. Bisaner of Lincoln, G. F. Lucas and J. N Hopper.

COMPANY D—*Cleveland and Rutherford*—Captain, J. K. Wells, of Cleveland; First Lieutenant, H. G. Logan, of Rutherford; Second Lieutenants, J G. Falls, Jr., of Cleveland, H. H. Weatherman and R. J. Durham.

COMPANY E—*Cabarrus*—Captains, S. Spears and G. F. C. Corl, of Cabarrus; First Lieutenants, W G. Hunter of Rowan, Thos. J. Shinn of Cabarrus; Second Lieutenants, Frank Winecoff, John O. Wallace and B. F Rogers of Cabarrus, and W R. Hines of Edgecombe.

COMPANY F—*Union*—Captain T. C. Rowland; First Lieutenant, B. H. Benton; Second Lieutenants, S. R. Robinson and H. E. Nelson.

COMPANY G—*Greene and Lenoir*—Captain, Jesse W Grainger, of Lenoir; First Lieutenant, Samuel Laughinghouse of Pitt; Second Lieutenants, J Ed. Clarke of Pitt, Jno. F Humphrey of Wayne, Charles S. Smith of Halifax.

COMPANY H—*Pitt, Johnston and Wilson*—Captains, McD. Boyd and Joseph J Laughinghouse; First Lieutenants,

J J. Laughinghouse, Benj. Sheppard; Second Lieutenants, R. B. Anderson, —. —. Smith, all of Pitt, and Robert M. Furman, of Franklin.

COMPANY I—*Beaufort, Hyde and Tyrrell*—Captain William S. Flynn, of Beaufort (previously in United States Army); First Lieutenant, Samuel Selby, of Hyde; Second Lieutenants, John W Wilkinson and John Adams.

COMPANY K—*Halifax*—Captain, W R. Williams; First Lieutenant, David C. Whitaker; Second Lieutenants, W K. Martin, Jr., and W T. Purnell, all of Halifax.

This last company had done provost duty at Weldon from its organization in May, 1864. Captain Williams had been Captain Company F, Forty-third Regiment, and had resigned on account of wounds. It had been attached to the Seventieth North Carolina as Company K, 4 July, when it was first organized, but subsequently Captain Jno. A. Manning's company was substituted.

BELFIELD, VA.

On 8 December, the regiment, together with six companies of the Seventieth Regiment (First Juniors), hastily ordered from Hamilton, and the Seventh Battalion (French's), Eighth Battalion (Ellington's), and Ninth (Millard's) battalion, all of Junior Reserves, ordered from Wilmington, were sent to Belfield, Va., to meet the advance of Warren's Corps. The Junior Battalions from Wilmington were under the command of Colonel George Jackson. They were there under the enemy's fire for the first time and followed the enemy several miles on his retreat. The weather was intensely cold and the boys, poorly clad and badly fed, suffered terribly from exposure, though only a few were killed or wounded in the fight. For their conduct in this expedition, the Legislature of North Carolina passed a special vote of thanks to the Junior Reserves.

COLERAINE EXPEDITION.

In January, the regiment was joined by Millard's Battalion and sent to Coleraine, on the Chowan, to meet an expected advance of the enemy. The command forded rivers,

marched in the rain without tents at night, with almost no camp equipage, to find that the enemy had withdrawn. On our return, we were ordered to Goldsboro, thence to Kinston where the three regiments of Junior Reserves (Seventieth, Seventy-first and Seventy-second North Carolina) and Millard's Battalion—being all the Juniors—were placed in a brigade commanded by Colonel F S. Armistead and encamped on the north of the railroad, about one mile west of the residence of John C. Washington.

SOUTH WEST CREEK.

The enemy advancing from New Bern on 6 March, we crossed the river with Hoke's Division (to which we were thenceforward attached) and other troops and marched down to South West Creek four or five miles below Kinston, where we were on the left of our army, the right of our brigade resting on the county road which runs north of the railroad. For some reason, Millard's Battalion was not with us in this battle, but was placed farther to the right. On the afternoon of the 8th we crossed the creek in our front on an improvised bridge and as soon as the brigade was formed in line, we moved forward in handsome style and drove back the enemy in front of us. After dark General Hoke put himself at our head, some other troops being added, and we moved by the left flank down the road towards Neuse river, the object being to turn the enemy's right flank. About midnight, scouts came in with information which caused General Hoke to order us to retrace our steps and by daylight we were again in our intrenchments west of the creek, which we had marched out of the afternoon before.

As news came that Sherman was coming up by way of Fayetteville on the 11th, we were withdrawn, passing through Kinston. We marched through Goldsboro on to Smithfield, where we united with the Western army and saw General Joseph E. Johnston. *En route,* on 15 March the brigade which at the battle of South West Creek was commanded by General L. S. Baker, was placed under Colonel John H. Nethercutt, of the Sixty-sixth North Carolina, and that gallant officer and good fighter remained with us to the close.

BENTONVILLE.

On 17 March the army took up the movement to meet Sherman. On the night of the 18th we encamped just beyond Bentonville. The next day was a bright Sunday morning, and we were in the fight on the left of Hoke's Division. In the afternoon we witnessed the gallant charge of our depleted army of the West when it charged and took two successive lines from the enemy. His overwhelming numbers, however, enabled Sherman to out-flank us on our left during the night and next morning our line of battle which had faced southwest on Sunday was thrown back and faced nearly due east. This line was strengthened by a hasty breastwork of logs and dirt which we held, against all assaults, on the 20th and 21st. On the night of the latter day the enemy having outflanked us again on our left we quietly withdrew, and leisurely fell back to Mitchener's depot. Sherman did not pursue, but moved on to Goldsboro to join the column from New Bern which we had met at South West Creek. The conduct of the Junior Brigade at Bentonville was admirable and elicited high praise not only from Colonel Nethercutt, commanding the brigade, but from Generals Hoke and Hardee, commanding the division and the Corps. General Jos. E. Johnston in his published writings since the war has added his encomiums. Our loss in killed and wounded was reported as 41. For three days with 14,000 men, at no time, with all reinforcements, reaching 20,000, Johnston had held at bay Sherman's 70,000, and had fought one of the most remarkable battles of the war.

At Mitchener's depot, the army was reorganized and took a much needed rest. On 6 April we had a grand review, the last held in the Confederate armies. The Junior Brigade was the largest on the parade. Governor Vance was present and made one of his most stirring speeches.

THE RETREAT.

On 9 April General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. On the next day, we began our retreat simultaneously with Sherman's advance from Goldsboro. On 12 April we passed through Raleigh, Hoke's Division being the rear guard.

Here a few of the officers heard of Lee's surrender, but it was not known to the army at large. At midnight, our last pickets passed through and early on the 13th the United States forces took possession of the Capital of the State.

We encamped the night of the 12th about seven miles west of Raleigh. Next morning our army divided, part going via Hillsboro to Greensboro, while Hardee's Corps, to which we belonged, took the route through Chapel Hill and via Alamance battle ground. Haw river and Alamance creek were greatly swollen by the rains and with great difficulty were crossed.

A striking incident of the crossing is thus related by Lieutenant R. M. Furman, of our regiment (since State Auditor). One of the smaller boys disappearing under the water, a taller and stouter comrade grabbed him and pulled him up, he dived down a second and third time and on being pulled up his comrades, suspecting an attempt at suicide, asked what he meant. "Why," said the little fellow, shivering and dripping, "My gun's down thar and I'm trying to git *hit.*"

THE SURRENDER.

We halted several days at Red Cross, in Randolph, to await, as it turned out, President Johnson's action on the Johnson-Sherman treaty made at the Bennett house near Durham 14 April. This being disapproved at Washington, we again moved westward but the definite surrender of 26 April near Greensboro having been arranged, we were again halted at Bush Hill, half way between Trinity College and High Point. This proved our last march and our last halting place as Confederate soldiers. After it became apparent that a surrender was at hand, many left, fearing a prison. At our last halt $1.25 in silver was paid to each man in the army without respect to rank and at the close the mule teams were divided among the members of the regiment to which the wagons belonged.

On 1 May, Major-General Robert F Hoke, who was one of the youngest and best generals in the army and commanded our division, issued the following farewell address to the division.

"*Soldiers of my Division*:

"On the eve of a long, perhaps final separation, I desire to address to you the last sad words of parting.

"The fortunes of war have turned the scales against us. The proud banners which you have waved so gloriously on many a field are to be furled at last; but they are not disgraced. My comrades, your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under suffering have surrounded these with a halo which future years cannot dim. History will bear witness to your valor and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for constitutional freedom. Soldiers, your past is full of glory. Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade. Think then of your future.

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

"You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor; you are paroled prisoners, not slaves; the love of liberty which led you in the contest still burns as brightly in your hearts as ever, cherish it, nourish it, associate it with the history of the past. Transmit to your children, teach them the rights of freemen and teach them to maintain them; teach them that the proudest day in all your proud career was that on which you enlisted as a Southern soldier, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed in the blood of your compatriots, who have fallen and whose history is covered with the brilliant records of the past four years.

"Soldiers amid the imperishable laurels that surmount your brows, no brighter leaf adorns you than your late connection with the Army of Northern Virginia. The star that shone with splendor over its oft repeated field of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, Richmond, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg has sent its rays and been reflected wherever true courage is admired and wherever freedom has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory. That army is now of the past. Its banners trail, but

not with ignominy; no stain blots its escutcheon, no blood can tinge your face as you proudly announce that you have a part in the past history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships, we have braved the same dangers, we have rejoiced over the same victory; your trials and your patience have excited sympathy and admiration and I have borne willing witness to your bravery It is with a heart full of grateful emotion for your service and ready obedience that I take leave of you.

"May the future of every one of you be as happy as your past career has been brilliant and no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past looms before me in its illuminating grandeur. Its memories are a part of the past life of each one of you; but it is all now over. The sad, dark veil of defeat is between us and a life time of sorrow is our only heritage.

"You carry to your home the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity.

"My command, farewell!

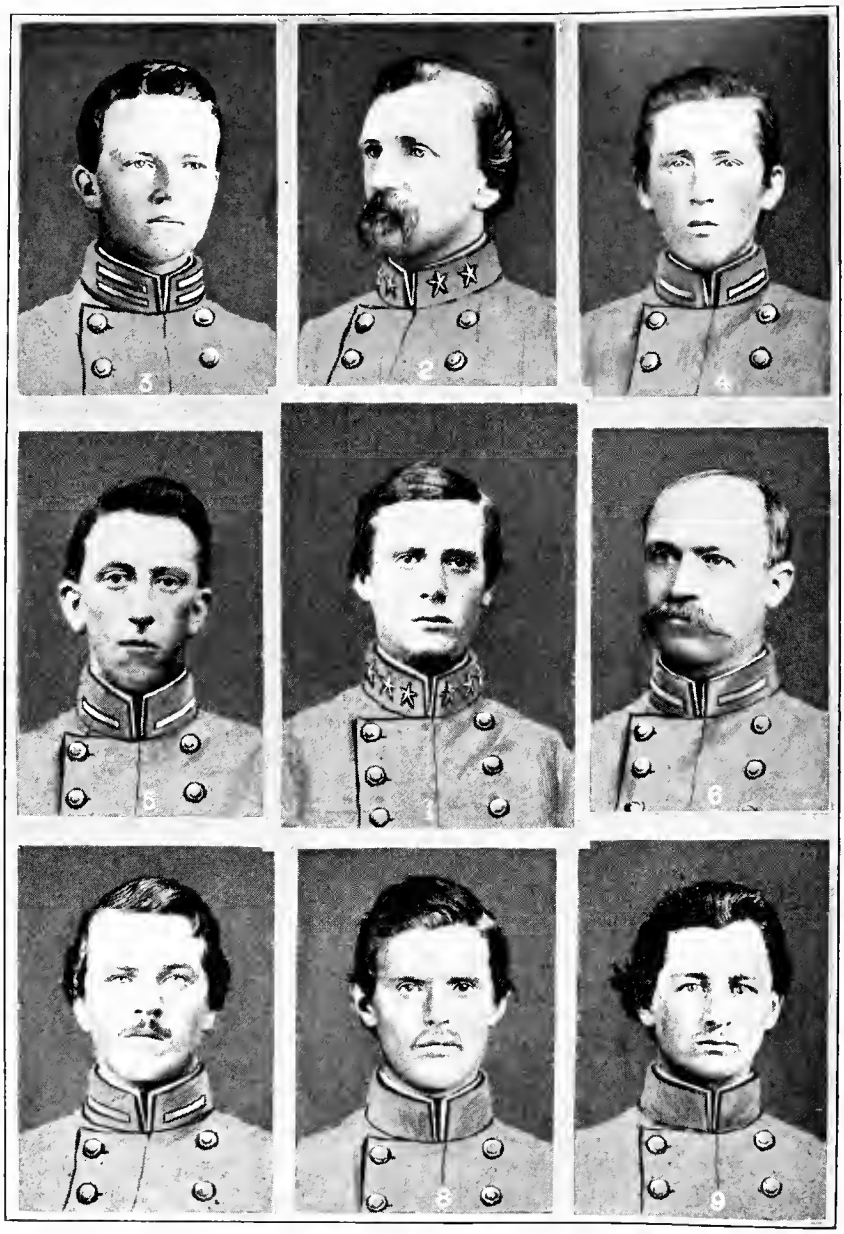
"R. F. HOKE,
"Major-General.

"Headquarters Hoke's Division, near Greensboro, N. C., 1 May, 1865."

On 2 May, 1865, we fell in ranks for the last time and our paroles were given to each man and dividing into squads, we took our several ways to our homes, where "amid departed hopes there lingered (for many) the melancholy attractions of the grave." Those days have passed, so has our youth. The Juniors are now more than Seniors, but while one of our regiment remains, he will always say with pride "I belonged to the Second Regiment of the North Carolina Junior Reserves."

DAVID E. MCKINNE.

PRINCETON, N. C.
2 MAY, 1901.



SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

1. John W. Hinsdale, Colonel.
2. W. Foster French, Lieut.-Colonel.
3. W. W. King, 1st Lieut., Co. A.
4. Jno. W. Harper, 2d Lieut., Co. C.
5. H. W. Connelly, 2d Lieut., Co. C.
6. J. M. Bandy, 2d Lieut., Co. E.
7. D. S. Reid, 2d Lieut., Co. K.
8. C. W. Taylor, Orderly Sergt., Co. C.
9. J. L. McGimpsey, Private, Co. B.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

(THIRD JUNIOR RESERVES.)

By JOHN W HINSDALE, COLONEL.

It affords the writer pleasure to respond to the invitation of Judge Walter Clark, himself a distinguished officer of the boy-soldiers, to make a lasting memorial of the courage and heroism of the brave and patriotic lads who composed the Third Regiment of Junior Reserves, known since the war as the Seventy-second Regiment of North Carolina Troops. It is to be regretted that the task has not been performed at an earlier day, before the stirring scenes in which these youths took so conspicuous a part have faded into the dim outline of a shadowy dream. Some inaccuracies must now necessarily creep into this sketch. Fortunately, the writer was Assistant Adjutant-General of Lieutenant-General Theophilus H. Holmes, who commanded the Reserves of North Carolina, and has in his possession many valuable records pertaining to that office, access to which has been of great assistance in the preparation of this regimental history.

It is deemed not inappropriate here to narrate some things of a general nature concerning the Reserves.

The year 1863 closed with depression and gloom throughout our young Confederacy. Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee and the Arkansas and Mississippi Valleys had been lost. Vicksburg, with its ill-fated commander, had surrendered. Gettysburg, in spite of the heroic efforts of Carolina's best and bravest, had been turned by Longstreet's default into a Union victory. All of our ports had been blockaded. Sherman with his army of bummers, was preparing for his infamous march through Georgia and the Carolinas in which he emulated the atrocities of the Duke of Alva, proclaiming as his excuse that "War is hell," and violating, with fire and sword, every principle of civilized warfare. Grant

had been placed in command of all the Union armies and was preparing to take personal charge of a campaign of attrition against the Army of Northern Virginia, willing to swap five for one in battle, if need be, in order to exhaust his straitened adversary—a process by which with his unlimited resources of men, he knew he was bound to win in the end.

It was under such dire distress that the Confederate Congress 17 February, 1864, aroused to a full sense of the magnitude of the struggle, and recognizing the necessity for putting forth our whole strength in the contest for Southern independence, passed an act for the enrollment of the Junior and Senior Reserves—the former, lads between 17 and 18 years—the latter, old men, between 45 and 50 years—thus, in the language of President Davis, "robbing the cradle and the grave."

Lieutenant-General T. H. Holmes was entrusted by President Davis with the organization of the reserve forces in North Carolina. A true son of the Old North State, he had promptly responded to her call, and resigning a Major's commission in the United States Army, had been appointed by the President first Colonel, then Brigadier, then Major-General and finally Lieutenant-General. As courageous as a lion, he was as gentle as a woman. At the battle of Helena, Arkansas, amid a storm of shot and shell, with a coolness which the writer has never seen surpassed, he rode into Graveyard Hill, upon which was concentrated the fire at short range of fifty cannon and five thousand muskets. It was a daring and fearless ride. Like General Pettigrew, he was one of the few men who declined promotion. Well does the writer remember the receipt by General Holmes, when commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department in Little Rock, of a Lieutenant-General's commission, all unsought and unexpected. He at once dictated a letter to the President, declining with grateful thanks the high honor and requesting him to bestow it upon a worthier man. It was only upon Mr. Davis' insistance that the promotion was afterwards accepted.

Mr. Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says of him:

"He has passed beyond the reach of censure or of praise,

after serving his country on many fields wisely and well. I, who knew him from our school boy days, who served with him in garrison and in the field, and with pride watched him as he gallantly led a storming party up the rocky height at Monterey, and was intimately acquainted with his whole career during our sectional war, bear willing testimony to the purity, self abnegation, generosity, fidelity and gallantry which characterized him as a man and as a soldier." A truer, braver, purer heart never beat under the Confederate grey.

General Holmes on 28 April, 1864, established his headquarters at Raleigh, N. C., and undertook the task of organizing the Reserves of the State. His staff consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank S. Armistead, a graduate of West Point, as Inspector-General. He was later elected Colonel of the First Regiment of Junior Reserves and was afterwards assigned to the command of the brigade consisting of the first three regiments. He was recommended by General Holmes for the appointment of Brigadier-General in terms of high praise.

Captain John W Hinsdale, as Assistant Adjutant-General, who had served in this capacity on the staffs of Generals Pettigrew at Seven Pines, and Pender, through the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, and also with General Holmes in the Trans-Mississippi.

First Lieutenants Theophilus H. Holmes, Jr., and Charles W Broadfoot, Aides-de-Camp. The first, a mere boy, soon afterwards gave his young life to his country while gallantly leading a cavalry charge near Ashland, Virginia. The latter, a member of the Bethel Regiment, rose from private to Colonel of the First Junior Reserves, and is now one of the first lawyers of the upper Cape Fear.

First Lieutenant Graham Daves was appointed Aide-de-Camp after the death of young Holmes and the promotion of Lieutenant Broadfoot. He was a brave and efficient officer of scholarly attainments and high integrity. A. W Lawrence, of Raleigh, was appointed ordnance officer, and Dr. Thomas Hill, now an eminent physician of Goldsboro, was appointed Medical Director.

Major Charles S. Stringfellow, now one of Richmond's most distinguished lawyers, succeeded Captain Hinsdale as Assistant Adjutant-General upon the latter's promotion.

ORGANIZATION OF REGIMENT.

The Third Regiment of Junior Reserves was formed 3 January, 1865, by the consolidation of the Fourth Battalion, commanded by Major J M. Reece; the Seventh Battalion, commanded by Major W F French; and the Eighth Battalion, commanded by Major J. B. Ellington. It is proper, therefore, to give an account of their services as separate organizations.

THE FOURTH BATTALION.

The Fourth Battalion, four hundred strong, was organized at Camp Holmes, near Raleigh, N C., on 30 May, 1864, by the election of J M. Reece, of Greensboro, Major; John S. Pescud, of Raleigh, was appointed Adjutant. Pescud was a brave, true-hearted lad, and is now an honored citizen of Raleigh. The battalion was sent to Goldsboro 2 June. It was composed of the following companies:

COMPANY A—*From Guilford County*—John W Pitts, Captain; J. N. Crouch, First Lieutenant; T. A. Parsons and George M. Glass, Second Lieutenants.

Upon the resignation of all the company officers, W W. King was elected First Lieutenant and Davis S. Reid Second Lieutenant. The former was in command of the company at Fort Fisher, Kinston and Bentonville. He also acted as Regimental Adjutant for a time, when D. S. Reid commanded the company. Both of these officers were intelligent, brave and efficient.

COMPANY B—*From Alamance and Forsyth Counties*—A. L. Lancaster, Captain; A. M. Craig, First Lieutenant; William May and C. B. Pfohl, Second Lieutenants.

COMPANY C—*From Stokes and Person Counties*—R. F. Dalton, Captain; G. Mason, First Lieutenant; G. W Yancey and J H. Shackelford, Second Lieutenants.

COMPANY D—*From Rockingham*—A. B. Ellington, Captain; J P Ellington, First Lieutenant; F M. Hamlin and William Fewell, Second Lieutenants. This company was

added to the Battalion 15 June. Captain Ellington was promoted to the Majority when the regiment was formed.

Lieutenant J. P Ellington in July, 1864, was drowned in Masonboro Sound, while in the discharge of his duty as officer of the day, visiting the pickets on the beach. His body was recovered by exploding torpedoes in the sound.

Lieutenant F. M. Hamlin was promoted to the First Lieutenancy and commanded the company until he was made Adjutant of the regiment.

The battalion soon after its organization was ordered to Goldsboro to report to Brigadier-General L. S. Baker, commanding the district of Southern Virginia and Eastern North Carolina. It was sent thence to Kinston and there did guard and picket duty. On 15 June it was ordered to report to Colonel Frank S. Armistead at Weldon. He had been placed in command of the defences at that point. On 26 June the battalion was ordered to report to General W H. C. Whiting, at Wilmington, the only remaining port of the Confederacy. The battalion thereupon was stationed at Camp Davis near Wilmington, on Masonboro Sound, under command of Colonel George Jackson, an efficient officer, and did picket and guard duty on the sound and the beach to prevent the landing of the enemy, the escape of slaves to the blockaders and all communication with the passing vessels. It was here that young Ellington, of Company D, lost his life, crossing the Sound in a storm while on his rounds as officer of the day. He was a zealous and capable officer. The salt works, from which large supplies of salt were obtained for the army, were in the vicinity of this camp, and were guarded by the battalion.

From Camp Davis the battalion moved to Sugar Loaf, on the Cape Fear River, about fifteen miles below Wilmington, six miles above Fort Fisher and one mile from the ocean, where it drilled and did guard and picket duty. "Sugar Loaf" is a singular formation. It is a high sand hill running from the river bank half way across the peninsula, steep on the exterior, but sloping on all sides to a basin in the centre. It is a natural fortification, which the engineering skill of General Whiting, by fosse and rampart, had converted

into an impregnable intrenched camp, containing perhaps one hundred acres.

On 9 December, 1864, the battalion went from Sugar Loaf to Belfield, Virginia, in company with the Seventh and Eighth Battalions. Its future movements will be described in connection with the other two batteries.

THE SEVENTH BATTALION.

The Seventh Battalion, 300 strong, was organized at Camp Lamb, near Wilmington, in June, 1864, by the election of W F French, of Lumberton, Major, and E. F McDaniel, of Fayetteville, was appointed Adjutant. This battalion was composed of the following companies:

COMPANY A—*From Cumberland, Robeson and Harnett Counties*—T. L. Hybart, Captain; D. S. Byrd, First Lieutenant; C. C. McLellan and C. S. Love, Jr., Second Lieutenants.

Upon the death of Captain Hybert, on 9 September, D. S. Byrd was promoted to the Captaincy.

COMPANY B—*From New Hanover, Brunswick and Columbus Counties*—John D. Kerr, Captain; J B. Williams, First Lieutenant; E. H. Moore and B. F Gore, Second Lieutenants.

COMPANY C—*From Richmond County*—Donald McQueen, Captain; A. B. McCollum, First Lieutenant; A. C. McFadyen and S. A. Barfield, Second Lieutenants.

The battalion did guard duty at Wilmington until the middle of July. Here Captain Donald McQueen died of typhoid fever on 25 June. He was a fine soldier, an honor to his name and to his cause. Lieutenant McCollum succeeded him in command of the company

On the night of 3 July, 1864, Lieutenant Cushing, of the Federal Navy (the same who blew up the Confederate ram "Albemarle" at Plymouth), with a few detailed men, entered the Confederate headquarters at Smithville (now Southport) and carried off General Paul O. Hebert's Adjutant-General to the Federal fleet. Thereupon the Seventh Battalion was ordered from Wilmington to Smithville for its protection.

It camped in a beautiful grove of live oaks back of the town. Here it did its full share of guard and picket duty under the command of General Hebert, an old officer who had served with distinction in Mexico and had been Governor of Louisiana. It was here that Captain T. L. Hybart, of Fayetteville, was stricken with typhoid fever and died 9 September, 1864. He was one of the best officers in the command, and had he lived and the war continued, would have made his mark. The battalion remained at Smithville until 9 December when, with the Fourth and Eighth Battalions, all under Colonel Jackson, it moved to Belfield, Virginia, to repel a Federal raid.

THE EIGHTH BATTALION.

The Eighth Battalion, 300 hundred strong, was organized at Camp Vance, near Morganton, N. C., on 7 June, by the election of James B. Ellington (First Lieutenant in Company D, Sixty-first North Carolina Regiment), as Major. It was composed of the following companies:

COMPANY A—*From Iredell County*—W G. Watson, Captain; George Rufus White, First Lieutenant; Amos M. Guy and Sinclair Preston Steele, Second Lieutenants.

Captain Watson resigned in January, 1865, for the purpose of joining a cavalry regiment in Lee's army. He returned home to procure his outfit for the service, but was captured by Stoneman and sent to prison in Louisville, Ky. He is now the excellent and popular clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan County Upon his resignation, Lieutenant White was promoted to the Captaincy.

COMPANY B—*From Catawba*—J R. Gaither, Captain; J. M. Lawrence, First Lieutenant (both captured at Fort Fisher); Charles Wilfong and J M. Bandy, Second Lieutenants.

Lieutenant Wilfong resigned after the battle of Kinston, and Lieutenant Bandy thereafter until the surrender, commanded the company. He made a fine officer. After the war he was for a number of years a professor in Trinity College. He now resides in Greensboro, where as a civil engineer he ranks high in his profession. Sergeant James M. Barkley

was elected Second Lieutenant and F. H. Busbee Junior Second Lieutenant. Both of them were excellent officers. Lieutenant Barkley is now an able and eminent minister of the Gospel in Detroit, Mich. I am indebted to him for many data which I have incorporated into this sketch. Lieutenant Busbee is now one of the first lawyers of the State—a brilliant advocate and a wise and learned counsellor.

COMPANY C—*From Burke and Caldwell Counties*—Lambert A. Bristol, Captain; Marcus G. Tuttle, First Lieutenant; George T. Dula and Horace W. Connelly, Second Lieutenants.

George T. Dula resigned and John W Harper was elected Junior Second Lieutenant. He soon thereafter laid down his young life on his country's altar. He was killed at the battle of Kinston.

The battalion remained for some days at Camp Vance and was drilled by Lieutenant Bullock, a drill master. On 24 June, it was ordered to Raleigh and at Camp Holmes was uniformed and equipped with small rifles, which were very inferior and quite dangerous—to the "man behind the gun." On 26 June the battalion was ordered to Wilmington. It went into camp at Camp Davis. It afterwards did picket and patrol duty on Masonboro and Wrightsville Sounds under Colonel George Jackson. On 4 August it was ordered to report to General L. S. Baker, at Goldsboro, but returned to Wilmington 16 August and was again placed under Colonel Jackson's command at Masonboro Sound.

On 2 September, under orders from the War Department, Major Ellington, who when elected Major was disabled from active service by wounds, and who afterwards recovered, was relieved of his command and sent to his company near Petersburg, Virginia. He was soon afterwards killed at Fort Harrison, Virginia. Major Ellington was a gallant officer and much beloved by the boys. It was a mistake to have relieved him. General Holmes afterwards secured a ruling of the War Department by which the officers of the Junior Reserves after they reached the age of 18, were retained. But the privates and non-commissioned officers were

still required to be sent to General Lee as fast as they became eighteen years old.

Captain William G. Watson succeeded Major Ellington in the command of the battalion. In the fall, the battalion was ordered to Sugar Loaf, on the Cape Fear river, where for several months it did picket duty, drilled, etc. On 10 December it was ordered to Belfield, Va., under Colonel Jackson. Its further career will be traced in connection with the Fourth and Seventh Battalions from which it never after separated until Johnston's surrender.

BELFIELD, VA.

On 8 December, 1864, General Whiting was notified by General Lee that the Fifth and Second Corps of Grant's army, with Bragg's Division of Cavalry, were moving under General Warren upon Weldon, and that they were near Belfield and that Hill and Hampton were following them. One object of this raid was to destroy the railroad bridge at Weldon and thus cut off supplies for Lee's army from that direction. General Whiting at once ordered Colonel George Jackson to proceed with the Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Battalions of Junior Reserves and four pieces of Paris' Artillery with three days' cooked rations, to Weldon, and there report for temporary service to General Leventhorpe, commanding. The latter, an Englishman by birth, was the first Colonel first of the Thirty-fourth and then of the Eleventh North Carolina Regiments, and had done splendid service in clearing the enemy from the Roanoke river and in defending the Wilmington & Weldon Railway.

The four battalions assembled in Wilmington from Sugar Loaf and Smithville. Through the efforts of Major French, the troops were here shod. They were placed on flat cars and thus exposed, were transported to Weldon. The weather was intensely cold. More than once the train had to be stopped, fires made in the woods and some of the boys lifted from the train and carried to the fires and thawed out. Many went to sleep in their wet clothes to find them frozen stiff upon awakening. This suffering was undergone without a murmur. The old guard of Napoleon on the retreat from

Moscow, never displayed more heroism and fortitude than did the boy-soldiers—the Young Guard of the Confederacy.

Under the law, the reserves could not be required to cross their State lines, but without hesitation and without an exception, the brave boys at Weldon hurried on to Belfield, Virginia, there to meet the invading foe. The Federals withdrew, leaving their dead unburied, after a sharp fire and repulse from the reserves who had just reached the battlefield, and the latter joined in the pursuit across the Meherrin river at Hicks' Ford. On 17 December, 1864, the General Assembly of North Carolina, recognizing their heroism, passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The Legislature has heard with satisfaction of the good conduct of the officers and soldiers of the Junior Reserves and Home Guards, who volunteered to cross the State line into Virginia, in order to repel the late advance of the public enemy on Weldon; therefore,

"*Resolved,* That the officers and soldiers of the Junior Reserves and Home Guards, so acting, deserve the commendation of their fellow citizens, and are entitled to the thanks of this Legislature.

"*Resolved,* That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to Lieutenant-General Holmes and Major-General R. C. Gatlin, that it may be communicated to the commands which they are intended to honor."

From Belfield the four battalions, together with the First and Second Regiments of Junior Reserves, were ordered, under Colonel Leventhorpe, to Tarboro to repel a Federal raid from Washington, N C The command moved to Hamilton, some miles below Tarboro. The enemy retired upon the advance of the Confederate troops. The battalions remained there a day or two and returned to Tarboro. The troops camped about a mile northeast of the town for several days. The boys were without overcoats, tent flies or tents, and lay upon the bare ground in the rain and sleet and snow Many of them were frost bitten A good old farmer along side whose fence the boys camped on the first night of their stay, kindly gave them leave to start their fires by using the top rail of his fence. When he came back next morning there was

not a rail to be seen. When he remonstrated, saying that they had taken more than he had given them leave to take, one wag said: "No, sir; as long as there was a top rail, we had your permission to burn it. We never took any but the top rail." The old man laughed good naturedly and left.

The severity of the experience of the Reserves on the Belfield expedition may be realized when it is stated that although they had been in camp over six months and had been somewhat enured to a soldier's life, over one-half of them were sent to the hospital when the battalion returned to Wilmington.

The command marched thence to Goldsboro and by train was conveyed to Wilmington, and thence back to Sugar Loaf. There they remained under the command of General W W Kirkland until the battle of Fort Fisher. This officer was a splendid fighter and a superb soldier. He was Colonel of the Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment, and afterwards commanded Early's Brigade, Pettigrew's Division. He had taken part in many of the desperate battles of Virginia and had been twice severely wounded. He was transferred to Wilmington late in December and established his headquarters at Sugar Loaf.

FIRST ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

The three battalions composing the Third Regiment of Junior Reserves participated brilliantly in the defence of Fort Fisher, when attacked by General B. F Butler and Admiral Porter on 23, 24 and 25 December, 1864.

Fort Fisher was located on the point of a narrow peninsula which extends southwardly from New Inlet between the ocean and Cape Fear river, near its mouth. It defended Wilmington, the last remaining port through which army supplies, ammunition, clothing and food for Lee's Army were brought in by blockade runners. Under its guns, the "Ad-Vance" brought in supplies of inestimable value to our North Carolina troops. Its defence was of supreme importance to the Confederacy It was an earthen fort of an irregular form, with bastions at the angles. The land face, 250

yards long, was continuous from ocean to river. The sea face was 1,300 yards long. Both faces were mounted with heavy guns, mortars and light artillery, presenting a formidable front to the enemy. It was the strongest earthwork built by the Confederacy, really, as Admiral Porter said, "stronger than the Malakoff tower which defied so long the combined power of France and England. Two miles above the fort were the Half Moon and the Flag Pond Batteries, and a mile and a quarter below, and at the extreme end of the peninsula, Battery Buchanan with four heavy guns.

When Butler's expedition of 8,000 men set forth against it, the fort was garrisoned by only 667 men—a totally inadequate force for its defence. General Butler, with General Weitzel and his troops, appeared in transports off New Inlet, near Fort Fisher, on 15 December. The navy under Admiral Porter, did not appear until the 18th. He had collected the largest and most formidable naval expedition of modern times. The weather being stormy, prevented any hostile operations until the 23d. On the night of the 23d, Admiral Porter anchored a powder ship, containing 215 tons of powder, about 800 yards from the northeast salient of the fort. It was anticipated that the explosion of this mass of powder would greatly impair, if not destroy, the works, and the least effect expected was that the garrison would be so paralyzed and stunned as to offer but small resistance to subsequent attacks. The explosion did no more harm than a Chinese fire-cracker. Colonel William Lamb, then in command of the fort, wired General Whiting at Wilmington that one of the enemy's fleet had blown up, so little impression did it make on him.

General Benjamin F Butler, of New Orleans fame, in his autobiography, gives an amusing account of an interview with Major Reece, who commanded the Fourth Battalion of Junior Reserves and was captured at Fort Fisher. Butler says: "I inquired of him where he was the night before last (the night of the explosion of the powder boat). He said he was lying two miles and a half up the beach. I asked him if he had heard the powder vessel explode. He said he did not know what it was, but supposed a boat had blown up,

that it jumped him and his men who were lying upon the ground, like pop-corn in a popper, to use his expression." It is hard to tell which most to admire. Butler's gullibility or Reece's "jollying" extravagance.

The next day, 24 December, was employed by Porter in bombarding the fort, dropping into it as many as 130 shells a minute. At this time the three battalions of Junior Reserves, about 800 strong, were encamped near Sugar Loaf, six miles up the Cape Fear river from the fort. On the night of the 24th, the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth battalions were assembled at Sugar Loaf under Brigadier-General William W Kirkland. Major French had been temporarily assigned to the command of a regiment of Senior Reserves, but at his request was permitted to return to his own command and follow its fortunes. General Whiting directed General Kirkland to send these battalions to Battery Buchanan, there to take boat for Bald Head and relieve Colonel J. J Hedrick and his seasoned veterans, in order that they might reinforce Fort Fisher. They marched soon after midnight through Fort Fisher to Battery Buchanan, on the extreme end of the peninsula. In the darkness, many of the boys while passing through the fort, stumbled into the holes which were made in every direction by the shells. All the battalions arrived at Fort Buchanan before day. The boat which was to carry them to Bald Head could not make a landing on account of the tide, whereupon Captain Bristol early in the morning reported in person the situation to Colonel Lamb, who ordered the Juniors into the Fort. This was early Christmas morning.

Between Fort Buchanan and Fort Fisher is a clear, open beach, upon which a partridge could not hide himself, over which they must pass in full view of the fleet. As soon as the march began the fleet poured upon the command a terrific discharge of shot and shell. The first one killed at Fort Fisher was Private Davis, of French's Battalion of Juniors, who on this march was cut in two by a large shell. Another private was severely wounded by the same shell. Nothing but the poor practice of the fleet saved the boys from utter destruction on this perilous march. When they reached

Fort Fisher a scene of desolation met their gaze. The barracks had been destroyed and the interior of the fort was honeycombed by holes in the ground large enough to bury an ox team made by the huge shells from the fleet. French's battalion and as many of the others as could be accommodated, were placed in the already over-crowded bomb-proofs. Those who could not obtain protection here were carried by Major Reece to the breastworks at Camp Wyatt, three miles above the fort. The gunboats soon discovered their presence there and enfiladed the trenches with a terrific fire. The boys sought shelter under the banks of the river, where they spent the day listening to the music of the great guns of the fleet and watching the great shells as they passed over them into the river—a grand, but not a very engaging spectacle.

It was after dark when Major Reece determined to take his command back to the fort. Late in the afternoon he heard the report of small arms in the direction of the fort. He knew that a land force was attacking the fort, and he felt that it was his duty to take his boys to the rescue. He marched them down the river towards the fort But unfortunately he failed to put out a skirmish line and fell upon a regiment of General Weitzel's troops by whom he and a majority of his command were captured and carried to Point Lookout. The following is a list of the officers who were taken prisoners:

Major J M. Reece; Captain J. R. Gaither, First Lieutenant J. M. Lawrence, of Company B, Eighth Battalion; First Lieutenant M. G. Tuttle, Company C, Eighth Battalion; Second Lieutenant George W Yancey, Company C, Fourth Battalion; Second Lieutenant C. P Pfohl, Company B, Fourth Battalion. Those officers who escaped were Captain A. L. Lancaster, Company B, Fourth Battalion; First Lieutenant G. R. White, Company A, Eighth Battalion; Second Lieutenant Amos Guy, Company A, Eighth Battalion; Third Lieutenant S. P Steele, Company A, Eighth Battalion.

First Lieutenant F. M Hamlin, Company D, Fourth Battalion, a brave young subaltern, led a part of his company up

the river and escaped capture. They found their way to Kirkland's Brigade at Sugar Loaf and rejoined their command at the fort next day

The fleet bombarded the fort until 12 o'clock Christmas day, when Butler landed 2,500 troops near the Half Moon Battery, about two miles north of Fisher. He immediately pushed up Curtis' Brigade within a few hundred yards of the parapet of the fort. A skirmish line was then advanced to within seventy-five yards of the fort. Upon the approach of the enemy, the Junior Reserves sprang to the parapet of the land face which was swept by the guns of the fleet, and by a well-directed fire, delivered with a coolness which could not be excelled, they repelled the attack. One little fellow from Columbus County, whose name is not remembered, being too small to shoot over the parapet, mounted a cannon and fired from there as coolly as if he were shooting squirrels, until he fell wounded. About dusk the Reserves were ordered to the palisades in front of the parapet and immediately under the guns of the fort, where they remained till morning. The guns of the fort were discharged over their heads. The rain was descending in torrents. That night the Federals re-embarked most of their men.

General Whiting in his report says: "Colonel Tansill was ordered to the command of the land front. The gallant Major Reilly, with his battalion and Junior Reserves, poured cheering, over the parapet and through the sallyport to the palisades. The enemy had occupied the redoubt (an unfinished fort) and advanced into the port garden. A fire of grape and musketry checked any further advance. The garrison continued to man the out-works and channel batteries throughout the night, exposed to a pelting storm and occasionally exchanging musket shots with the enemy. The fire had been maintained for seven hours and a half with unremitting rapidity."

Colonel William Lamb who, under General Whiting, commanded the troops, in his report says: "At 4:30 p. m., 25 December, a most terrific fire against the land face and palisades in front commenced, unparalleled in severity Admiral Porter estimated it at 130 shot and shell per minute.

vanced towards the works. When the parapet and the guns were manned by regulars and the Junior Reserves.

"During the night the rain fell in torrents, wetting the troops and their arms, but it did not dampen their spirits nor interfere with their efficiency. * * *

"On Tuesday morning the foiled and frightened enemy left our shores. I cannot speak too highly of the coolness and gallantry of my command."

Colonel Lamb at another time said: "Be it said to the eternal credit of these gallant boys that they, from this first baptism of fire, emerged with a reputation for bravery established for all time, and that to no troops more than these is due the honor of our splendid victory."

The troops were complimented in general orders by General Bragg for their heroism and gallantry The heaviest loss suffered by any one command in the fort was by the Junior Reserves. Thus ended the first glorious defence of Fort Fisher.

When the news was flashed to Raleigh that Butler's ships had appeared off Fort Fisher, Lieutenant-General Holmes promptly tendered his services to assist in repelling the threatened attack and was assigned to duty by General Bragg in the city of Wilmington, where he was put in charge of the movement of troops at that point. The writer who accompanied General Holmes as his Adjutant-General, unfortunately did not participate in the battle of Fort Fisher. He is indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel French for most of the foregoing details.

On 26 December, the reserves were moved to camp on Bald Head Island, where they remained on guard and picket duty for several days when they were ordered to Camp McLean, at Goldsboro, N C.

On 6 December, there had been an attempted consolidation of these three battalions near Sugar Loaf, when Captain William R. Johns was elected Colonel; Captain C. N. Allen, Lieutenant-Colonel; and A. B. Johns, Major. Captain W. R. Johns, a disabled officer, was then in the enrollment service under Colonel Peter Mallett, the Commandant of Conscripts of North Carolina, and being unable to undergo the hardships

and exposure of camp life, declined the election. Captain Allen, the Lieutenant-Colonel, declined for the same reason. Major Johns was never assigned and never entered upon the discharge of the duties of Major and so the battalions continued to serve under separate organizations. Major Johns afterwards formally tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

ORGANIZATION.

On 3 January, 1865, while the regiment was at Camp McLean, near Goldsboro, it was finally organized by the election of Captain John W Hinsdale, Colonel; W F. French, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain A. B. Ellington, Major. On 7 January the last two were assigned to duty. Frank M. Hamlin, one of the gallant young officers who refused to surrender with Major Reece, was appointed Adjutant. But from time to time Lieutenants W W King, Andrew J. Burton and Frank S Johnson, son of Senator R. W Johnson, of Arkansas, who had shortly theretofore left the University of North Carolina and volunteered in the Third Regiment, acted as Adjutant. J. K. Huston was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant, and George B. Haigh, of Fayetteville, grandson of the Hon. George E. Badger, Commissary Sergeant. Drs. E. B. Simpson and J S. Robinson were assigned to the regiment as Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon.

The companies composing the regiment were then lettered and designated as follows:

COMPANY A—*From Guilford County*—Captain, John W Pitts.

COMPANY B—*From Alamance and Forsyth Counties*—Captain, A. L. Lancaster.

COMPANY C—*From Stokes and Person Counties*—Captain R. F Dalton.

COMPANY D—*From New Hanover, Brunswick and Columbus Counties*—Captain, John D. Kerr.

COMPANY E—*From Catawba County*—Captain, J R. Gaither.

COMPANY F—*From Iredell and Rowan Counties*—Captain, W G. Watson,

COMPANY G—*From Burke and Caldwell Counties*—Captain, L. A. Bristoe.

COMPANY H—*From Cumberland, Robeson and Harnett Counties*—Captain, D. S. Byrd.

COMPANY I—*From Richmond County*—Captain, A. B. McCollum.

COMPANY K—*From Rockingham County*—Lieutenant F. M. Hamlin.

Colonel Hinsdale, upon receiving notice in the city of Raleigh of his election, at once signified his acceptance, but it was questioned by General Holmes whether he was eligible under the orders of the War Department, by reason of the fact that he was not a disabled officer. The matter was referred to the authorities in Richmond and after considerable delay the department decided in Colonel Hinsdale's favor and he was assigned to the command of the regiment on 14 February, 1865, by the following all too partial general order:

"HEADQUARTERS RESERVES NORTH CAROLINA,
RALEIGH, N C., 14 February, 1865.

General Orders No. 4.

"Major C. S. Stringfellow, Assistant Adjutant-General C. S. P A., will relieve Captain John W Hinsdale, Assistant-Adjutant-General of Reserves of North Carolina, and the latter officer will proceed to join the Third Regiment Reserves of North Carolina as its Colonel, he having been duly elected to that office on 3 January, 1865.

"The Lieutenant-General commanding in taking leave of Colonel Hinsdale, tenders his warm congratulations on his promotion and earnestly hopes that the intelligence, zeal and gallantry, which has characterized his services as a staff officer may be matured by experience into greater usefulness in his new and more extended sphere.

"THEO. H. HOLMES,
"Lieutenant-General Commanding."

While at Camp McLean, near Goldsboro, the regiment was ordered to Halifax to repel another Federal raid. It re-

mained there only a day or two, the enemy having withdrawn. It returned to Goldsboro where it remained drilling and doing guard duty until the last of January. It was then ordered to Kinston and camped near the beautiful home of Colonel John C. Washington. It was here employed in constructing the breastworks and fortifications for the defence of the town and especially of the county bridge across the Neuse river. Kinston was in easy reach from New Bern and had been visited by many Federal raiding parties from time to time. Our boys were heartily welcomed by the good people of that town.

The rations which were issued to officers and men while here and at Goldsboro were very scant. They consisted of half a pint of black sorghum syrup, a pint of husky meal every other day, a third of a pound of pork or Nassau bacon and a few potatoes occasionally. The old soldiers will all remember Nassau bacon, a very gross, fat, porky substance which ran the blockade at Wilmington and was distributed among Lee's veterans as bacon. When a ration of cornfield peas was issued the boys were in high jinks indeed. But never was there collected together more uncomplaining men. They recognized the fact that the Confederacy was doing for them its best.

BATTLE OF SOUTH WEST CREEK.

Upon the discovery of the advance of the enemy from New Bern, whence they set out early in March, General Hoke's Division was ordered to Kinston. On 6 March, the Junior Reserve Brigade, consisting of the First Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Broadfoot; the Second under Colonel John H. Anderson, and the Third under Colonel Hinsdale, and Millard's Battalion under Captain C. M. Hall, all under Colonel F S. Armistead, marched through Kinston and across, to the south side of Neuse river, which here runs in an easterly direction past the breastworks which they had so laboriously constructed. They marched down the river road which leads out in a southeasterly direction to Southwest creek. This creek is a sluggish, unfordable stream, which runs in a northerly direction and empties into the river about

six miles below Kinston. The regiment was placed in some old breastworks on the margin of a swamp, about a hundred yards from the creek. Our pickets were stationed on the creek. The next day the enemy made their appearance on the other side of the stream and established a line of skirmishers and sharpshooters. During the day our skirmishers were engaged and occasionally a minie ball would whistle over the breastworks as each individual boy of the regiment believed, "just by my ear." On the morning of 8 March, General Hoke, whose troops were also stationed along the line of the creek, was relieved by the arrival of D. H. Hill's troops. Hoke's Division crossed the creek and made a detour down the lower Trent road which crossed the British road at Wise's Fork, about three miles in our front. The lower Trent road runs in a southeasterly direction to Trenton. The British road runs in a northeasterly direction towards the river. General Hoke with his usual dash surprised a Federal brigade, captured it and sent it to the rear. The reserves held the breastworks throughout the 8th. On the morning of the 9th, the reserves crossed Southwest creek on an improvised bridge constructed by them about 200 yards above the bridge on the Dover road which had been destroyed. This bridge was made by felling trees across the creek and covering them with lumber taken from Jackson's mill in the vicinity. Line of battle was formed on the east side of the creek on swampy ground and the brigade was ordered forward under fire through fallen trees, brush, brambles, and bullets—making it difficult to preserve the alignment. They advanced as steadily as veterans driving the enemy who were fresh troops from New Bern, well dressed, well fed, well armed and well liquored, as was evidenced by the condition of some prisoners captured. The Third Regiment suffered the loss of a number of brave officers and men, among them Lieutenant John W Harper, a gallant young officer of Company C, from Caldwell. Here also Lieutenant Hamlin was wounded in the arm. That night General Hoke undertook a flank movement down the British road and the Neuse river road, the Junior Reserves being a part of his command. We could plainly hear the enemy at work on their fortifications. The night was

rainy and so dark you could not see your hand before you. After marching through slush and rain about six miles, we countermarched and returned. On the afternoon of the 10th all of our troops fell back to the entrenchments on the British road, and later in the day we re-crossed the Neuse, burning the bridge behind us, and marched through Kinston, our brigade camping at Moseley Hall. This retrograde movement was the consequence of the arrival of Sherman's army in North Carolina.

The operations near Kinston, sometimes called the battle of Kinston, but usually the battle of South West Creek, were upon the whole a Confederate success, and when the disparity in numbers between the contending forces is considered, were very creditable to the Confederates. General Bragg in general orders thanked the troops for their heroism and valor and complimented them upon their achievements.

The arrival of Sherman in Fayetteville and the approach of the troops from Wilmington to form a junction with Sherman at Goldsboro, made it necessary for us to withdraw to prevent being cut off and in order to form a junction with General Johnston's Army, which was moving in the direction of Smithfield. On 15 March Colonel John H. Nethercutt, of the Sixty-sixth North Carolina, was placed in command of our brigade which was permanently assigned to Hoke's Division.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

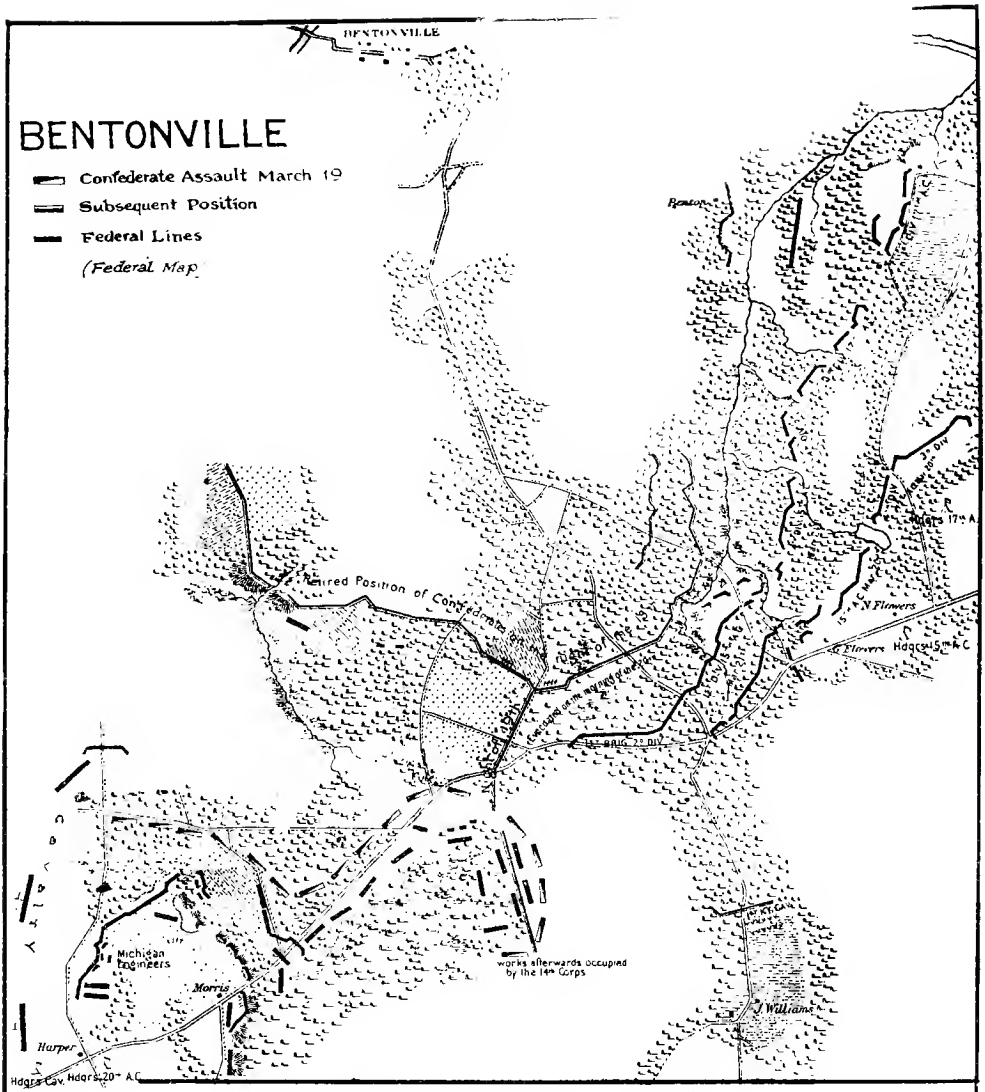
Arriving at Smithfield 16 March, we remained two days and there witnessed one of the saddest spectacles of the war—a military execution. The regiment constituted a part of the military pageant which attended the shooting to death of G. W Ore, a private of Company B, Twenty-seventh Georgia Regiment, who had been tried for mutiny by a court-martial and had been condemned. The poor fellow was first marched around to the solemn music of the Dead March, in front of the regiments which were drawn up in an open square, facing inwards, he was then made to kneel, and was tied to a stake on the open side of the hollow square. A detail of twelve men drawn up at ten paces performed the painful duty of carry-

ing out the sentence of the court. At this late stage of the war, when the struggle was perfectly desperate and all hope of success had fled, this seemed to us to be little less than murder.

On 18 March we marched again, not to the West, but to the South. We knew that Sherman was approaching from that direction, and we surmised that there was serious work before us. General Joseph E. Johnston, who rode for a short distance on that day at the head of the Third Junior Reserves, said as much to its commander. Sherman was moving from Fayetteville in the direction of Goldsboro in two parallel columns, about a day's march apart. General Johnston had determined to take advantage of the fact that Sherman's left wing was thus separated from the right, and to strike a bold blow on the exposed flank at Bentonville in Johnston County.

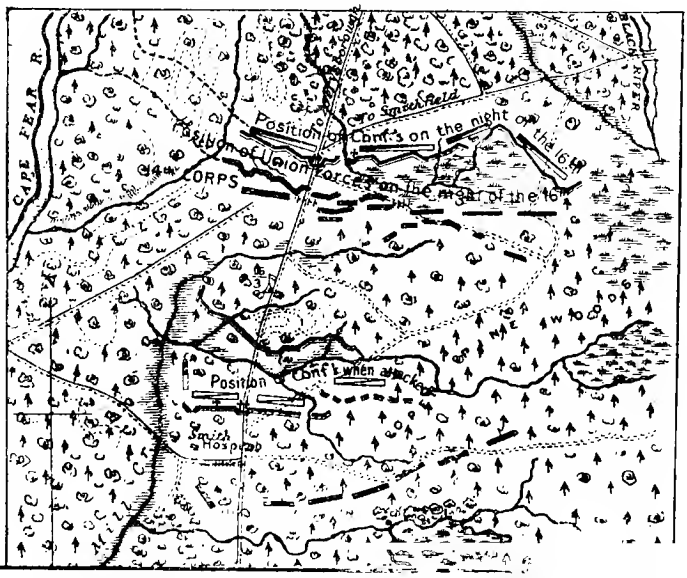
BENTONVILLE.

As soon as General Hardee, our corps commander, reached Bentonville with his troops, he moved by the left flank, Hoke's (our) Division leading, to the ground previously selected by General Hampton. It was the eastern edge of an old plantation, extending a mile and a half to the west and lying principally on the north side of the road and surrounded east, south and north by a dense thicket of blackjacks. There was but one road through it. Hoke's Division formed in the road with its line at right angles to it on the eastern edge of the plantation and its left extending some four hundred yards into the thicket on the south. The Junior Reserves constituted the right of Hoke's Division and supported a battery of Starr's Battalion of artillery commanded by Captain Geo. B. Atkins, of Fayetteville. The brigade of Juniors were led by Colonel John H. Nethercutt, who had superseded Colonel Armistead. This gallant officer was Colonel of the Sixty-sixth North Carolina Regiment—a plain, blunt man, but every inch a soldier. The Third Regiment threw out a skirmish line which was commanded by Captain Bristol and hurriedly constructed a rail fence breastwork. Here under a fire of artillery we suffered many casualties.



AVERASBORO, N.C.,

fought March 16th, 1865.



The troops belonging to the Army of Tennessee were formed on the right of the artillery. A wooden farm house in front of the Third Regiment for some time afforded cover for a number of sharpshooters, who did excellent practice on our line, until Captain Atkins, with a few well-directed shells, caused them to pour out like rats out of a sinking ship.

The enemy soon thereafter charged Hoke's Division, but after a sharp contest at short range was handsomely repulsed.

On the morning of the 20th it was reported that the Federal right wing had crossed over to unite with the left wing which had been driven back and was coming up rapidly upon the left of Hoke's Division. That officer was directed to change front to the left. By this movement, his line was formed parallel to and fronting the road. Here light entrenchments were soon made out of dead trees and such material as could be moved with our bayonets. From noon to sunset Sherman's army thus united made repeated attacks upon Hoke's Division of six thousand men and boys, but were uniformly driven back. The skirmish line of our brigade was commanded by Major Walter Clark, of the Seventieth Regiment (First Juniors), on the 20th and 21st. On the 21st the skirmishing was heavy, and the extreme of the Federal right, extending beyond our left flank, made our position extremely hazardous in view of the fact that the bridge over the creek in our rear was our only chance of retreat. The Seventeenth Army Corps of the enemy late in the afternoon broke through our line considerably to the left, but by superhuman effort, its leading division was driven back along the route by which it had advanced.

That night the Confederate Army recrossed the creek by the bridge near Bentonville and were halted beyond the town two miles north from the creek. The Federals made repeated attempts to force the passage of the bridge, but failed in all. At noon the march was resumed and the troops camped near Smithfield. Sherman proceeded on his way to Goldsboro to form a junction with Schofield, without further molestation. The Confederate losses in the battle of Bentonville were 2,343, while that of the Federals was nearly double as many. (For many of the foregoing facts, see Johnston's

Narrative, pages 384 to 393, from which liberal extracts have been made.)

The Confederates never fought with more spirit, and the Federals with less, than in the battle of Bentonville. General D. H. Hill remarked upon this and said: "It may be that even a Yankee's conscience has been disturbed by the scenes of burning, rapine, pillage and murder so recently passed through."

General Hampton said of this last great battle of the Civil War, that in his opinion it was one of the most extraordinary: "The infantry forces of General Johnston amounted to about 14,100 men, and they were composed of three separate commands which had never acted together. These were Hardee's troops, brought from Savannah and Charleston; Stewart's from the Army of Tennessee; and Hoke's Division of veterans, many of whom had served in the campaigns of Virginia. Bragg, by reason of his rank, was in command of this latter force, but it was really Hoke's Division, and the latter directed the fighting. These troops, concentrated only recently for the first time, were stationed at and near Smithfield, eighteen miles from the field, where the battle was fought, and it was from there that General Johnston moved them to strike a veteran army numbering about 60,000 men. This latter army had marched from Atlanta to Savannah without meeting any force to dispute its passage, and from the latter city to Bentonville unobstructed save by the useless and costly affair at Averasboro, where Hardee made a gallant stand, though at a heavy loss. No bolder movement was conceived during the war than this of General Johnston when he threw his handful of men on the overwhelming force in front of him, and when he confronted and baffled this force, holding a weak line for three days against nearly five times his number. For the last two days of this fight he only held his position to secure the removal of his wounded, and when he had accomplished that he withdrew leisurely, moving in his first march only about four miles."

The Junior Reserves lost quite a number of officers and boys in this battle. Their conduct was creditable to the last degree. General Hoke, their attached and beloved com-

mander, thus writes concerning them: "The question of the courage of the Junior Reserves was well established by themselves in the battle below Kinston, and at the battle of Bentonville. At Bentonville you will remember, they held a very important part of the battlefield in opposition to Sherman's old and tried soldiers, and repulsed every charge that was made upon them with very meagre and rapidly thrown up breastworks. Their conduct in camp, on the march, and on the battlefield was everything that could be expected of them, and I am free to say, was equal to that of the old soldiers who had passed through four years of war. On the return through Raleigh where many passed by their homes, scarcely one of them left their ranks to bid farewell to their friends, though they knew not where they were going nor what dangers they would encounter."

THE LAST REVIEW.

The regiment remained in camp near Smithfield until 10 April. During this time our corps under command of General Hardee was reviewed by General Johnston, General Hardee, Governor Vance and others. There was not in the grand parade of that day—the last grand review of the Confederate Army—a more soldierly body of troops than the Junior Reserves. Later in the day, Governor Vance made a stirring speech to the North Carolina troops, which by its eloquence aroused enthusiasm and caused fire of patriotism to burn more brightly in our hearts. On 10 April we begun our last retreat before Sherman.

THE RETREAT.

On 12 April we reached Raleigh. I recall how we marched through Raleigh past the old Governor's Mansion on Fayetteville street, facing the Capitol, then up Fayetteville street and west by Hillsboro street past St. Mary's young ladies school in a beautiful grove on the right. How the servants stood at the fence with supplies of water for us to drink! How the fair girls trooped down to see us pass! How one tall, beautiful damsel exclaimed: "Why, girls, these are all *young men*," and how one of our saucy Sergeants replied:

"Yes, ladies, and we are all looking for wives!" It was in Raleigh that we heard the heartrending rumor of General Lee's surrender.

Our line of march was through Chapel Hill. The University at that place was deserted and many refugees from the lower counties were preparing to fly again. After leaving Chapel Hill we camped on the Regulators' Battleground, thence our line of march was on the Salisbury and Hillsboro road, over which 200 years before the Catawba Indians passed in their visits to the Tuscaroras in the East. Governor Tryon and later Lord Cornwallis had led their troops over this historic way in the vain endeavor to subdue the men whose sons now trod footsore and weary over the same red hills, engaged in a like struggle for local self government.

When we reached Haw river on Saturday, 15 April, we found the stream rising rapidly. In crossing the river, several of our boys were drowned by leaving the ford to reach some fish traps a short distance below and being caught by the swift current and swept down into the deep water below. On reaching Alamance creek, we had a novel experience. On account of heavy rains the stream was much swollen and the current very strong. General Cheatham's command was moving in front of General Hoke's Division and on attempting to ford the stream several men were swept down by the current, whereupon the others absolutely refused to move. This halted the entire column, and as the enemy's cavalry were closely pressing our rear, the situation was becoming critical. General Cheatham rode to the front and learning the cause of the halt, ordered the men to go forward, but, emphasizing their determination with some pretty lively swearing, they doggedly refused to move, whereupon General Cheatham seized the nearest man and into the stream they went. After floundering in the water awhile, he came out, and after repeating the process for a few times, they raised a shout and proceeded to cross. Three wagons, two with guns and one with bacon, capsized and were swept down the river. Some lively diving for the bacon followed, but I guess the guns are still rusting in the bottom of the creek. I am sure none of them were disturbed on that occasion.

In the midst of the peril of the crossing of the river, Lieutenant-Colonel French realizing the danger to which the smaller boys were exposed, jumped from his horse, and stationing himself in mid-stream just below the line of march, rescued several of the brave lads from inevitable death. Standing there, watching his chance to save life, he was every inch the faithful officer and brave soldier, and no wonder the boys loved him. Within the last twelve months he, too, has crossed over the river and is now resting under the shade of the trees. Farewell my dear old comrade!

We reached Red Cross, twenty miles south of Greensboro, late on 16 April. Here we stayed until the following Easter Sunday morning. On Saturday afternoon, a bright boy from Cleveland County, named Froneberger, was killed in camp by lightning within ten steps of regimental headquarters. His death was instantaneous. The next morning, 17 April, after a scanty breakfast we made ready as usual to resume the march, but received no orders. We waited till noon, then all the afternoon, then till night, and still no orders. The next morning we heard that General Johnston had surrendered.

We camped at Red Cross for a few days. Meanwhile it became known that we had not surrendered. That Johnston and Sherman had undertaken to make terms for the surrender of all the then existing armies of the Confederacy and for the recognition of our state governments—about the only decent act of Sherman's life. But it came to naught by reason of its disapproval in Washington. The armistice which had been entered into for this purpose was terminated, and the toilsome, weary, hopeless march was resumed, but we all knew that the war was over.

It was at this time that a quantity of silver coin, in Greensboro, belonging to the Confederate Government was seized by General Johnston and distributed among his officers and men—each receiving one dollar and twenty-five cents without regard to rank. The writer has in his possession the identical Mexican milled silver dollar which came to him on this occasion. On one side of it has since been engraved "Bounty to John W Hinsdale for four years' faithful service in the

Confederate Army." One hundred times its weight in gold would not purchase this old piece of silver, associated as it is with the distressing memories of the heart breaking surrender.

The regiment marched about eight miles to Old Center Meeting House, in Randolph County, staying here about three days and then we moved by way of Coleraine's Mills to Bush Hill (now Achdale), and came to a halt one mile from old Trinity College.

THE SURRENDER.

General Johnston on 26 April made his final surrender of the army to General Sherman and on 2 May, 1865, at Bush Hill, what remained of the Third Junior Reserves were paroled, and turned their faces sorrowfully homeward. The regiment had been disbanded for all time.

This was the end of all our hopes and aspirations. Might had prevailed over right and the conquered banner had been furled forever.

North Carolina has much to be proud of. She was first at Bethel, she went farthest at Gettysburg, she was last at Appomattox, her dead and wounded in battle exceeded in numbers those of any other two States of the Confederacy together. But, her last and most precious offering to the cause of Liberty were her boy-soldiers, who at her bidding willingly left their homes and marched and fought, and starved, and froze, and bled, and died that she might live and be free. God bless the Junior Reserves. Their memory will ever be cherished by the Mother they loved so well.

The following patriotic lines, written by the author of the "Conquered Banner," will appeal to the heart of many a mother whose young son marched away with the Junior Reserves:

"Young as the youngest, who donned the Gray,
True as the truest who wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our flag one day—
He fell in the front before it

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red—
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

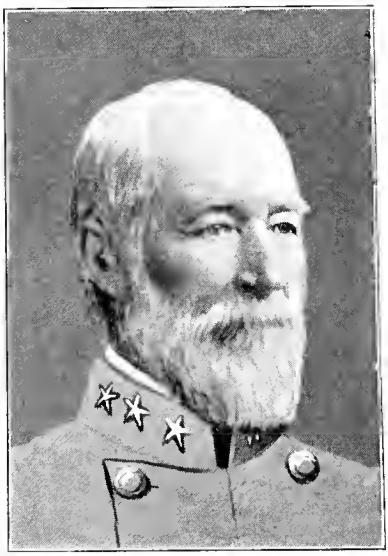
On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale pure face not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams that they will meet again),
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shade of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the big tears crept
Into strong men s eyes that had seldom wept,
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other."

JOHN W HINSDALE.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
26 APRIL, 1901.



SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

J. F. Hoke, Colonel. (Also Colonel of Twenty-third.)

SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT

(FOURTH RESERVES.)

BY THE EDITOR.

The Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Regiments of Reserves (Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth North Carolina) being composed of men at that time between 45 and 50 years of age, those few still living are over 81 years of age. Hence it has been impossible to get their histories written by participants as has been rigidly required of other commands. We have to rely for our scanty data upon the order books and letter books of General T. H. Holmes, who was in charge of the organization of the Reserves in this State, which books have been fortunately preserved by Colonel John W Hinsdale, his Adjutant-General, and upon such references as are found in the *"Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies."* As to the Seventy-seventh North Carolina (Seventh Reserves) alone we have a partial sketch, written by John G. Albright, First Lieutenant of Company A, which was published in "Our Living and Dead" October 1874, pp. 134-137, and which is used as the basis of the sketch of that regiment. We also have in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 333-344, the muster rolls of six companies purporting to belong to the Seventy-third regiment, but the Field officers and all the companies except Company A (which belonged to the Seventy-seventh) seem to have belonged to the Seventy-eighth (Eighth Reserves). At pp. 345-358 are the muster rolls of seven of the companies of what purports to be the Seventy-fourth and its field officers, but in fact they seem to have belonged to the Seventy-seventh (Seventh Reserves.) To those should be added Company A, which is erroneously given on pp. 333-335 as belonging to the Seventy-third.

The muster rolls of all the regiments of Junior and Senior Reserves were captured, with the other Confederate muster

rolls, after the fall of Richmond, and are now in the Bureau of Pensions and Records at Washington, but to an application by the writer, backed by an official request of Governor Aycock, General F. C. Ainsworth, in charge of the bureau, gave only the list of the field officers of the eight regiments of reserves (which we already had in General Holmes' Order Book), and stated that owing to the precarious condition of the rolls written on Confederate-made paper, he could not give a list of the company officers or men without an act of Congress. We know by incidental mention in General Holmes' letter book that Captains Turner and Surratt commanded two of the companies.

The Fourth Regiment of Reserves (Seventy-third North Carolina) were as already stated, Senior Reserves, *i. e.*, men between the ages of 45 and 50. The names of the company officers can only be had from the rolls at Washington, which are now not accessible. The regiment was organized in July, 1864, at Salisbury, by the election of—

JOHN F HOKE, Colonel.
LEROY W STOWE, Lieutenant-Colonel.
JNO. N. PRIOR, Major.

All three of these had seen previous service. Colonel Jno. F Hoke in the beginning of the war was Adjutant-General of North Carolina, and later for a time, Colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Stowe and Major Prior had both served in Virginia, and been wounded, in consequence of which the former (who was Captain in the Sixteenth North Carolina) had resigned, and the latter assigned to light duty was Lieutenant and Enrolling Officer when elected Major of this regiment. R. P Waring, of Mecklenburg, who had served as Captain Company B, Forty-third North Carolina, was appointed Adjutant, and J. M. Williams Surgeon, and Daniel W Perry Assistant Surgeon. John F Hill was captain of one of the companies. A portion of the regiment was assigned to the important duty of guarding the bridges on the lines of railways upon which depended the sustenance and recruiting of our armies and the remaining companies were sent to Salisbury to guard the thousands of

prisoners there confined, thus relieving other troops for the field.

The regiment was ordered to Raleigh 21 August for service at Wilmington, but was stopped at Greensboro and soon after it was sent to Salisbury where it performed the duties above mentioned till 4 March, 1865, when not being longer needed to guard prisoners, it was placed in the Eighth Congressional District to arrest deserters with regimental headquarters at Salisbury.

A brigade was formed in November, 1864, of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Reserves (Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth and Seventy-sixth North Carolina) all of which were on the same service, guarding prisoners at Salisbury, bridges on railroads and arresting deserters. This brigade was placed under command of Colonel Jno. F Hoke with headquarters at Salisbury The services performed were useful and indispensable and relieved other troops for service in the field. On some occasions there were fights with deserters who were armed and when banded together made themselves a terror to certain neighborhoods. The only time these three regiments seemed to have come in contact with the enemy was when Stoneman made his raid to Salisbury to release the prisoners at that point.

Upon Johnston's surrender, some few of the regiment were paroled, but the majority doubtless went home without ceremony.

SEVENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

(FIFTH RESERVES.)

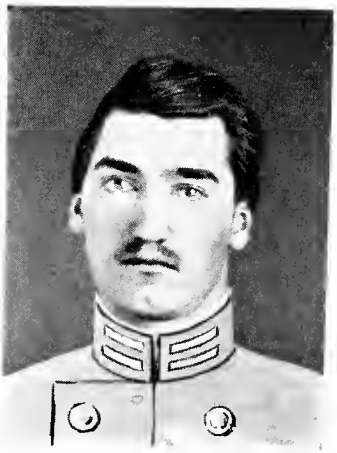
BY THE EDITOR.

The history of this regiment is substantially told in what has been said of the Seventy-third. It was organized 3 December, 1864, by the election of—

DAVID J. CORPENING, Colonel.
GEORGE C. STOWE, Lieutenant-Colonel.
JOSEPH K. BURKE, Major.

All these were doubtless officers who had seen previous service and had been retired or had resigned on account of wounds. The only company officer whose name is accessible (till we get copies of the captured rolls filed at Washington) is Captain Nicholson, of Company A. The companies composing the regiment either separately or organized as battalions, had been in service several months. Except detachments guarding prisoners and on local service against deserters, the regiment was at Salisbury guarding prisoners till March, 1865, when being no longer needed for that service, they were sent to the Sixth Congressional District to arrest deserters and patrol and protect the country districts with regimental headquarters at Greensboro.

Upon Johnston's surrender some of them were paroled, but the bulk of them probably returned quietly to their homes.



SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

1. John A. Collins, 1st Lieut., Co. F.
2. W. F. Parker, 2d Lieut., Co. F
3. E. J. Holt, 1st Lieut., Co. A.
4. W. H. Call, Ord. Sergeant.

SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

(SEVENTH CAVALRY.)

BY

COL. JOHN T. KENNEDY, AND

LIEUT. W. F. PARKER, COMPANY F

By paragraph 8 of Special Orders No. 161, from Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, Richmond, Va., 11 July, 1864, it was ordered as follows: "The five North Carolina companies of the Seventh Confederate Regiment, the three North Carolina companies, D, E and I, of the Sixty-second Georgia Regiment and Company C, of the Twelfth North Carolina Battalion will constitute the Sixteenth Battalion North Carolina Cavalry to the command of which Lieutenant-Colonel Jno. T. Kennedy is hereby assigned." This order will be found in *82 Vol.* (Serial No.) *Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies* at p. 763, and also in Serial Vol. 129 of same publication at page 536. One of the North Carolina companies (Kennedy's) in the Sixty-second Georgia had become so large that it had already been divided into two companies (Richardson and Dees), so that at the time of above order there was really four North Carolina companies, which obeyed the order of transfer, making a complete regiment. This was to be the Seventh North Carolina Cavalry, or Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiment, of which John T. Kennedy was Colonel, Jno. B. Edelin was Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Pitts was promoted to Major. But Colonel Kennedy being wounded, was placed on detached service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Edelin was in command till his capture in March, 1865, when Major Pitts took command. In the rush of events the formal order to change the designation to Seventh Regiment of Cavalry (or Seventy-fifth North Carolina) was either not issued or not observed. Though having ten companies and a Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, it was in fact a regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Edelin, it officially retained the designation of *Six-*

teenth Battalion till the very end. Jno. R. Moore was Adjutant and W H. Call, of Company G, was made Ordnance Sergeant; Sergeant-Major John McGuy; Surgeon, Dr. Eves.

The North Carolina companies, D, E and I, of the Sixty-second Georgia, were all raised in 1862. They became in the new command:

COMPANY A—*Wayne and Johnston*—Captain, W A. Thompson.

COMPANY B—*Wayne, Wake and Johnston*—Originally commanded by Captain J T. Kennedy, then divided into two companies, Captain John A. Richardson and Geo. T. Dees.

COMPANY C—*Forsyth and Guilford*—Captain, T. R. Duvall. These three companies had been assigned to Colonel Griffin's Sixty-second Georgia in August, 1862. They served in 1862-'63 and till May, 1864, on the Blackwater in Virginia and Eastern North Carolina. This command was engaged in scouting and was in frequent skirmishes with the enemy, especially around Plymouth, Washington, N C., and New Bern. Captain J T. Kennedy was elected Major of the Sixty-second Georgia.

The five companies transferred from Colonel Claiborne's, later Colonel James Dearing's Seventh Confederate Cavalry, became:

COMPANY D—Captain J. J Lawrence, later Captain L. G. Pitts, from Wilson and Johnston.

COMPANY E—Captain B. C Clement, from Davie.

COMPANY F—Captain W. K. Lane, of Wayne. The company was from Halifax.

COMPANY G—Captain J. A. Clement, from Davie.

COMPANY H—Captain E. A. Martin was from Northampton and had been, till the above order, Captain Company C in the Twelfth (Wheeler's) Battalion, and as such had done service since its organization in 1862 on the Chowan.

COMPANY I—Captain F. G. Pitts, from Edgecombe, and after his promotion to Major, by Captain J. B. Edgerton.

COMPANY K—The fourth company transferred from Griffin's Sixty-second Georgia, and which had been created by dividing Kennedy's original company became Company K in

the new regiment and was commanded by Captain George T. Dees.

The Seventh Confederate Cavalry, to which five of these companies belonged, was broken up into companies and squadrons, and performed similar duties to the Sixty-second Georgia throughout Eastern North Carolina and Southeast Virginia. In May, 1864, both commands were ordered to Petersburg and there the North Carolina companies in these regiments were assembled into a new command, entirely composed of North Carolina companies as above stated. In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Kennedy had been severely wounded in a hot fight near City Point in June, 1864, and was not able to be with the new regiment after its organization but very little.

To give a history that will embrace these companies after their organization in 1862 up to the formation of the regiment in 1865, it will be necessary to give something of their history while parts of Griffin's Sixty-second Georgia, and while the others were in Claiborne's, later Dearing's Seventh Confederate Cavalry, and then of their career after the formation of the Sixteenth Battalion (later Seventy-fifth Regiment) 11 July 1864.

The Sixty-second Georgia Regiment was organized at Garysburg. Joel R. Griffin was Colonel, —. —. Towns, of Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Jno. T. Kennedy, Major, as an acknowledgment to the three North Carolina companies in the regiment. We were drilled by General Beverly H. Robertson, an officer who had been in the cavalry service in the West. There were seven companies of Georgia and three from North Carolina, which were afterwards increased to four by the division of Kennedy's old company as above stated. Captain Duvall's, from Guilford County; Captain W. A. Thompson's, from Wayne County; Captain J A. Richardson's, of Wayne, who succeeded the writer, who was then Major, and G. T Dees, of Wayne also. The Seventh Confederate Regiment drilled with us. In November, 1862, the camp of instruction was left for active service. Colonel Griffin was ordered to Franklin, Va., and remained there

during the winter of 1862, doing duty the most of the time between Franklin and Suffolk, where his services seemed to be most needed. Also Colonel Claiborne's Regiment went up the Blackwater with headquarters at Ivor, in the same section, near enough to combine their forces when necessary. It did excellent and gallant work on every occasion.

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

In the spring of 1863, both regiments were brought back to North Carolina and were carried down to a little village on the railroad a few miles this side of Morehead City called Newport, in order to capture some guns and other stores which were being deposited there by the Federals. In this expedition Major Kennedy was not a party, having been sent home with a critical case of typhoid pneumonia. When the troops returned from this expedition the Sixty-second Georgia was sent to the vicinity of Greenville, on the Tar river, where they remained only a few days on picket and camp duty.

Colonel Griffin was then ordered to take half his regiment and report to Petersburg with it in person. Soon after he left Major Kennedy was ordered to take a position between Greenville and Washington, and stop all communication between us and the Federals either by land or water. The plantation of Mr. William Grimes, the older brother of General Bryan Grimes, was selected for headquarters, and every effort was made to enforce the order, keeping pickets both on the creeks and river and on all the public roads and private landings leading across the river and into the town of Washington. This was a hard order to fill, but no exemption was made except in one single instance, and that was in the case of the Rev Mr. Kenerly, who was allowed to go every Sunday to fill his engagement to his congregation. But we lost nothing by extending him this courtesy.

RED HILL.

The service just named was on the south side of the Tar river and extended down to Hill's Point, below Washington, N. C., and often below Blount's Creek Mills. Also on the

north side of the Tar and over to the Roanoke at Williamston, a line was kept up, Captain Gray was in charge, a very vigorous and careful officer, and it may be added, one who was not easily frightened. Seeing our long lines of picket duty to be kept up and orders to stop all intercourse between the sections, the enemy conceived the idea that they would reopen communications and trespass on the adjacent country. Aware of their intent, we caused a large cypress seven feet at the stump, standing near the road in the swamp below the Red Hill, two and a half miles from Washington, to be felled across the road as a protection for us, and flattening the top so that a log one foot in diameter would lay easily on it, we then cut trenches for the guns to protrude under the small log. Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy selected good men in camp that were able for duty and got behind our work.

We had double-barrel guns heavily charged with buck-shot and only twenty-five men behind the log. In this position we waited until the enemy made their appearance on the opposite side of the swamp, about four hundred yards from us. A couple of guns were unlimbered and placed in position and two rounds from each were discharged at our work, making the splinters fly, but not affecting our log. They then got up their tools with which to move the obstruction and by fours took the march on the causeway. Not a man showed himself until the enemy's first four were in about twenty paces of us, when the command to rise and fire was given. One barrel only was discharged. Though this was the first time any of these men had been called on to show what they would do, the order was executed with great unanimity, and evidently many of the shot struck far down the line. This caused a halt in their column and just at that time the order to fire the other barrels was given and to mount our work with a yell. This last action completely demoralized them and officers and men all seemed only too anxious to get out of the swamp and back to Washington, the most of our little force in pursuit to the bridge. The result, seven prisoners, two of whom were thought to be mortally wounded, and the others only gun shot wounds. No casualties to us nor any firing from the enemy save desultory pistol shots as they ran.

About the time we were getting back from the pursuit and caring for the prisoners, General D. H. Hill arrived at the Red Hill to make a demonstration against Washington.

RUFF'S MILL.

Colonel Leventhorpe with others was sent down the river as far as the Blount's Creek Mill (then Ruff's Mill), our command being familiar with the country leading thither. At the mill a considerable little fight occurred, chiefly artillery, in which Colonel Leventhorpe did himself and regiment credit, as well as all the troops engaged with him. There was an old path at the head of the mill pond leading from the plantation of General Blount across the creek out to the New Bern road. Knowing of this pass Colonel Leventhorpe was informed of it, and a part of our little command was sent over in order to strike them on the flank, but their videttes were on the lookout and when that movement was discovered they hurriedly withdrew all their forces towards New Bern, and the Blount's creek affair ended, the enemy having been pursued several miles on their retreat.

General Hill and most of his command went down to Rodman's farm and did some handsome artillery practice at the block house and other objects of interest over in Washington. The companies of Captain Pitts and Captain Barrett were with us doing their whole duty around Washington and afterwards until we went out to recuperate, when they were allowed to take their choice for a resting place. They were with us so much that we called them ours, though they were Colonel Claiborne's companies of the Seventh Confederate Cavalry.

General Hill left in a day or two after this and was frank enough to say he believed he had found a few cavalrymen who would fight if they got the opportunity. He left without giving us any orders except to do the best we could with opportunities presented. Not more than 48 hours after this General Wessell, from New Bern, came over to Washington with about 5,000 men, it was said. We did not fight him much, but got one man killed and Captain John A. Richardson captured. Captain Richardson, with a number of

others, was placed on board of some craft (name not remembered) and started to Fortress Monroe. When off against Elizabeth City or Edenton, they managed to get control of it and went into port. Richardson was only gone from his company about a month, and died not long after his return, very suddenly of heart failure. He was a young man of splendid character and much esteemed not only by his men, but by all who knew him. He died in camp at Greenville, Pitt County, and an escort was sent with his remains to his home in Wayne County, where he was interred. We had had a busy winter and spring, having done duty steadily and without complaining. The horses had given way considerably and General Martin knew that a rest was needed both by men and horses and so ordered.

We got pasturage from Mrs. Virginia Atkinson and moved headquarters to the place known as the Clark place, on the north side of the river This section was selected because it was easy to secure supplies of anything necessary to our consumption and here Captains Edgerton, Thompson and Ellis were encamped from about the middle of May until after Potter's raid on Rocky Mount. Captain Gray was encamped twelve miles below Greenville near Mr. Gray Little's, and kept pickets over near Williamston, as well as on the Tar. Gray's and Ellis' companies were Georgians, the other three companies were North Carolinians, and half of them from Wayne County

POTTER'S RAID.

On the morning of 19 July, 1863, a courier from General Martin ordered Major Kennedy to take the gallop and report at once to Colonel Martin, of the Seventeenth North Carolina Troops, near Hamilton. Collecting every available man in camp, amounting to only eighty-four, including the wagoners, he proceeded as per order. Colonel Martin being sick, Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb was in command, and by him the order was given to take the gallop for Tarboro, where he expected we would meet the enemy on his return from Rocky Mount, and if so, hold them in check until he could get up with his regiment and artillery The order was obeyed as promptly as

could be done until we reached Daniels' school house, some three or four miles from town, when it was thought prudent to send videttes ahead and feel our way. Accordingly Captain J B. Edgerton was detailed for the work and ordered to take such men with him as he chose and taking five men with him, he went forward. He did not find the enemy until he arrived at the bridge. Their attention was directed to his posse by one of his men firing at them contrary to his orders. They mounted as soon as they could collect their scattered forces and started after him. He reported at once that their whole force had come over the bridge and were feeling their way and were then two miles from us. He was then instructed to go back and make a show of fight and he could toll them on our way perhaps. This would give time to make arrangements to meet them. To our right and on the north side of the road was a little flat land, pretty well timbered, and on the south side of the road and between the school house and a field by which they were bound to come, if they continued to pursue our detachment, was another flat or pond wooded also. Two hundred yards to our rear was a nice old pine field where the horses could be concealed from sight. They were hurriedly carried around with the wagons, the men dismounted and two men beside the wagoners left with the horses. We then hurried back to the school house and the men were placed three paces apart on each side of the road and about fifteen paces (or steps) from the road, forming a long triangle with legs nearly the same length. We calmly awaited the report of Captain Edgerton.

DANIEL'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

He soon appeared at the crook in the road up at the field; then cautioning the men to be sure to hold their fire until ordered and not to aim at any one above the stirrups, Edgerton and Major Kennedy with his detachment, took their stand in the road, there being only six or seven mounted men. The whole number engaged was 81, as follows: Captain Edgerton, 34; Captain Ellis, 28; Captain Thompson, 19. Captain Edgerton was on the south side of the road with his men and Major Kennedy was on the north side with his. This was

what we baited with, and the enemy very carelessly took the bait.

When they came to the corner of the fence in full view they unlimbered a small piece of cannon and give us a couple of rounds, but did not move us. They then thought perhaps it was the same little party that had been showing up before them all the way from Tarboro, prepared for a charge and made the movement handsomely until fired upon from the right and left, and seventeen of their horses were shot down at a single volley. The command to fire was not given until it was believed by firing at that time we would succeed in cutting off as much as we would be able to take care of, and this so proved for being only a few of us mounted, many that were dismounted ran off before us and we could not help ourselves, our horses being two hundred yards from us back in the old field. In making the charge they could see none of the men in the woods and all whom they could see being mounted it emboldened them not to surrender when asked; and when their column was cut in two and their rear had gone tilting back for Tarboro these fellows in front kept right on fighting, using their sabers after their pistols and carbines had been discharged.

Captain Edgerton and the mounted men, as well as Major Kennedy, had their hands full for a while in hand-to-hand encounters. Captain Edgerton had the Yankee Major (Clarkson) on his side of the road, and right vigorously he gave him the saber as he went by him in the road. The Yankee Captain (Church) was on the other side of the road, but did not have as good luck as the Major—not that any did his duty any better than Captain Edgerton, for he was just as good as a true soldier ought to be—but Major Kennedy had shot out all he had loaded and did not have time to draw saber before the Captain and others were pressing him, and having his rifle in his hand he raised himself in his stirrups and gave the Captain such a blow as sent him reeling off his horse. Those of us who were mounted then had some exciting races to catch those of them who, seemingly, had gone completely wild since the little fight commenced.

The dismounted men having done all they could in secur-

ing prisoners and horses were ordered to procure their horses and mount preparatory to a pursuit, and while this preparation was being made the six of us who were already mounted had some exciting races through the woods and paths adjacent to the school house in running down and catching a number who had got cut off from the Major in his rapid flight in the direction of Mr. John Daniels'

The enemy lost in this melee seventeen horses killed, forty-five captured, five prisoners left in the school house, two of whom were thought to be mortally wounded, and ten of the last captured sent back to Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, who was only a few miles in our rear; also Captain Church, severely wounded, and sixty-two saddles and equipments.* The gallop was then taken to the bridge at Tarboro in the hope to cut off any who might not have had the fortune to pass the bridge before our arrival. As we approached the bridge we found a small portion of it torn up and that portion next to town on fire. Dismounting and going as far as we could, for the fire on the bridge, we called on the town to aid us with all the help and buckets they could and we would save the bridge. The call met a hearty response from the citizens. The first bucket handed was from Governor Clark, who happened to be in town on that day. The bridge was saved and by 8 p. m., we could have been across, and why we were not allowed to continue the pursuit at once we never were able to understand. The next morning after the enemy had had a whole night to travel we were ordered to pursue them, but had not at that time any idea of overtaking them before they were captured. Claiborne with a part of his regiment and a battery of artillery, was in his front and on the opposite side of the creeks which the enemy had to cross, and below him still were Colonel Martin's troops; but in some way the battery and troops at the bridge near Scuffleton were removed, giving the only gap whereby he could possibly have escaped and as the gap had been opened for him he accepted and went on his way rejoicing with many mules, horses, car-

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NOTE.—The Federal account of this raid will be found in *44 Off. Rec. Union and Cmfed. Armies 963—974.* At p. 973 Major Clarkson 12 N. Y. Cav. admits 2 killed, 15 wounded and 16 prisoners, at this skirmish.—ED.

riages, wagons and a large quantity of bacon, to say nothing about negroes to eat it. Having safely crossed the creek he had smooth sailing until he could get to the neighborhood of New Bern unless some one could get in his front, which in that locality was bad to do, as nearly all parties you met down there were doubtful until you had time to understand them fully. Our command followed them on some miles after crossing the creek and finally commenced to press them, when perhaps a wagon load of meat and negroes would be dropped. We pursued the most of the day, occasionally capturing women and children and vehicles of various kinds with varied supplies. About half an hour before sun down we came up with the main body on the road leading from Swift creek to Street's Ferry, across the Neuse river.

STREET'S FERRY.

By this time Colonel Jno. N. Whitford (then Major Whitford) with a part of his battalion had come in from the river road and joined us; his command and our exhausted little force, made a dash or two at them until dark shut in upon us. So we concluded to delay further operations until next morning and demand a surrender, and if refused, go at them determined to win. While we were arranging our plans of operation, the Fiftieth North Carolina Infantry came up and struck camp near us. After supper (such as we had) Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, of the Fiftieth, came around to see us and while we were discussing the chances for an immediate surrender the next morning a courier arrived instructing him, as the ranking officer, to at once move all troops from that locality and as hurriedly as possible.

This was a blow entirely unexpected and well calculated to vex and perplex troops who had been doing faithful duty and cheerfully looking forward to the time when they could march the enemy proudly out to our own headquarters. The enemy, though only eight miles from New Bern, remained where we left them the whole of the next day. They were without rations and not a round of ammunition, and would

not have made a demonstration the next morning and were amazed to find us all decamped. These facts we knew then from accounts given by a few stragglers taken up on our march and since then we have seen parties who certify to the same thing, men who were eye witnesses and knew.

EVANS' MILL.

After this transaction we were ordered back to our camp where we rested until about the last of August, when we went back to our work on the Tar river, doing only picket duty. Captain Gray in the meantime was keeping his pickets straight between the Roanoke as far down as Jamesville and Tranter's creek on the Tar. The companies were ordered to the neighborhood of Kinston in October and directed to build winter quarters; this work was soon finished and except regular picket duty nothing of importance transpired through the winter, so the next spring (1864) the command was ready for active and full work, and they got it. Generals Barton and Ransom demonstrated as far as Evans' Mill, below New Bern. They sent us down to the mill (Evans') near the block house where we surrounded the troops at the block house, making them leave and only getting two horses and one man and about fifty of as fine chickens as I ever saw. Coming back over to our old camp we only had a little time to rest before an order was sent from General Dearing to meet him at a specified time at Williamston. He was at that time Colonel of Artillery and was in command of Griffin's Regiment and the Seventh Confederate Regiment, and also of a battery (if not all the artillery carried on the field) at the battle of Plymouth. He displayed in that engagement in the management of that branch of the service as much coolness and discretion as he could had he been 60 years old.

Though a young Virginia officer, no one will ever be able to say more than deserves to be said of his generous kindness, of his stately and manly qualities of head and heart, and of his genuine and affectionate appreciation of the love and esteem of his friends and companions in arms. Much like General R. E. Lee, to see him one time was to always know and love him.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH AND WASHINGTON.

Major Kennedy was not present at the disposition of the troops to make the assault on the town of Plymouth, but arrived in time to find where the command of Dearing was placed and went in. A portion of Griffin's Regiment, also the Seventh Confederate, were occupying positions to the right and soon it became necessary to change and cross Conaby creek in order to cut off any who might attempt to leave the town in the direction indicated, as many were already passing over in the hope to save themselves from being captured. Many were so badly frightened that when asked to halt and surrender they kept running and were fired upon and killed; but I saw none killed who promptly obeyed the order to halt. The troops under Dearing's command, it is allowable to say, contributed their full share in proportion to numbers in the hasty reduction of the little town, and while there were quite a number killed and wounded we were truly glad to see it no worse, and to be convinced that victorious as we were, mercy had not been dethroned.

The next day the march was taken up for Washington on the Tar river, and being familiar with the country, Major Kennedy was ordered to proceed at once with that portion of the Sixty-second Georgia present and the Seventh Confederate was sent with him and we were followed by Colonel Mayo's infantry regiment. We found no obstruction until we came to the works near the town. A few shots and a charge disposed of all forces in our front and we went quietly in and taking the gallop down to the river a few shots were fired at the transports as they made their way slowly down the river. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of the once lovely and beautiful little town can be better imagined than described. No people in the State nor any where else had more of the milk of human kindness in their hearts and could come nearer making a stranger feel like he was at home. We had seen and knew some of them before the war and also quite a number in the surrounding country, who were equal to the occasion at all times when generous kindness was in demand.

A courier from Dearing ordered us off and the next morning we breakfasted at Mr. Bradford Perry's, on the road to

Greenville. Before we got to Greenville Washington was burning we were informed. We can not believe that any Confederate soldier after having been as well treated as they were by the citizens would have applied the torch to that town.

NEW BERN.

Plymouth and Washington having both fallen into Confederate hands in a few days a start was made by General Hoke for New Bern. After passing Kinston and Trenton, on the Trent river, Major Kennedy was ordered to take a guide whom he could trust and make through the swamp (or Dismal as designated by the settlers) to a crossing of the creek a short distance from Fort Croatan on the railroad, twelve miles below New Bern. This was a very tiresome order to carry out. The road we had to travel was only a cattle path and used only by pedestrians as a hunting path, and I think that over half of the surface was from fetlock to knee-deep in water. We tried it by twos the first half mile and then concluded that single file would do better. This did better, but by no means well, for by the time 300 horses follow one another through mud and water the last that pass in the track are as muddy as coons and often they go up to stirrups and even to the saddle skirts, so that in this march through that Dismal it often happened that it was necessary to make a new track in order to get along at all for we had about 300 horses, and *"get there"* was the word of command. Finally we came to the creek about 100 yards from the county road leading by the fort. Where we struck it the banks were high for that country and the water deep. There was a large oak lying across it which had the appearance of having been used as a foot-log for years, so we concluded to use this log as a causeway for our horses by adding to its breadth a foot on each side; so at it we went. Taking the measurement of the stream, we cut down two pines standing a little way off and hewing them as best we could at 3 o'clock in the night, we brought them up to our old oak and milling them on it until we could balance them round to the desired localities, we placed them by the side of the old oak. They were flattened on the top and sides, and then we went on top of our old oak and flattened it to corre-

spond to those just put by its side, and to complete the temporary structure we hastily put on some railings extending from one bank to the other. All things being ready to resume the march the horses were led across and the order to mount given.

As we mounted, and before the order to march was given, General Dearing and Colonel Folk rode up. The sun had just risen and as we got out to the road with Captain Edgerton and Captain Pitts, a few of the enemy came in sight, a dash was made at them by about four men, catching only one. As soon after this as the troops could be collected and proper dispositions made the attack on the fort was ordered. The advance on the work was participated in by all the troops present and without any disposition to show the white feather anywhere along the line of attack. A few well directed volleys and the white flag appeared as we advanced. A few over 200 well equipped soldiers were captured and what there was of supplies, of all kinds, in the camp.

PETERSBURG.

The city of New Bern was not well supplied with troops and was ready to capitulate had an attack been made, with a proper demand, but an order from General Lee hurried General Hoke at once back to the Army of Northern Virginia and but a few days elapsed before all our cavalry were ordered there, arriving just in time to aid in what should have been the decimation or bottling up of the whole of Butler's army After Butler was disposed of then five companies of our regiment, with two of Claiborne's (Pitts and Barrett) were ordered to dislodge the enemy from Dunn's farm. We went for them and they hastened to Bermuda Hundreds and Port Walthall, taking refuge in the boats and under cover of their guns.

One whole night they shelled us without any casualty, for without knowing it at the time we had selected a position which gave us all the protection we needed. The next morning a few ventured out but in a very short while they were glad to get back under the protection of their guns. We remained on this farm only a few days when General Dearing

himself took us across the river and below Petersburg to the front of our last work on the City Point road. Here we encamped and got a few hours rest for our men and horses; and it was fully appreciated and much needed, for we had not had any solid, good rest in eight or ten days. An old soldier knows how to appreciate such opportunities.

WOUNDED AND PRISONER.

Having rested here about two days, we were ordered to go down the river to an old church called Broadway, and dislodge any of the enemy we might find. When in about a half mile of the church one-half the command was halted and the front companies carried forward; when in plain view a considerable force made its appearance which was immediately attacked with such determination as to demoralize and scatter them, driving them from their camp and its equipage. It was here that Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy received wounds that partially disabled him from a full participation in the remainder of the struggle—one through his leg, one through his arm and one through the body, entering the right side just above the kidney and passing by the other in a straight line. The enemy were moved and the command under General Dearing was brought back to camp and remained on the south side until Grant's grand move on Petersburg, when it was called upon and did as much gallant service as it was possible for any troops to have done under the circumstances.

When wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy was carried to the house of a friend who lived near and in full view of our first line of works which had to be carried before the enemy could proceed. This was a long line and the only troops engaged on our side were a part of Dearing's Brigade (cavalry), General Wise's Brigade (infantry), and Sturdivant's Battery of artillery. Unable to be removed he was in their lines and near enough to the road to see every one of the enemy's detachments as they passed by to the attack, and there were so many that he could not believe it possible for our small force to withstand them at all. As they marched up the hill he had his bed moved to a window that commanded a view of the whole situation and with his field glasses could

see distinctly every charge made and the repulsed blue coats hurriedly retreating to their main body. On our line of works he could also see the brave Wise and the gallant Dearing leading and encouraging their little forces. Dearing seemed to be most in the work and most conspicuous in repulsing every charge made, but he was a cavalry officer, and naturally a leader, of great courage and ability. The writer saw during the day several lines of the enemy advance and retire, leaving their dead and wounded at times. The gallantry and determination of our officers and men held them in check until the evening when they were reinforced by 20,000. At this time Dearing and Wise retired in good order to our next line and continued the fight until General Hoke's Division came to their aid. The charges were very daringly executed and repulsed, almost hand-to-hand, and all the officers of Dearing's Brigade who were in the engagement unite in the belief that Dearing's gallantry and the determined bravery of his men and officers saved Petersburg from then falling into the hands of the enemy.

EXCHANGED.

The next day Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy was cared for by Gen. Burnside's division surgeon, and to him and many officers of this division he is thankful for many acts of generous kindness. As soon as he was able to be moved he was sent down to Fortress Monroe and exchanged for an officer of his rank who had been captured at the Crater in Petersburg. From this time he was not with the regiment nor brigade a great portion of his time, but was with it occasionally and some times on duty. What is said after this will be in part what he has learned from the officers and men as well as from personal knowledge.

SUNDRY ENGAGEMENTS.

After the investment of Petersburg until the surrender there were many conflicts in which the brigade participated. At Blacks and Whites we had a heavy engagement, losing Major Claiborne and several men, and the brigade will always remember with pride and pleasure the timely aid of the First

North Carolina Brigade in this conflict, for we had fully as much as we desired to handle. After the capture of many of the enemy and their supplies by our commanding General, W H. F. Lee, and the return of the troops to their camps, General Dearing remarked if "Aunt Nancy" (Gen. Barringer) had not got there just at the time he did, that he would have had a much harder time, for, said he, they outnumbered us three to one. In all the fighting along the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, the Davis House, Peebles' Farm, Burgess' Mill, Hatcher's Run, and along the Squirrel Level Road, Five Forks and the Boisseau House, these troops under Generals Roberts and Dearing did their full share, leaving no stain on their shields.

Soon after the fight of Burgess' Mill a reorganization of the cavalry was effected and General Rosser was made a Major-General and General Dearing was assigned to Rosser's Brigade, and General W P Roberts, who had been the gallant young Colonel of the Second, was placed in command of our (Dearing's) Brigade.

SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT FORMED.

At the reorganization the Georgia material was placed together in Georgia commands, and the North Carolina troops in North Carolina commands. When General Dearing left to take charge of the Virginia Brigade he brought Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy official notice of promotion to Colonel and assignment to the Seventh North Carolina Cavalry, which was the Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiment. Being then on crutches he was assigned to duty as commandant of the post at Stoney Creek.

As Colonel Kennedy was leaving for his post General Hampton started to City Point after 2,500 head of cattle, General Dearing being familiar with the country led the way, taking our regiment with him. The cattle were brought out as desired and the finest ever seen, there were 2,485 brought out, as stated in Major Bates' report. This was a handsome and a very acceptable acquisition to General Lee's commissariat at that time, and that winter the beef ration was fine. About this time a raid was made on Belfield and

the warehouse burned. A part of our regiment, especially Dees' company, did very fine work there in aid of the North Carolina Junior Reserves who acted very gallantly. When it was known the raiders had gone in the direction of Belfield, Colonel Kennedy was ordered to take every available man and join in the pursuit. When we got to Belfield they were a few hours ahead of us and having been very handsomely repulsed at the bridge they turned back for their own lines. We followed until it was considered useless to go further, when we were ordered back to Belfield.

The weather was very cold, but we camped in a very finely timbered piece of woodland and soon had good fires made of just such logs as the men chose to use. The writer went to sleep that night with a chunk of wood for his pillow, throwing a light oil-cloth over and covering him entirely. The next morning when he awoke there was at least four inches of snow on his oil-cloth, but our fire was not quite extinguished. His crutches were also completely covered up with the snow and it took several minutes to locate and scratch them out. We remained in this camp near a week before orders to return to the lines. The weather was cold, good wood was plentiful, we had good rations and good fires to warm by and much of our beef was consumed.

IN ROBERTS' BRIGADE.

Soon after returning to our line the gallant and brave young General W P Roberts, took command of our brigade, and a Maryland officer, Major Edelin, was assigned as Lieutenant-Colonel to the Sixteenth Battalion (for so we were still styled, though really a regiment). He did not succeed well and soon was captured and it was thought by those who ought to know that the capture was coveted by him—at any rate men and officers agree that his capture was no loss to us, as he was not a favorite of either men or officers. General Grant continued to push his numberless cohorts against General Lee's constantly decreasing army until the bloody fighting at the Boisseau house and Five Forks demonstrated the necessity of giving up Richmond and Petersburg. On 2 April the retreating army commenced to move. General

Sheridan's Cavalry, elated with recent victory, vigorously pursued, but they were so gallantly and defiantly held in check by Roberts' Brigade that they not only surprised their enemies, but attracted their admiration and esteem. Again on the 3d when every brigade of cavalry, including Bushrod Johnson's Division of infantry, became panic-stricken and gave way it was the Sixteenth Battalion (Seventy-fifth Regiment) more than any other that checked General Sheridan's impetuous onslaught, holding his whole corps of cavalry at bay for over two hours and until General W H. F Lee could rally his forces and restore confidence.

This command was complimented by General Lee himself and many other prominent officers for its gallant conduct, and its officers received the thanks of all for their Tar Heel pluck and fortitude which became known throughout the command; and again at Jetersville the Seventy-fifth did good work, not failing to charge time and again until General Roberts saw that it was useless to continue to throw his weak line against Sheridan's vast army in the vain endeavor to break through, so as to enable General Lee to retreat by Burkeville to Danville. Then followed constant skirmishing to Appomattox Court House, in all of which the brigade acted a conspicuous part, and especially the Seventy-fifth, led by Lieutenant E. J. Holt, who gallantly helped to lead the last cavalry charge made by the Army of Northern Virginia. When first organized its true worth was not known, but when placed under command of General Dearing it soon became entitled to be classed among the best troops sent to the war from North Carolina. Not in a single action was it known to falter.

At Blacks and Whites, at Battery 7, below Petersburg (the heaviest fight we ever had), at Plymouth, at Broadway, Burgess' Mill, the Davis House, Peebles' Farm, Hatcher's Run, Boisseau House, Newport, Croatan, Tarboro or Daniels' School House, Chinquepin, Evans' Mill, Red Hill, Blount's Creek, Ruff's Mill, and many other minor engagements, our companies exhibited the sticking qualities of a true soldier which did so much to immortalize that army

GOLDSBORO, N. C., J. T KENNEDY,
ENFIELD, N. C., W. F PARKER.
9 April, 1901.

ADDITIONAL SKETCH SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

By E. J. HOLT, First Lieutenant, Company A.

In the spring of 1862, there were several companies of mounted troops raised in North Carolina as independent companies, with the understanding that they were to remain in the State and were to be used only in its defense.

Captain W A. Thompson, sheriff of Wayne County, raised a company in February and March, 1862, in Wayne and Johnston. First Lieutenant, E. J Holt; Second Lieutenants, W P Holland and H. B. Ham. This company had a sharp encounter with the enemy at Kenansville. Captain J T. Kennedy raised in Wayne, Johnston and Wake Counties in July another company. On his promotion to Major this company, which had become very large, was divided into two, Captain Jno. A. Richardson, with Jas. B. Edgerton First Lieutenant; M. Whitley, James H. Parker, and later William Hooks, Second Lieutenants; and Captain Geo. T. Dees, with A. M. G. Wiggins First Lieutenant, and John M. Miller Second Lieutenant. Captain T. R. Duvall raised a company in Forsyth and Guilford, of which S. S. Lindsey was First Lieutenant, and S. C. Thornton Second Lieutenant. Captain E. A. Martin's company was from Northampton; Jesse B. Boone was First Lieutenant, and Jesse T. Britton with Jas. G. Odom Second Lieutenants. Captain W K. Lane, of Wayne, a company from Halifax County, of which Jno. H. Branch was First Lieutenant and Jno. A. Collins and W Fletcher Parker were Second Lieutenants. Captain J. J Lawrence a company in Wilson and Johnston Counties, of which later L. J Barrett became Captain, with First Lieutenants Moses T. Mays and then R. P Edwards (promoted from Second Lieutenant), and Second Lieutenants Joseph B. Davis and Joseph W Taylor. Captain F G. Pitts a company in Edgecombe, with Van B. Sharpe First Lieutenant, and B. P Jenkins and Mark B. Pitts Second Lieutenants. Captain B. C Clement a company from Davie

County, of which S M. Johnson was First Lieutenant, and S. L. Lauder and John A. Welch were Second Lieutenants. Captain J. A. Clement a company from Davie, with L. G. Gaither First Lieutenant, and B. F Nichols and C. E. Harper Second Lieutenants.

In August, 1862, Thompson's, Kennedy's and Duvall's companies became a part of the Sixty-second Georgia Regiment, in which they served through 1862, 1863 and till 11 July, 1864. When it was organized in 1862, Captain J T. Kennedy was made Major, and Captain R. P Howell Quartermaster. These officers were all the recognition the North Carolina companies received at the hands of their Georgia comrades.

The Sixty-second Georgia, during the fall of 1862 and the whole of 1863 till May, 1864, was on picket duty and frequently engaged with scouting and raiding parties of the enemy who were in strong force in Plymouth, Washington, New Bern, N C., and in Suffolk, Va., and from the Spring of 1863 it and the Seventh Confederate Cavalry were all the cavalry between Petersburg, Va., and Wilmington, N. C. They were broken up into companies and squadrons and for months at a time the men were on picket every other day. They were forced to depend for forage for their horses and food for themselves on the country in which they happened to be.

They were present and bore their full share in the capture of Plymouth and the investment of Washington and New Bern. Near Tarboro the three North Carolina companies under the command of Major Kennedy, engaged a largely superior force of the enemy in Potter's raid, and in an open, square fight, killed, wounded, captured or put to flight every Yankee in the party We pursued the raiders to the banks of Neuse river, near New Bern, N. C., and if the infantry Colonel who was in command at that point had yielded to Major Kennedy's request to push them, the whole force would have been captured. The whole of 1863 and till May, 1864, was spent in guarding the eastern part of the State and the southern part of Virginia.

In May, 1864, we marched to Petersburg, Va., and were a

part of General Beauregard's forces that met and successfully drove back the first assault on Petersburg, and were on hand on the north side of the Appomattox when Butler was bottled up at Bermuda Hundreds. In June Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy was severely wounded in a hot fight near City Point, below Petersburg, Va. We were then in Brigadier-General James Dearing's Brigade. We were kept busy all through the summer of 1864 in guarding General Lee's right and in June we followed the Wilson raiders from the time they crossed the Weldon Railroad to near Danville, Va., and back to Reams Station. On that raid we were hotly engaged at Blacks and Whites, on the Richmond & Danville Railroad, and had several running fights. It was a sorry lot of Yankees we let go back. A few, however, did go through.

There was more or less fighting almost every day on our part of General Lee's line in that awful summer of 1864. General Grant was moving south and stretching General Lee's line continuously and our brigade was always expected to meet them on every move, and we did, at Jones' farm, Reams Station, the Davis farm, Burgess' Mill, Armstrong's Mill, Poplar Spring Church and several other points which have passed from the writer's memory. In July, 1864, the North Carolina companies were taken out of the Sixty-second Georgia Regiment and Captain E. A. Martin's company from the Twelfth Battalion, and added to the Sixteenth North Carolina Battalion, which had been formed by the North Carolina companies of Captain W K. Lane, Captain B. C Clement, Captain J A. Clement, Captain L. J Barrett, and Captain F G. Pitts, which had been taken from the Seventh Confederate Cavalry.

During Colonel Kennedy's absence Lieutenant-Colonel J B. Edelin, of Maryland, was in command of the Seventy-fifth Regiment, which was thus formed, though it was still styled usually the Sixteenth Battalion. Captain F. G. Pitts was promoted to Major, John R. Moore Adjutant, W H. Call, of Company G, Ordnance Sergeant.

In February, 1865, General Dearing was transferred to a Virginia command. He was a splendid officer and his whole brigade regretted his change of command.

Brigadier-General Roberts, of North Carolina, was assigned to a new brigade composed of our regiment and the Fifty-ninth North Carolina in February, and commanded us till the end. In December, 1864, we were moved from General Lee's right, near Dinwiddie Court House, and went into winter quarters at Belfield, Va. We built nice, cozy quarters and hoped to pass the winter in resting our tired and run-down horses, but there was hardly a week we did not have to meet a raiding or scouting party of Grant's cavalry. In February we hurriedly marched to Dinwiddie Court House and for five days we were in the worst snow and sleet of the winter and what was worse, were absolutely without food of any kind for men or horses. Some of the men found some spoiled corn where artillery horses had been fed and eat that. For four days the writer never tasted even corn. It was fearful, but the men did not complain.

The brigade returned to Belfield for only a short time. We went back to General Lee's right flank and were there 28 March when Grant began his flank movement which forced the Confederates back till we were on the White Oak road. The Seventy-fifth was engaged every day from the 28th till Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated and the retreat to Appomattox was begun, and on 31 March in a charge made on a portion of Sheridan's cavalry, captured a beautiful silk flag, which is now in the possession of a member of my old company. On 1 April Captain B. C. Clement, a sergeant, and thirteen men, were captured by a small squad of the enemy who had gotten in our rear. *95 (Serial) Vol. Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 827*

About the 30th our commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Edelin charged a solid line of battle by himself. We were drawn up in line of battle expecting to either make an assault or receive one when Colonel Edelin drew his sabre and charged alone directly upon a large body of cavalry. The Yankees quietly opened ranks and our brave Lieutenant-Colonel rode through, waving his sabre and yelling like a maniac. That was the last we saw or heard of him.

Major Pitts took command and held it till about 2 April, when he literally broke down from exhaustion and was sup-

posed to be captured. On the morning of 28 March the Seventy-fifth had about 315, rank and file, but the constant fighting, marching and the want of rations and sleep had caused all but the strongest to give out, and by 5 April I am sure there was not over one hundred men for duty. The losses continued till at the surrender we numbered only 51. On 3 April General Roberts with our regiment, stopped a stampede which, if allowed to have gone further, would have ruined General Lee's chance of ever getting his army beyond Amelia Court House.

Our brigade was the rear guard on the county road just south of the Appomattox river, and another regiment had been posted with orders to hold the Yankees in check while ours fell back to another position. We had not gone a mile when a cavalry regiment hastily pursued by a squadron of cavalry came at a dead run and in wild disorder upon us. Our regiment got panic-stricken and joined in the race, but General Roberts placed himself in the road in their front and managed to halt about fifty men; he had us to about face and in a hurry we sent the pursuing force back on their main column. If General Roberts had not halted us when he did there is no telling what the result would have been—disastrous certainly. That day General Roberts placed the writer in command of the regiment and he held it till 9 April.

There was not a mile that we did not fight over from the time the retreat begun till we reached Appomattox Court House. The losses from wounds were not very heavy, but the constant fighting and marching day and night just wore men and horses completely out. On the 5th the writer was shot from his horse, but was not severely wounded, and did not leave the command.

On the night of 8 April the brigade halted about half a mile east of the Court House, at daybreak on the 9th we were mounted and marched to the west side of the village, and at sunrise were in line of battle. Shortly after a battery in our front opened on us and General Roberts promptly ordered a drawn sabre charge. We as promptly made it and captured the battery (four brass guns) and about fifty of Sheridan's dismounted cavalry. We took the guns and prisoners

back to the point where we had formed a line that morning and while there the writer saw about fifty dismounted enemy in a piece of woods about half a mile in our front and a little to the right of where we had captured the battery I informed General Roberts and he ordered us to charge them, which we did with drawn sabres. We had an open field to cross, cut up by ditches. We passed the ditches safely and reached a point not over fifty yards from the enemy, who had taken shelter behind a rail fence built on the bank of a five or six foot canal. Of course we knew nothing of the canal till we were nearly at it. We saw that we could not reach the boys in blue with cold steel and we returned sabres, unslung carbines and fired a volley at them, and then fell back; just as the men fired my horse was killed, so I had to go out on foot. Two or three of my men were wounded, but kept their seats.

That was the last charge ever made by our command, and was as gallant as any it ever made, and was certainly the last made by any part of General Lee's army. I think I had ample opportunity to know that it was the last charge made, for I went back alone and on foot and I noticed there was no firing any where along the lines.

When I got back where I had left the brigade, General Roberts and a few others had got news of the surrender and had made their escape. I might have done so too, but I was without a horse and was too tired to walk. General Roberts' absence left the writer in command of the brigade, and we were soon camped in a field near the Court House where we made out a roll of men and officers present, drove our guns into the hard earth to tie our horses to, made a fire, burned our flag to keep the Yankees from getting it, and waited for further orders and something to eat.

The next day we lay and rested. On Tuesday evening we got our paroles ready and left for our homes in North Carolina. The writer signed all the paroles (95) for Roberts' Brigade and Barringer's Brigade (23)—in all 118 men. A copy of my own parole is hereto appended.

E. J HOLT.

SMITHFIELD, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT

(SIXTH RESERVES.)

By THE EDITOR.

This regiment was organized in October or November, 1864, at Wilmington, by electing the following Field Officers:

A. A. Moss, Colonel.
James V. Symons, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Terrell Brooks, Major.

The companies composing the regiment seem to have been in continuous service since July and were all ordered to Wilmington 22 October. They were commanded as follows:

Captain John M. Brawley, Rowan.
Captain Levi Carroll, Rowan.
Captain T. W Griffin, Union.
Captain J. M. Stewart, Union.
Captain Joshua Rouse, Lenoir.
Captain J Powell, Columbus.
Captain J. L. Cobb, Robeson.
Captain George E. Knox, Brunswick.
Captain John W Turner, ————.
Captain Duncan Kelly, Bladen.

LeRoy Jones is also mentioned as Captain in this regiment in General Holmes' Order book. The above were Captains in the Senior Reserves, but it is not certain that they were all in this regiment.

Dr. G. H. Cox was Assistant Surgeon, and J M. Williams was transferred to the regiment as Surgeon from the Seventy-third.

The Seventy-sixth was sent to Salisbury 24 November probably to relieve the Sixty-eighth North Carolina, which was soon thereafter ordered to the Roanoke section. It was placed with the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth in John F

Hoke's Brigade and seems to have performed the same duties as those regiments of guarding the prisoners at Salisbury, with details for bridge guards and arresting deserters and keeping order in neighborhoods disturbed by them.

On 4 March, 1865, being no longer needed to guard the prisoners at Salisbury, the regiment was ordered to High Point and then was placed in the Seventh Congressional District to arrest deserters with regimental headquarters at Ashboro. On 16 March it was ordered to Greensboro. At Johnston's surrender, they were either paroled or went home without that ceremony.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT

(SEVENTH RESERVES.)

By JOHN G. ALBRIGHT, First Lieutenant Company A.

This regiment was organized at Greensboro in July, 1864, by the temporary appointment of Chas. E. Shober, Colonel; J. A. Barrett, Lieutenant-Colonel; J C. Dobbin, Major.

These last two were disabled officers on light duty and were released in November when their successors were selected.

From Lieutenant Albright's sketch and from General Holmes' order book also, it appears that their successors were elected at Camp Davis, on Masonboro Sound, in November, when Lieutenant-Colonel Barrett and Major Dobbin were ordered to other duties, upon the regiment being sent south.

In Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, p. 345-358, where it is erroneously given as the Seventy-third, we find the muster rolls of seven companies, the names of whose officers were given below, and on pages 333-335 we find the muster roll of what is given there as Company A, Seventy-third Regiment, but which we know from Lieutenant Albright's narrative, printed in *"Our Living and Our Dead,"* October, 1874, pp. 134-137, was Company A, of this regiment. The roster of officers, if those given in Moore's Roster (amended by adding Company A) is correct is as follows:

Company A—*Alamance*—Captain, W S. Bradshaw; First Lieutenant, Jno. G. Albright; Second Lieutenants, Alfred Sharp and James Gilliam. This company was organized 13 June, 1864.

Company B—*Guilford*—Captain, Jacob Boon; First Lieutenant, George Kirkman; Second Lieutenants, T. M. Woodburn and John Soots. This company was organized 18 June, 1864.

Company C—*Guilford*—Captain, W B. Johnston; First Lieutenant, W R. Pearson; Second Lieutenants, John Blay-

lock and Frederick Smith. This company was organized 13 June, 1864.

COMPANY D—*Person*—Captain, R. S. Davis; First Lieutenant, T. H. Brooks; Second Lieutenants, Chesley Hicks and Alfred Blalock. This company was organized 21 June.

COMPANY E—*Stokes*—Captain, W H. Watts; First Lieutenant, W G. Haynes; Second Lieutenants, Dempsey Bailey and Matthew Phillips. This company was organized 28 June, 1864.

COMPANY F—*Caswell*—Captain, A. A. Mitchell; First Lieutenant, J. S. Glass; Second Lieutenants, A. M. Fuller and J J Chandler. This company was organized 23 June, 1864.

COMPANY G—*Forsyth*—Captain, E. E. Holland; First Lieutenant, Jno. H. Shore; Second Lieutenants, David Shouse and Solomon Tice.

COMPANY H—*Stokes*—Captain, William Clinard; First Lieutenant, N S. McGee; Second Lieutenants, B. B. Cook and Israel Moser.

The muster rolls of the other two companies are not given in Moore's Roster.

This regiment was ordered to Raleigh 27 October, 1864, and on 1 November General Holmes telegraphed General Bragg at Wilmington that he had sent him this regiment together with Erwin's Battalion (Seniors); three companies of Millard's Battalion (Juniors) and thirteen other companies of Seniors, and that there were no others except those guarding prisoners at Salisbury. The thirteen companies of Seniors were probably the ten soon after organized into the Eighth Reserves and the three companies that formed Littlejohn's Battalion. On 10 November it was reported at Wilmington with nine other companies of Seniors, *89 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1207*, at Masonboro Sound. On 28 November the regiment elected

CHAS. E. SHOBER, Colonel.

EZEKIEL W HANCOCK, Lieutenant-Colonel, who was promoted Colonel 26 January, 1865, upon the resignation of Colonel Shober.

JAMES R. MCLEAN, Major.

It was soon sent south and as appears from the above *Official Records* it left Charleston for Savannah 7 December and on 9 December was in the battle of Coosawhatchie under the command of General Beverly H. Robinson, *92 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 446,* and on 26 December it was in the skirmish at Tullifinny Iron Works, 130 of the regiment being present. Another detachment of 263 were in Harrison's Brigade at Coosawhatchie, same Vol., pp. 992, 999. From January to March, 1865, inclusive, it was in a brigade commanded by Colonel Wash. M. Hardy, of the Sixteenth North Carolina, composed of this regiment, the Fiftieth North Carolina and Tenth North Carolina Battalion, which brigade belonged to McLaw's Division.

So far this sketch has been taken from General Holmes' Order Books and the above *Official Records* published by the United States Government. What follows is the above cited sketch of Lieutenant Albright, of Company A. It probably gives a fair idea of the scope of duties imposed upon the Senior Reserves. To read it causes us to regret that the histories of the other regiments of Senior Reserves were not obtained from members of those commands, while it was possible to do so. Lieutenant Albright's interesting sketch is as follows:

LIEUTENANT ALBRIGHT'S HISTORY.

The Senior Reserves of Alamance County, having been conscripted, met in Graham in June, 1864, and elected the following officers: W S. Bradshaw, Captain; John G. Albright, First Lieutenant; Alfred Sharp, Second Lieutenant; James Gilliam, Junior Second Lieutenant. These officers were never commissioned, but were ordered into the service. Fifteen men were selected out of the company and were sent to Greensboro as a guard at that place. In a short time the remainder were ordered into the southern part of the county to catch deserters from the army A detachment under the First Lieutenant was sent to scour the Cane Creek Mountains, where they caught a deserter and found five caves, dug for the purpose of hiding provisions, etc., in which was found one quilt, one large jug, tin cups, etc., which had just been de-

serted by the proprietors. The detachment went on to Cane Creek factory. The officer in command sent to a man's house to see if he was at home, when two men leaped out of the back door and started through a corn field at the top of their speed. One of them was a large man and the other a small one. At first the superior strength of the large one gave him the advantage, but before they got to the end of the field the small one was before. It was the most ludicrous foot race ever witnessed by the writer. Each one ran, not as running from danger, but as if for a thousand dollar wager. The large man was at first supposed to be a deserter, but was not, for he had once been taken to Camp Holmes and presented for service, but not accepted. The small one was the one to whom the house belonged. After the race was over the officer went in and told the good woman that the running would be of no service to her husband, and told her to tell him that the company had to go to Greensboro, and that he must come on immediately, which, be it told to his credit, he did. He belonged to our company.

From Cane Creek Factory we went to Greensboro, where we were put in a regiment of other reserves, and a set of field officers placed over the company. Our next move was to Ashboro. Here our small man who ran so at the factory came up and delivered himself to the authorities. He had gone to Greensboro just in time to be too late, and had followed us to this place. At Greensboro he was furnished with gun and cartridge box. On his way to Asheboro he came across one, like himself who was a deserter and Senior Reserve, and on whom he prevailed to go with him to camp.

We drove over the mountains in Randolph County, scaring up wild turkeys, foxes and owls in great abundance, but no deserters. The turkeys were scared so terribly that they could not get out of the way. One of the men wanted to shoot, and when the officer would not let him, tried to bayonet it.

About this time we received orders to forage on those who had sons in the bushes, which was done to some extent. This rigid system brought up a great many who were sent off as conscripts, and not deserters.

We were sent from Ashboro to Wilmington. From Wilmington we were ordered to Camp Whiting, thence to Plymouth, thence back to Wilmington, thence to Camp Davis, on Masonboro Sound, where our young field officers disappeared.

There we had an election for the officers of Lieutenant-Colonel and Major. Wheeler Hancock, of Rockingham, was elected to the former and J Robert McLean, of Guilford, to the latter office. We had no fight there but could see the enemy frequently in their vessels.

From Camp Davis we were ordered to Savannah, from thence to Coosawhatchie river. The next day after our arrival we got in a fight with General Foster's forces, which numbered about seven thousand men, while ours were only about three thousand. We held the fort (at Savannah) for 37 days and nights they shelling us nearly all the time from a fort near by We had nothing but rifle pits to protect us from their fire. After the fall of Savannah, Sherman being about to surround us, we evacuated our position, setting fire to the bridge across the Tullifinny river, which, not burning rapidly, was cut down by a detachment which had been felling trees across the road. When we reached New Pocataligo the enemy were within a quarter of a mile of us. We would have been captured had it not been for the Fiftieth North Carolina Regiment, which kept the enemy at bay until we got by. We retreated across the Salkehatchie river, about a mile above the railroad crossing, where we remained some time. There our commanding Colonel (Shober) left us, and the command devolved upon Wheeler Hancock, the Lieutenant-Colonel, but the brigade was commanded by Colonel (Wash.) Hardy, (Sixtieth North Carolina), for we were brigaded with the Fiftieth Regiment and Tenth Battalion, ours being called the Seventh Regiment of Reserves. We were marched up the Salkehatchie river to Buford's bridge to prevent Sherman's crossing. While we were there he succeeded in crossing at Rivers' bridge, after having a pretty lively time with a Georgia regiment, who captured some of his advance guard. We were next marched to Branchville and stationed on the Edisto river, while Sherman passed on towards Columbia. We next went to a place called Ridgeville, where a great many

wounded and sick men were relieved from duty by Dr. Cherry, the only man who seemed to have any mercy or humanity. Several of those relieved died soon after getting home.

From Ridgeville we were marched to Florence, where we got on the train and went to Cheraw, and from Cheraw to Wall's Ferry. While there the men got completely disheartened, went to the officers and asked them what they must do for something to eat, who told them that they could do nothing for them. Upon this some of the men went home.

From there we were marched fifteen miles west of Fayetteville, where General Wade Hampton charged Kilpatrick, capturing some of his men, and from there to Averasboro, where we halted for a day or two. We were marched back a mile or so, where we threw up breastworks by cutting down pine trees and chinking underneath with pine knots. There we were attacked by Sherman's forces. The line of battle extended from the Cape Fear to a small stream eastwards. If two brigades next to the river had not given way, we could have held our own, but as they did Sherman proved too hard for us. Under cover of the darkness we retreated from the place in good order and marched on to Bentonville, where we engaged Sherman on one Sunday morning (19 March). In the evening our brigade was double-quicked from the left to the right of the line, where Colonel Hardy rushed us up within twenty feet of the enemy's breastworks, telling the officers it was to relieve our men. We received a terrible volley, upon which one of the officers called out to cease firing, that they were shooting their own men. Still the firing went on. We took shelter the best we could behind the pine trees, except some of us who were in a pond about sixty or seventy yards wide. These retreated across the pond, the officers shouting all the time, "You are shooting your own men." There we lost about fifty-one men in about half a minute, out of about four hundred. When the firing ceased Captain Bradshaw ordered Lieutenant Blalock to go forward and see if they were our own men who fired into us. When he got within fifteen or twenty feet of their works, two videttes leaped out, took him by the arms and led him across the

breastworks. Then, knowing who they were, we fired into and drove them from their works.

After the firing ceased two of the officers gathered up all the men they could find, marched out about three hundred yards and built small fires of pine rails—one for Colonel Wortham's Regiment (Fiftieth North Carolina) and one for the Senior Reserves.

The men being ordered to look after the wounded, split lightwood rails, and, having lighted them, went back to the breastworks and brought them out to the fires, where they were placed into ambulances and carried away. We marched back about half a mile, where we encamped for the night. At daylight the firing was renewed, and continued until Tuesday night at 12 o'clock. The enemy never broke our lines during the whole fight.

After the battle we were marched four miles out towards Smithfield, when we were ordered into line of battle again. Sherman's forces ceased to pursue us, and we went on to within about two miles of Smithfield, where we rested two or three days. Here, to the gratification of all, Hardy was relieved, the Tenth Battalion and Fiftieth Regiment being ordered into Haygood's and Kirkland's Brigades. Here, also, we were joined by those who had left us at Wall's Ferry. From Smithfield we went to Raleigh (27 March) when General Holmes gave our regiment a furlough for twenty days. Two days before this had expired Johnson had surrendered.

Thus ended the connection of the Senior Reserves, of Alamance County, with "The Lost Cause."

JNO. G. ALBRIGHT.

GRAHAM, N. C.,
27 March, 1874.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT

(EIGHTH RESERVES.)

BY THE EDITOR.

This regiment is erroneously given in Vol. 4 of Moore's Roster at pp. 333-344, as the Seventy-third. The muster rolls of only six of the ten companies are there given, of which we know that Company A belonged to the Seventy-seventh (Shober's Seventh Reserves).

The officers of the remaining five companies there given are:

COMPANY B—*Robeson and Richmond*—Captain, Nathanel McLean (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment); First Lieutenant, Kenneth McKenzie; Second Lieutenants, William McRae and J. B. McRae. This company was organized 5 July, 1864.

COMPANY C—*New Hanover and Brunswick*—Captain, Benj. J. Jacobs; First Lieutenant, Edwin W Grissett; Second Lieutenants, Richard L. Bordeaux and Boney Southerland. From the dates of the commissions of the officers and enlistments of the men, this company was raised 22 April, 1864.

COMPANY D—*Bladen*—Captain, David Callahan; First Lieutenant, James H. Tyson; Second Lieutenants, Joseph Hester and R. A. Williamson. This company was raised early in May.

COMPANY E—*Cumberland and Harnett*—Captain, James Hockaday; First Lieutenant, W H. Senter; Second Lieutenants, E. Adams and W Johnson. This company was embodied early in August.

COMPANY F—*Cumberland*—Captain, W J Kelly, First Lieutenant, Randall McDaniel; Second Lieutenants, Jno. T. Wright and John Shaw This company was organized 11 April, 1864.

The order book of General Holmes mentions as also belonging to this regiment Captain F A. Hart.

The officers of the other companies and the counties where raised can not now be ascertained until the copies of the rolls can be had from Washington. Indeed it is not certain that Moore's Roster has correctly placed the above, for the dates of the organization of the companies do not correspond with the letters given them, which were usually bestowed according to seniority.

Three of the companies were organized at Goldsboro in May into a battalion commanded by Major B. F Hooks, who did service in guarding the bridges along the line of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, relieving other troops to go to the front. On 1 June, 1864, 160 men of Hook's Battalion were guarding the bridge over the Neuse just south of Goldsboro, which had once been destroyed by the enemy.

On 22 December, 1864, at Wilmington, it was organized with other companies into the Eighth Regiment of Reserves by the election of—

ALLMAND A. MCKOY, Colonel.

NATHANIEL A. MCLEAN, Lieutenant-Colonel.

BOAZ F. HOOKS, Major.

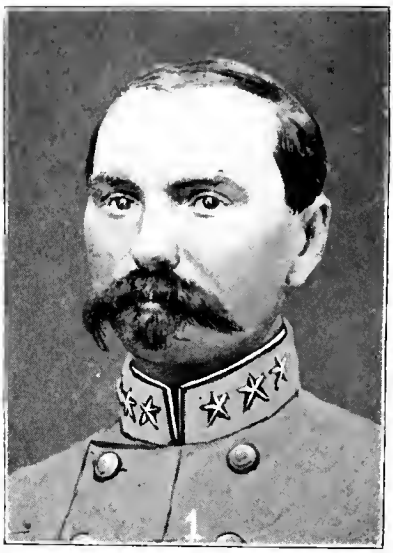
— —. McAlister was appointed Adjutant, David Berry Assistant Surgeon.

Colonel McKoy was elected Judge of the Superior Court in 1874, and served as such till his death in 1885.

This regiment was in garrison in the forts below Wilmington and in December was brigaded with the Fourth (Reece), Seventh (French), Eighth (Ellington) Battalions of Junior Reserves. This brigade commanded by Colonel J K. Conally, of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, mustered 1,200 men present for duty and assisted in the defence of Fort Fisher 24 and 25 December, 1864. *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, Serial Vol. 87, p. 1021.*

The regiment was also in the vicinity of Wilmington during the second assault of Fort Fisher.

Whether it was at Bentonville or in reserve, does not positively appear, but it was at Goldsboro 9 March and was probably in the brigade commanded at Bentonville by Colonel George Jackson. It was ordered to Raleigh 27 April and disappeared from view with Johnston's surrender.



SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

1. Robert L. Coleman, Colonel.
2. George Tait, Colonel.
John W. Woodfin, Major, on his horse "Prince Hal," from whose back he was killed.

SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT

(EIGHTH CAVALRY.)

BY S. V PICKENS, ADJUTANT.

This regiment had its nucleus in three companies known as *Woodfin's Battalion*. Afterwards it was raised to six companies and was then known and reported officially as the *Fourteenth Battalion*. It was only in the Spring of 1865 that it was raised to a regiment by the addition of four more companies. It is therefore proper to give some account of these battalions.

WOODFIN'S BATTALION OF CAVALRY.

In order to give a connected history of this command it is not amiss to write something of a sketch, at the outset of Company G of the First North Carolina Cavalry, for this was, in a sense, and to a limited degree, the nucleus of said battalion. It was one of the earliest organizations in the State for the Confederate service, made up of men and boys from Buncombe, Henderson and Rutherford, with a few from other western counties, aggregating in numbers *one hundred and twenty*. Many of them were from the very best families of the country, some of them attaining distinction in the long and bloody war which followed. The commander, Jno. W Woodfin, a born horseman and as chivalrous as any knight of the olden time and full of patriotism and devotion to the dear Southland, was an inspiration to this gallant band he had gathered around him, and it is not surprising that they were so early and so eager to go forth to meet in mortal combat the horde of invaders that in 1861 threatened on every hand the peace and quiet of our whole country. The company organized with the following officers, to-wit: John W Woodfin, Captain; Wm. Riley West, First Lieutenant; James L. Gaines, Second Lieutenant; John Blasengame, Junior Sec-

ond Lieutenant. Leven Edney, Orderly Sergeant, succeeded very soon by Henry Coleman.

The company was quartered for a short time at the Jesse Smith house, corner of West College and Haywood streets (now the "villa" property), it then went into camp of instruction north of Asheville, about one and a half miles out, near the foot of Woodfin Mountain (now called "Lookout"), the horses being temporarily stabled in the barns at the negro quarters of Captain Woodfin. This camp, the first in Western North Carolina, was named in honor of the commanding officer and his elder brother Nicholas, a true and most thorough Southerner, giving liberally of his ample means to the advancement of the South's interests. After the lapse of a month or two "Camp Woodfin" was vacated, the company removing to Ridgeway, N. C., leaving Asheville 9 August.

At Ridgeway the company was assigned to Colonel Bob. Ransom's Ninth North Carolina (First Cavalry), and the men were engaged in perfecting their drill until late in the fall, when they were ordered to Manassas, Va. Here they were put on outpost duty, scouting and skirmishing almost daily, eventually going into winter quarters and remaining until Spring, when, about March, they were returned to North Carolina, first stopping at Goldsboro, thence to Pollocksville, near New Bern, and there put on picket duty, remaining in that locality until some time in May, when they were again sent back to Virginia, this time to Richmond, thence to Culpepper and Brandy Station, doing picket duty and scouting on both the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers. On 9 June was engaged in the heavy cavalry fight at Brandy Station.

On 23 September, 1861, Captain Woodfin was promoted to Major and transferred to the Nineteenth Regiment (Second Cavalry), commanded at the time by Colonel M. L. Davis, Jr., of Rutherford County, and later by James L. Gaines, of Asheville, who lost an arm at Five Forks in April, 1865. Henry Coleman, also a Buncombe man, having succeeded to the Captainey of Company G, of which as I have noted, he was orderly, was killed at same time and place.

Although but little more than a boy, he had established a reputation for cool courage and daring. Lieutenant West and others mentioned as leaving Company G, returned to Western North Carolina and set to work to organize another command and very soon the former had a company and with two others, Captains Harris and Fortune, formed a battalion, the composition of which was as follows:

FIRST COMPANY—*Buncombe*—Wm. R. West, Captain; William Henry, First Lieutenant; A. E. Posey, Second Lieutenant; F M. Corn, Junior Second Lieutenant.

SECOND COMPANY—*Transylvania*—I. A. Harris, Captain; Ben Brittain, First Lieutenant; Branch Johnston, Second Lieutenant; Thomas Harkins, Junior Second Lieutenant.

THIRD COMPANY—*Buncombe*—Wm. P Fortune, Captain; Wm. Gilliam, First Lieutenant; James Wilson, Second Lieutenant; B. F. Fortune, John Step, Junior Second Lieutenants.

On account of ill health Major Woodfin had resigned his position in the Nineteenth Regiment and on returning to Asheville, impelled by that same spirit that prompted him to offer himself as a sacrifice upon his country's altar in the early days of 1861, he accepted the leadership of this battalion.

The Federal army having taken possession of Knoxville and occupying other sections of East Tennessee, it became necessary for Western North Carolina, and more especially the town of Asheville, having taken so early and active a part in furnishing troops and giving aid in every possible way to the Confederate forces as to embitter all in sympathy with the other side, to defend its own borders from invasion, pillage and robbery. Hence this newly organized battalion was the nucleus of a small "defensive army" and was actively engaged in repelling demonstrations made along the border lines of North Carolina and Tennessee principally by a band of marauders under the command of the notorious George W Kirk, made more bold and aggressive by the nearness of the regular army at Knoxville and less distant points. Ever on the alert and guarding with zealous care all inva-

sions of this territory, when his scouts on or about 20 November, 1863, reported a small force as having crossed the Tennessee line into North Carolina and advancing in the direction of Warm Springs, Major Woodfin, with a hastily gotten together detachment of his battalion, then at Marshall, sixteen miles from the Springs, dashed with that impetuosity characteristic of the man, down the French Broad river, hoping to reach that point before the invaders. But in this he failed, and in turning an abrupt angle in the road not far from "Lover's Leap" and in close proximity to the bridge across the river leading to the hotel, he found himself confronted by a larger force than he expected. Being several paces in advance of his "troop," he waved it to hold up, presumably with the purpose of allowing him to take in more fully the situation, so as to intelligently direct further movements, but unfortunately he had gotten into the outer circle of an ambuscade, and was ruthlessly shot from his horse by a party hidden under a small building near the road side. A young man of Captain West's company named Jake Davis was at the same time wounded, and afterwards died. J J Ramsay, of same company, and ——— Smith, of Harris' company, were also wounded. The detachment being outnumbered and having lost its leader, fell back to Marshall. A committee of citizens, headed by Esquire Albert T. Summey, of Asheville, went down under flag of truce to recover the body of the much lamented citizen and soldier. They found it stripped of all valuables, but glad to get the lifeless remains they brought it to his bereaved family and friends, and with all the honors that could be paid a martyred hero, he was laid to rest in the Methodist cemetery on Church street and later removed to Riverside. In the funeral cortege was his favorite charger "Prince Hal," upon which he was killed, fully caparisoned, being led by his trusted camp servant.

FOURTEENTH BATTALION.

The battalion, after the death of Major Woodfin, continued in this defensive work for a time, acting rather independently as companies; not a great while elapsed however, until there united with these three companies three others, making what

was afterwards known as the Fourteenth Battalion. The additional companies were as follows:

Wiley F Parker, Captain, of Buncombe; Joe Hale Smith, First Lieutenant, of Buncombe, killed in 1865 by a band of marauders; Wm. Eller, Second Lieutenant, of Buncombe.

E. Russell, Captain, of Haywood.

Jim Ray, Captain, of Madison; Whitfield Morgan, Lieutenant, killed in 1865, by band of marauders; and —. —. Boone, Lieutenant.

Of this battalion, James L. Henry was made Lieutenant-Colonel and Charles M. Roberts Major. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry had been Adjutant of the Ninth North Carolina (First Cavalry) under Colonel Robert Ransom, and when the latter had been promoted Brigadier-General, had became Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General of his brigade. After the war he was judge of the Superior Courts from 1868-1874. Major C M. Roberts had also seen previous service. The staff were A. M. Alexander, Quartermaster; Robert Farnsworth, Commissary; Washington Morrison, Surgeon; William Murdock, Assistant Surgeon; S. V Pickens, Acting Adjutant; Aaron Wright, Quartermaster Sergeant, and W L. Norwood, Sergeant Major. The last has since been judge of the Superior Court.

The writer, who had from 20 May, 1861, served as a private in Company G, Ninth North Carolina (First Cavalry), about 1 March, 1864, transferred to this battalion and became its Adjutant. He found the command, officered as above stated, encamped at Webster, Jackson County. The services of Woodfin's Battalion and of this larger battalion had been manifold in guarding this section, picketing roads, fighting bushwhackers, with occasional brushes with the enemy, but the details are now irrevocably lost.

Major Roberts was fatally wounded in September, 1864, in an engagement on Laurel, in Madison County, with Kirk's men, and other bushwhackers. He was a true and brave soldier, beloved while living by the entire command, and lamented when dead. His remains were taken by a military escort, in command of the writer, and buried in his own yard

with military honors. All his assailants were slain on the spot and houses burned from which they fired. Captain Harris then became Major, and Lieutenant James P Deaver became Captain of Company A.

Lieutenant Morgan and Sergeant Robert Wells, of Company D, were shot down in cold blood near Asheville by some of Kirk's men, pending the armistice agreed upon by Generals Sherman and Johnston. Lieutenant Hale Smith died or was killed, near the same date.

This command had much good material among the men and officers, many of whom had been long in active service in Virginia, or the Army of Tennessee, and had been sent here to defend their immediate homes against the ravages and outrages of men who were true to neither side.

The Fourteenth Battalion was kept in that part of North Carolina near to, and west of the Blue Ridge, with frequent raids into East Tennessee.

The service was a peculiar service and a particularly hard and dangerous one. Men who had grown fat in General Lee's army wasted away to skin and bones amidst the hardships of these mountain campaigns, having no assurance of safety in the day or night, in camp or on the march, these mountain gorges serving as cities of refuge for deserters and bushwhackers. Truly the men of this command needed to be always on the alert and wide awake.

If time, space and memory would allow, it would be a great pleasure for me to enroll the names of more than five hundred of the noble men who served in the ranks of the Fourteenth (sometimes called the "One Eyed Battalion" from the fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Henry had lost one of his eyes) who marched over these mountains through heat and cold, and fearlessly met and fought foes who forced guerrilla war upon them in and around their homes and firesides; and foes, too, who had lived in this section and were familiar with the roads, rivers and locations of houses, and very many of them deserters from the Confederate army and of the cause they had sworn to support. In April, 1864, the battalion was at the mouth of Ivy and reported 221 present out of a total of 510. *59 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 865.*

This command had several engagements with the enemy on Laurel in Madison County, on Indian creek, Red Banks and other points in Tennessee during the years 1864 and 1865. It was in its last line of battle in the city of Asheville, about four hundred yards to the north of the female college, about 15 April, 1865.

This battalion was with Colonel Palmer, who commanded the Western District of North Carolina, at Greenville, Tenn., on the day after that brave soldier, General John H. Morgan, was betrayed and killed in Mrs. Williams' garden, or vineyard; the writer saw the spot, marked by two rude stakes, placed at his head and feet where he died, and it was shown me by Mrs. Williams

In the Fall of 1864, J. E. Rankin was made Adjutant. He was for many years, since the war, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners for Buncombe and is now a prominent banker of Asheville.

ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

In the Spring of 1865 four companies were added as follows:

Job Barnard, Captain, of Buncombe; Hezekiah E. Barnard, First Lieutenant of Buncombe; Taylor Buckner, Second Lieutenant, of Buncombe

A. E. Posey, Captain, of Henderson; Ben. Brittain, Lieutenant, of Henderson; F. M. Corn, Lieutenant, of Henderson.

William Gilliam, Captain, of Buncombe; John Step, Lieutenant, of Buncombe.

—. —. Galloway, Captain, of Transylvania; William Dueker, Lieutenant, of Transylvania; Dick Owens, Lieutenant, of Transylvania.

This made us a full regiment, being the Eighth Cavalry, or Seventy-ninth North Carolina Regiment. Of this regiment Lieutenant-Colonel George Tait, of the Fortieth North Carolina (Third Artillery) was first appointed Colonel, but not liking the service for some reason, resigned and Robert L. Coleman, who had been Captain A. C. S. in the Sixtieth North Carolina, and later the Chief Commissary of the Department of Western North Carolina, was made Colonel. He was a splendid soldier and a most excellent man.

In one of the darkest hours towards the last, Captain "Jim" Ray, with part of his company and part of another, deserted to the enemy.

The last service of the command was around Asheville. On 6 April, 1865, the regiment aided to repel Colonel Kirby's raid coming in from Greenville, Tenn., and as news travelled slowly then, there being no railroad or telegraph station nearer than the then terminus of the Western North Carolina Railroad, six miles below Morganton, a part of the command was in a skirmish as late as 10 May. On being made certain of Johnston's surrender the regiment quietly dissolved and the men went home without being paroled.

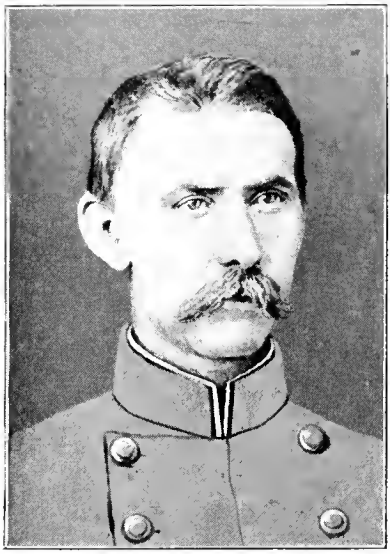
I am much indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Ray, of the Sixtieth Regiment, for aid in preparing this sketch of the Eighth Cavalry.

Incidentally it may here be noted that the eight cavalry regiments from this State were all *odd* numbers, i. e., Ninth, Nineteenth, Forty-first, Fifty-ninth, Sixty-third, Sixty-fifth, Seventy-fifth and Seventy-ninth, while the three artillery regiments were all *even* numbers—Tenth, Thirty-sixth and Fortieth.

Though in no great battles the experience of the command was, in many respects, perhaps more trying and it performed faithfully and well the duties assigned to it. It well merits its place in the Military History of North Carolina in the Great War of 1861-'65.

S. V PICKENS.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.,
30 May, 1901.



EIGHTIETH REGIMENT.
A. L. Welch, Sergeant, Co. A.

EIGHTIETH REGIMENT

(WALKER'S REGIMENT OF THOMAS' LEGION.)

By CAPTAIN R. A. AIKEN, Company H.

This command was organized as a battalion on 1 October, 1862, in the city of Knoxville, Tenn., under orders from Major-General E. Kirby Smith, commander of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, and was a part of Thomas' Legion. The separate companies had been mustered into service a few months prior to this, and had been guarding the bridges between Bristol and Chattanooga, Tenn.

The organization was effected by the election of the following field officers.

W C Walker, Lieutenant-Colonel, Cherokee County, N. C.

James A. McKamy, Major, Blount County, Tenn.

Thomas D. Johnson, A. Q. M., Asheville, N C.

Perry C. Gaston, Adjutant, Franklin, N. C.

Dr. Benj. Mayfield, Surgeon, Murphy, N. C.

Dr. Chas. H. Green, Assistant Surgeon, Tennessee.

Dr. Chas. F. Walker, Sergeant Major, Murphy, N. C.

Wm. M. Nelson, Quartermaster Sergeant, Cherokee County, N. C.

Ed. P McGehee, Ordnance Sergeant, Cherokee County, N C

For the greater part of its service it was known as Walker's Battalion. When it was raised to ten companies in the spring of 1864, W C. Walker became Colonel, J A. McKamy Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Stephen Whitaker, of Company E, became Major.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Company A—*From Cherokee*—C. C. Berry, Captain, 18 July, 1862; J. N. Bryson, First Lieutenant, 18 July, 1862;

Elisha Burgin, Second Lieutenant, 18 July, 1862; Andrew C Berry, Junior Second Lieutenant, 18 July, 1862. Officers and men, 125.

COMPANY B—*From Cherokee*—W C. Walker, Captain, 19 July, 1862; W B. Nelson, Captain, 1 October, 1862; W. J McGehee, First Lieutenant; G. N Loudermilk, M. C. Fowler, D. C F Walker, Wm. H. Phillips and Jno. H. Kirkland, Second Lieutenants. Officers and men, 113.

COMPANY C—J. A. McKamy, Captain, 10 September, 1862, promoted Major 1 October, 1862, and Lieutenant-Colonel 4 January, 1864, Blount County, Tenn.; James M. Singleton, First Lieutenant, 10 September; Captain 4 January, 1864, Blount County, Tenn.; Wm. Ashley, First Lieutenant, 10 September; James A. Paul, Second Lieutenant, 10 September; John W McKamy, Second Lieutenant, September, 1862; Lenoir R. Young, Junior Second Lieutenant, September, 1862. Officers and men, 105.

COMPANY D—*Cavalry*—W C. Wallace, Captain, 1 September, 1862, Knoxville, Tenn.; James Carnes, First Lieutenant, 28 September, 1862, Blount County, Tenn.; F. M. Lauter, Second Lieutenant, 28 September, 1862, Blount County, Tenn.; Jos. Harden, 28 September, 1862, Blount County, Tenn. Officers and men, 83.

COMPANY E—*Cherokee County*—Stephen Whitaker, Captain, 8 September, 1862, promoted Major 4 January, 1864; John A. Robinson, First Lieutenant and Captain; W C Tatum, First Lieutenant; W A. Wiggins, Second Lieutenant. Officers and men, 129.

COMPANY F—*Graham County, Cavalry*—D. C. Ghormley, Captain, 24 September, 1862; John Grant, First Lieutenant; E. R. Nelson and D. S. Kurkholder, Second Lieutenants. Officers and men, 75.

COMPANY G—*Cavalry*—David Neff, Captain, 24 September, 1862; Jas. F Cawsey, First Lieutenant, 24 September, 1862; Benj. F Ward, Second Lieutenant, 24 September, 1862; W W Cowan, Junior Second Lieutenant, 24 September, 1862. Officers and men, 111.

COMPANY H—*Cherokee County*—G. N Loudermilk, Captain, 19 July, 1862; Robert A. Aiken, First Lieutenant and

Captain; Hiram Ledford, First Lieutenant; John Habbitt, Second Lieutenant. Officers and men, 90.

COMPANY I—*Indian Company from Cherokee County*—James Welch, Captain; Cam. H. Taylor, First Lieutenant; Indian Second Lieutenant; Indian Junior Second Lieutenant. Officers and men, 90.

COMPANY K—*Indian Company from Jackson County*—"Black Fox," Captain; Indian First Lieutenant; —— Second Lieutenant. Officers and men, 90.

COMPANY L—*Artillery Battery, Four Guns*—J T. Levi, Captain, "Louisiana Tigers;" Jno. W Barr, First Lieutenant, Abingdon, Va.; J. M. Shipp, Second Lieutenant, Abingdon, Va.; R. P Searcy, Junior Second Lieutenant, Tennessee. Officers and men—Louisiana, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina—104.

Total officers and men in above companies, eleven hundred and fifteen. About 200 of these were Tennesseeans and 50 from Virginia and Louisiana, in battery. For the roster while a battalion see Moore, Vol. IV, pp. 196-216.

Immediately after its organization, these companies composing the battalion, were scattered along the Bristol and Chattanooga Railroad, guarding bridges, towns, block houses, etc., also arresting conscripts, deserters, and doing other provost duties. In April, 1863, the battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. C Walker, was in A. E. Jackson's Brigade at Jonesboro, Tenn., *35 (Serial Vol.) Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 792.* On 31 July it was at Zollicoffer, Tenn, same volume. page 946.

After the occupation of East Tennessee by General Burnside, 5 September, 1863, Companies C, E and H were in upper East Tennessee, with Colonels Love and Stringfield and most of the Sixty-ninth Regiment of Thomas' Legion, and were then cut off from the battalion under Colonel Walker.

There were also three or four companies of "sappers and miners," masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, salt and salt petre and alum makers. Captain R. C. McCalla, a Scotchman, and a most excellent gentleman, is the only officer whose name I can recall.

Nearly half of these were from North Carolina, and in their line did faithful service. They were detached from us and taken to Bragg's and Johnston's army, at and below Chattanooga.

Having no names or data, or reports of any kind, I can say nothing about them, only that in a general way they were good men. Captain McCalla was made Major later on.

In Lindsey's History of the Civil War in East Tennessee, there is an account of the court-martial and shooting of *twenty North Carolina soldiers as deserters.* I have been unable to trace those men to any regiment unless perchance they belonged to these companies of sappers and miners, and were the East Tennessee recruits to those companies, and I really fear they were, and though Tennesseeans, belonged to "Thomas' Legion." I fear they were unjustly and cruelly treated—for, to my personal knowledge, many of them joined with the promise that they were not to be taken out of the State except in the North Carolina mountain line of defense. The records show that General Bragg had a dislike for Tennessee and North Carolina troops, yet without them he and his army would have been crushed as an empty egg shell by General Sherman.

The history of all Countries and of all States in Civil War shows that when the army of its defense falls back and leaves them to a merciless foe, many good soldiers under other circumstances, will leave for their homes. If any of these men joined the enemy, of course they forfeited their lives, otherwise they were cruelly treated.

As elsewhere stated, all these were mountain people from North Carolina and Tennessee who are as a rule, high strung and independent. They will brook no insult in or out of an army.

They were not as ignorant, nor were their forefathers, as newspaper scribblers and sensation loving writers like "Charles Egbert Craddock," *et id omne genus,* would make them.

These slanders have been ably refuted by Professor Eben Alexander, of our own University, by Rev. D. Atkins, D. D., and by Hon. Wm. Rule, of the Knoxville *Journal Tribune.*

Mr. Rule says: "Such writers are either fools or liars. There is more ignorance, vice, loathsome men and women, under the shadow of Trinity Spire, New York, than in all the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia combined."

Colonel Wm H. Thomas, commanding Legion, mentioned quite fully in the sketch of the Sixty-ninth Regiment heretofore, is really entitled to a larger notice than can be given to any individual officer, although quite a number of officers and men will have to be more fully noticed herein than in ordinary regimental histories, for the reason that the work or service done was largely by individuals, squads and companies.

During the latter part of 1862 and first eight months of 1863, most of the duty performed by these men was tiresome, thankless, disagreeable, galling and verging on the *unmanly*. Enforcing conscription was always a disagreeable duty to a soldier and gentleman. Colonel Thomas took the Indian companies and fell back across the Smoky Mountains towards Waynesville and Webster, and practically remained in that locality during the balance of the war. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, with several companies, foot and horse, reported to and obeyed the orders of Generals Bragg and John C. Vaughan.

On 8 September, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker with his battalion, 300 strong, are reported at the battle of Limestone Bridge, East Tennessee, where they charged gallantly and aided in capturing 350 prisoners, *51 (Serial Vol.) Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 643.* From October to December, 1863, the battalion commanded by Major McKamy, was in A. E. Jackson's Brigade, Robert Ransom's Division. On 6 November it reported 399 total present for duty. In April, 1864, it was still in Jackson's Brigade and at Carter's Depot, but was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McKamy, *59 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 802*, having been raised to a regiment. At the same date the three Indian companies are officially recorded as being at the mouth of Tuckaseege, 206 present out of 283 total, same volume, p. 865.

There was much hard and dangerous service done, both in

Tennessee and North Carolina. The four counties of Cherokee, Clay, Graham and Swain were disputed territory all this time. While large bodies of Federals seldom came out, yet small scouts were constantly depredating upon and killing the citizens and taking off many to prison. Colonel Walker was murdered at his home near Murphy on the night of 3 January, 1864, while there on sick leave.

In order to properly realize and appreciate the work done, the reader should bear in mind how these North Carolina counties before named, are situated. Cherokee, in the extreme west, is wedged in between Tennessee and Georgia, its east end between Graham and Clay Counties, the former with a long, rugged and tortuous, but not impassable mountain line, bordering on East Tennessee and reaching from Tennessee river and the great butt end of the "Great Smoky Mountains" out towards "Hanging Dog" westward, while the latter—Clay County—borders on Georgia and crosses the Blue Ridge, or embraces its western limit.

It should be said of Colonel Walker that he was a man of more than ordinary ability and influence. He was a member of the Legislature in 1857-'58, and when the "call to arms" resounded in his State, he raised the first company from Cherokee, was soon made Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment (Twenty-ninth North Carolina), but failing health compelled him to resign. Recovering somewhat his health, he promptly assisted his old friend, Colonel W H. Thomas, in forming the "Legion," where he was always regarded as a prompt and faithful officer and loyal soldier of the South. After his death, Lieutenant-Colonel McKamy was entitled to the command of the Eightieth, but he was with Colonel Love in Virginia, doing valiant service till his capture at Winchester, Va., 19 September, 1864, where he lost most of his men by wounds, capture and death.

Let the reader still bear in mind the geography and topography of this region. The eastern boundaries of these three counties practically jut up against the great Nantahala Mountains, connecting the Smoky and Blue Ridge—the culminating points of both—for really, both do disappear from the maps hereabouts.

The Smoky Mountains and Tennessee line "round up" a few miles east of Tennessee river, at an altitude of about 6,700 feet on "Clingman's Dome." This great and grand mountain, terrible to view from a distance, yet beautiful and useful in reality on its great broad top, was most of the time inhabited during the war or occupied by the soldiers of this regiment, especially the Indians.

The cavalry companies of Neff and Wallace did much active service for Generals Bragg and Johnston, and were permanently cut off from the battalion as well as the regiment. After the murder of Colonel Walker and during almost all the year 1864, the remaining companies of this battalion were on duty along the mountain gaps and passes, making and repelling attacks upon and from the enemy similar work to that heretofore delineated in the sketch of the Sixty-ninth Regiment.

The cavalry companies of the regiment, especially Wallace's and Neff's, did no service in North Carolina at all after Burnside's occupancy of East Tennessee, but were attached to General J. C Vaughn's East Tennessee cavalry brigade under orders of General Bragg. They did good service, and like all soldiers in this East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Department, were always on the move, and as subsequent events have proven, were of invaluable service to the South.

When Longstreet failed to capture Knoxville, and fell back up eastwards towards Virginia, he was soon followed by Burnside, Sherman, and as far as Strawberry Plains by General Grant, with an army of 50,000 men. At this time and place a "council of war" was held by these three great Union Generals in the house and at the then home of Lieutenant-Colonel Stringfield, of the Sixty-ninth North Carolina, of our Legion, and in a house built by his father for his great grandfather, Colonel James King, a King's Mountain hero.

In this council of war the idea was advanced and pressed almost to a certainty to cut the army into four divisions and send 10,000 each up Little Tennessee toward Macon County; 10,000 to Waynesville, and 10,000 up French Broad, towards Asheville and Burnsville, N. C., and 20,000 towards Bristol

and Lynchburg. This matter was held in abeyance till General Grant could personally inspect the line, or base of operations. So he mounted his horse and rode 175 miles through Tennessee and Kentucky and finding the roads so terrible, he abandoned the idea. But the project was not a bad one, with Chattanooga and Knoxville as bases for operations.

Colonel Thomas often contended that that would be done. Such being possible it will be seen that upper Georgia and South Carolina would have been threatened and also Southwest Virginia with the salt works and all that fine region exposed.

It is no secret that General Lee *seeing he could not hold Richmond* much longer began to look towards the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina to fall back to. Lieutenant-Colonel Stringfield was consulted by General Breckinridge about East Tennessee and North Carolina while we were together in the Valley Campaign. Colonel Thomas doubtless had been consulted also, hence his tenacity to hold every mountain pass towards Tennessee. The men were often detailed to build roads across Smoky Mountains and to acquaint themselves with all the mountain trails, etc.

At that time the Cherokee Indians, 400 of whom were in the two regiments of Thomas' Legion (Sixty-ninth and Eightieth North Carolina), occupied almost the center of this vast mountain country along the Tennessee line, and there is no doubt that their presence here was a great protection to the people. They were loyal to us to an intense degree. Colonel Thomas, as has been stated in the sketch of the Sixty-ninth, had been their friend, patron, chief and agent for twenty-five years prior to the war.

But of the whites we must say that these mountain people were rather unique in their individuality. Their stern independence of speech and action sometimes cast a doubt upon strangers as to what they would do next, as sometimes they would talk strangely to a loyal Southron, but when fighting was needed history shows that they "fought as never man fought before."

Judge O. P Temple, of Knoxville, Tenn., in his history of "Civil War in East Tennessee," has much to say in defence

of all of them, especially the Union element. President Lincoln early in 1862 began to inaugurate measures to relieve the "loyal" East Tennessee people, and in his December message to Congress, 1861, he strongly recommended their relief, and in January, 1862, a strong army started thither, which met, defeated and killed General Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek. This defeat thrilled the entire populace, Southern and Union. This failure of General Thomas to follow up his advantage soon disheartened his people, and all the Southern people flew to arms.

The conscript law was now passed and the bitterness and the "uncivil" war began in earnest.

Counties were arrayed against counties, townships, communities and families were divided—split up, estranged, embittered and finally out in open arms against each other. Under such surroundings our men lived, camped, marched, drilled and some few deserted us. It was a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, and the sterling manhood of our men was often brought to the test. It was painful and humiliating to have to arrest any one, but after living among and associating with people for weeks and months it was a very disagreeable duty to arrest them or impress or confiscate anything of theirs.

After East Tennessee was overrun by Burnside's army, the Eightieth as before stated, guarded the mountain paths from Tennessee. Quite a number of our people refused to go in the army as conscripts, but went over to Knoxville, Burnside in meanwhile telling them it was his intention to go up through North Carolina and over into Georgia and South Carolina.

Cherokee County was sorely infested with a lot of "bummers" from both armies daily almost, stealing horses, cattle, provisions, clothing, etc., and some small negroes. Colonel Walker tried to suppress this, but was murdered early in January, 1864. For some time prior to this Colonel Walker was kept constantly on the alert with his men, on Nantahala, Little Tennessee, Valley, Notley and Hiwassee rivers. Spies, scouts, recruiting officers, etc., being always on the move.

Sergeant Steve Porter, of Company F (Andrews), can tell

of many hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling stories of his cavalry company in East Tennessee in Sevier, Blount, McMinn and Polk Counties

Sergeant A. Lon. Welch, of Company A (Anderson, S. C.) can also relate many thrilling adventures of those dark days. Mr. Welch is now a prosperous man in his South Carolina home.

Captain Cam. Taylor, of Company I, is a leading lawyer among the Cherokee Indians in the West at Tah-le-quah (capital of the nation), where quite a number of his Indian brethren followed him (he is part Cherokee). Captain Sou-ate-Owle, of Company A, now of Cherokee, N. C., and commander of "Saw-noo-kee" Camp No. 1268, is still living at his Swain County home near Cherokee P O. He was a brave warrior. He and twenty of his command attended the Louisville reunion and attracted a good deal of notice. He is a Baptist preacher.

In the midst of these stormy days Colonel Walker finally went home, near Murphy, sick. He was called to the door and shot down like a dog. Following this tragedy there was much apprehension among officers and men. Burnside's army having all lower East Tennessee in its iron grasp, there was little that this regiment, divided up as it was, could do but stand sentinel and defend their homes and the homes of their comrades of the Twenty-ninth, Thirty-ninth, Twenty-fifth and Sixty-ninth Regiments, and they did their duty well and faithfully under great danger and privation. The winter of 1863-'64 was unusually severe, the snows were deep and numerous, but wood was plenty.

Another great service performed by these men was the recapture of 250 Federal prisoners who escaped from down South in squads of five to fifteen. This was largely done by the Cherokee Indians, who were familiar with every footpath in the mountains and could follow the trial of a man or party when all signs had failed to others.

Many Yankee soldiers, after escaping from Columbia, etc., were picked up and sent back. These Indians were never cruel to prisoners or any one else, but were faithful "sentinels" on the "watch tower." One faithful fellow on an

outpost low down on the Tennessee river towards Tennessee, was placed on guard and well cautioned and admonished, he stood at his post *all night, or near fourteen hours,* in one of the fiercest and most terrific snow storms in the history of the country.

When his absence was noted next morning and relief guard sent out he was found bravely walking his post. The Indians were splendid for such service, but they could not face cannons—"big guns on wheels."

In the Fall of 1864 some effort was made by some Union men to re-establish the old government and reinstate the "old flag" in Cherokee. The writer is not in possession of sufficient facts bearing on the case to give an intelligent statement of it. As a further evidence of the bad elements, dangerous and perilous incidents of the times the life of Major Whitaker, an old and valued citizen of the county and a fearless officer, was frequently threatened.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stringfield, of the Sixty-ninth, commanding the six companies west of the Balsam Mountains, often had to travel from Asheville and Waynesville to Murphy entirely unattended, fording and swimming the creeks and rivers, at the imminent peril of his life. He narrowly escaped assassination several times. On one occasion, at the house of Mrs. Walker, on Valley river, now Andrews, a would-be assassin approached within ten feet of him while sitting near an open window, a plank broke, the dog barked, and at the alarm the window and curtain were shut down and his life was saved, thanks to an overruling Providence.

On 10 March, 1865, General Martin reports the Sixty-ninth and Eightieth, including their Indian companies, as having 1,055 present for duty. *103 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1048.*

The writer deeply regrets that he is unable to give the names of numerous officers and men who died in battle in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky and North Carolina, and of many heroic deeds of all in lower East Tennessee and North Carolina.

Major Whitaker died in December, 1900, giving no details. Lieutenant-Colonel McKamy, in 1898. Captain Neff

was captured at Somerset, Ky., in 1864. The fate or subsequent career of many others is unknown.

Captain Ghormley is also living in North Georgia. After the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel McKamy, Winchester, Va., 19 September, 1864, Major Stephen Whitaker, of Cherokee County, assumed command of the regiment and was ever faithful to his trust. He was the last field officer of the "Legion" to lay down his arms, and in this he had a rather unique and remarkable experience. When Lieutenant-Colonel W W Stringfield was sent with a flag of truce to Knoxville to General Stoneman, the notorious Colonel Kirk violated a truce made at Asheville and moved rapidly west, to Franklin, Macon County, there he actually treated the people kindly and gave most of them their horses.

Major Whitaker, hearing of the surrender of Lee and Johnston in April, and of Colonels Thomas and James R. Love at Waynesville on 9 and 10 May, went to Franklin and surrendered himself and son on the 14th. His men—like those of Colonel Thomas—were allowed to keep their guns, in self defense. Thus closed the service of some as good men as ever fought for the South. Much more should be said concerning numbers of officers and private soldiers, but the information cannot be gotten. Captain T. D. Johnston, Quartermaster, is an invalid now living at Asheville. He has twice represented us in Congress. P C. Gaston, Adjutant, lived and died in Macon County—a highly respected citizen. Dr. B. Mayfield recently died at Murphy, N. C., a loved and respected physician. Dr. Walker, Sergeant-Major, is a highly respected citizen of Cherokee County.

In the preparation of this sketch I am greatly indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel W W Stringfield, of the Sixty-ninth North Carolina, a most gallant and efficient officer of our Legion, whose memory will always be dear to them as long as a member of the command survives.

R. A. AIKEN.

MURPHY, N. C.,
30 MAY, 1901.

EIGHTY-FIRST REGIMENT

(FIRST REGIMENT OF DETAILED MEN.)

BY THE EDITOR.

At this late date it is difficult to get data as to this regiment. Its history is substantially that related of the Eighty-second Regiment.

In November, 1864, the Confederate authorities directed that the detailed men in this State should be at once organized into regiments and battalions. General Holmes reported their number in this State to be 3,117.

On 12 January, 1865, he directs that the First Regiment Detailed men under Colonel (or Lieutenant-Colonel) L. M. McCorkle, the Second under Colonel A. G. Brenizer, and the Third under Colonel Bouchell, should constitute a brigade under the command of Colonel W J Hoke, and they were all ordered to Salisbury There was also a battalion of them under Major Rencher, which was ordered to Raleigh.

On 21 February, 1865, General Holmes telegraphed General Bragg that he had organized two regiments of detailed men and could turn them over to him. They were probably utilized to guard prisoners and public property. It can not be certainly known—until we can get copies of the rolls from Washington—even who the field officers were. It seems probable that the Colonel was W J Hoke, formerly Colonel of the Thirty-eighth North Carolina and just then commanding at Charlotte, and that Lock McCorkle was Lieutenant-Colonel.

The artisans in the Navy Department works at Charlotte were in September, 1864, organized into two companies and were doubtless placed in this regiment.

EIGHTY-SECOND REGIMENT

(SECOND REGIMENT OF DETAILED MEN,)

By A. G. BRENIZER, Colonel.

In the latter part of 1864 the Confederate Congress ordered the organizing of all detailed men into companies and regiments, which in North Carolina was done under the supervision of Lieutenant-General T. H. Holmes. These men were artisans, mechanics, laborers, clerks, etc., employed in the various departmennts of the Confederacy, and in the employ of contractors with the government to supply iron, coal, equipments, rifles, saltpetre, etc., etc., detailed from the army to perform these duties. Some of these men were "light duty men," unable to do full duty in the field, but capable of engaging in some work at home, to carry on the war.

Three regiments of detailed men of ten companies each and a battalion were organized in this State. At that time I was in command of the arsenal at Salisbury, being Major of Artillery, C. S. A., on ordnance duty.

The second regiment was organized by electing:

A. G. Brenizer, Colonel.

Jasper Stowe, of Gaston, Lieutenant-Colonel.

—. —. ————, Major.

—. —. McNeely, of Salisbury, was appointed Adjutant.

In this regiment were the following companies:

Company A—Captain, Philip S. Whisnant, of Anson; First Lieutenant, B. F. Glenn; Second Lieutenants, J M. W Flow, S. C. Hunter.

Company B—Captain, W P Brown, of Mecklenburg; First Lieutenant, James Earnhardt; Second Lieutenants, A. McCoy and J E. Caldwell.

Company C—Captain, W H. Houston, of Union.

Company D—Captain, William Paisley; First Lieutenant, J. R. Fisher; Second Lieutenant, B. R. Mayer.

COMPANY E—Captain, P H. Montague, of Rowan. There were five other companies whose captains I do not recall, to-wit: one from Gaston, one from Stanly, one from Davidson, one from Cabarrus and one from Randolph.

The only field service rendered by this regiment was when Sherman was making his famous (or infamous) march through South Carolina and threatening Western North Carolina. It was expected that his route would be through Charlotte and Salisbury.

These three regiments of detailed men were ordered out and encamped at Salisbury where we did picket duty until Sherman turned to the right, towards Fayetteville, and all danger of invasion towards Charlotte was over. We were then ordered home.

When Stoneman came on his raid in April, 1865, and took possession of Salisbury, destroying all government buildings, and railroad property and all government stores that had not been removed, his appearance was so sudden that there was no time to get these regiments together. One company, that from Rowan, commanded by Captain P H. Montague, was at Salisbury, the men being engaged all night long in loading ordnance stores on the train under orders from the general in command. At daybreak Stoneman attacked the town, which was easily captured, there being only a few convalescents and a battery of artillery, which was passing through, and the above company of my regiment.

At the last moment an order came for that company to report at headquarters and they were sent out of town to join the small force which stood before Stoneman, endeavoring to check his advance. They reached there just in time to be surrendered and were carried to Camp Chase, Ohio, where they remained about three months after the close of the war.

A. G. BRENIZER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT

(THIRD REGIMENT OF DETAILED MEN.)

BY THE EDITOR.

This regiment was commanded by Colonel Bouchell and was in the brigade composed of the three regiments of detailed men which by order of Lieutenant-General T. H. Holmes 12 January, 1863, were brigaded and placed under command of Colonel W J. Hoke.

We have no information as to its services nor as to its officers. The muster rolls of these three regiments are doubtless among those captured at Charlotte, to which point they were removed after the fall of Richmond, and which are now in the Record and Pension Bureau at Washington. Some day, Congress will doubtless order all these rolls printed. But until that is done the names of the officers and men of this regiment will be lost save the name of its Colonel, which alone has been preserved.

SUPPLEMENTAL HISTORIES.

SUPPLEMENTAL SKETCH SIXTEENTH REGIMENT

By GEORGE H. MILLS, First Lieutenant, Company G.

The Sixteenth Regiment of North Carolina Troops (Sixth Volunteers) was composed originally of twelve companies, as follows:

Company A—*Jackson*—Captain, A. W Coleman.
Company B—*Madison*—Captain, John Peake.
Company C—*Yancey*—Captain, J. S. McElroy.
Company D—*Rutherford*—Captain, H. D. Lee.
Company E—*Burke*—Captain, E. J Kirksey
Company F—*Buncombe*—Captain, P H. Thrash.
Company G—*Rutherford*—Captain, C T N. Davis.
Company H—*Macon*—Captain, Thomas M. Angel.
Company I—*Henderson*—Captain, Wm. M. Shipp.
Company K—*Polk*—Captain, J C. Camp.
Company L—*Haywood*—Captain, R. G. A. Love.
Company M—*Gaston*—Captain, B. F. Briggs.

In April, 1862, Company N, Captain J. W Kilpatrick, from Rutherford, was added, making thirteen companies, but after the battle of Seven Pines, it was transferred and became Company I, Fifty-sixth North Carolina. After Sharpsburg Company A was transferred to the Thirty-ninth, and Company L to the Sixty-ninth North Carolina, both these last in the Army of the West.

The regiment was organized at Raleigh on 16 June, 1861, electing—

Stephen D. Lee, of Buncombe, Colonel.
Captain R. G. A. Love, of Haywood, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Captain B. F. Briggs, of Gaston, Major.
Woodbury Wheeler, Adjutant.

Note.—A sketch of this Regiment will be found in Vol. 1 of this work, pp. 751–773. The writer of this very interesting additional sketch died 10 January, 1901. He was a gallant soldier.—Ed.

COLUMBUS MILLS, of Polk, Surgeon.
W. D. WHITTED, of Henderson, Assistant Surgeon.
D. F. SUMMEY, of Buncombe, A. Q. M.
J. M. ISRAEL, of Buncombe, A. C. S.

The regiment remained in Raleigh under command of Major Henry K. Burgwyn, commandant of the camp, until Colonel Lee and staff arrived about 1 July. On 3 July the first six companies under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Love left for Richmond, followed the next day by Colonel Lee, with the balance of the command, arriving about midnight in Petersburg, where we spent a most uncomfortable night sleeping on the bare brick floors of the market house. At daylight we were aroused, crossed the Appomattox and had breakfast, then taking the train for Richmond, arriving about 12 M. Sunday, 5 July, joining the regiment in the old fair grounds.

Remaining two days in Richmond, we were ordered to Staunton, Va., and taking the Virginia Central, we passed Gordonville, Charlottesville, and crossed the mountains to Waynesboro, where the citizens turned out *en masse* and gave us a most royal feast. And it will never be forgotten—the first rebel yell ever given by the Sixteenth. When we came suddenly in full view of the Blue Ridge, the counterpart of the homes of twelve hundred patriotic men who had scarce ever been out of sight of the mountains, there rose an impromptu shout and yell that (often after repeated on bloody fields) seemed to rend the very heavens.

Reaching Staunton at a late hour, we spent the night in the depot yard, and next morning moved into very pleasant quarters in the valley near the headwaters of the Shenandoah, where we remained two days. Teams were purchased—one for each company and more for the regiment besides, making about thirty teams, the largest and finest horses we had ever seen, and wagons sufficient to transport baggage and supplies for an army, all of which we then had in abundance.

WEST VIRGINIA.

We were ordered to the relief of General Garnett, at Cheat Mountain. Marching out from Staunton on the Parkersburg

pike, with brass band in front, the streets lined with citizens, soldiers, and ladies, and our colors gaily floating in the breeze, we began to think we were soldiers. We made ten miles, camping at Buffalo Gap, and that night Colonel Lee received orders to take 500 men with arms and ammunition and without baggage, and make a forced march to reach General Garnett, but in the morning, for some reason, he decided to take the whole regiment and push on without delay. So at dinner we passed the place where we expected to camp that night, eleven miles, where we found the citizens had turned out with wagon loads of provisions, off which we made a hearty dinner, then promptly falling into ranks we marched ten miles farther toward the top of the mountain, making twenty-one miles in the day The men were all pretty much worn out with the hard march, and as soon as supper was over, dropped into their blankets, hoping to have a good night's sleep and rest. The Adjutant came to the Orderly of Company G and told him if anything should happen during the night to form the company as quickly as possible and march down to the road, which gave the men quite a scare, feeling like they were getting on dangerous ground, as we had already met several wounded men and wagons with dead officers, but as no cartridges had been issued, the men, of course, could not see the point, and nothing occurring during the night except that Captain Davis alarmed the camp with an attack of nightmare. Early in the morning we were on the march crossing the mountain and Calf Pasture river. Reaching McDowell we met Governor Letcher with a big demijohn of buttermilk in his buggy He told Colonel Lee that General Garnett had been killed and his command routed was falling back, advising Colonel Lee to push forward to Monterey and there to stop all troops and get things into better shape. We reached Monterey, a small village in a narrow valley between two mountains, and went into camp, and soon the stragglers came flocking in, in squads from one to twenty, the most forlorn looking set of men ever seen, ragged, barefoot and hungry, having lost everything. Our men having an extra supply of clothing, divided with them and made them as comfortable as possible.

We remained at Monterey for ten days, and a few days after we reached there we were aroused in the night by the long roll being sounded, and Colonel Lee tearing through camp yelling at the top of his voice, "Rouse up, men, fall in, the enemy is upon you!" Everything was in confusion for a time, but order soon prevailed, the men were up, dressed with all their accoutrements on, the companies formed and marched to the parade ground. After waiting and listening for the enemy a short time, it being very dark so we could see nothing, we heard Colonel Lee's voice in front: "Well, men, I am glad to say if there is no other enemy present, we have at least conquered one enemy—that is the enemy sleep," and complimenting us for promptness, he said it was just five minutes from the time the alarm was sounded till the regiment was formed. "Captains, have your rolls called and report all men not in line."

You can imagine what a relief it was when we found it was a false alarm, and we then understood what was meant at the camp on the mountain when the Orderly was told to form company and march down to the road. You can guess that we would have made a poor fight, as the men did not have a round of ammunition in their boxes. All that was left of Garnett's men had been gathered in, and re-shod and clothed as well as could be done, General H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, taking command.

After ten days' stay at Monterey, the Sixteenth Regiment was ordered forward, taking a westerly direction, and after three days' march arrived at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. One of our camps will long be remembered by our survivors as one of the most eligible camping places they had ever met. A sugar maple orchard on a clear stream of cold water, whose banks were fringed with spear mint, induced our company commander to suggest that here was the water, here is the mint; if anyone can furnish the sugar ("here it is" said the writer) and some one the spirits, we'll have the best mint julep you ever tasted. At this juncture our best forager, W T. Wilkins, made his appearance, and had secured the brandy, and then and there, in the fence corner by the stream, and out of sight of our strict disciplinarian, Colonel Lee, there was a

jolly time over the jolly, jolly grog such as makes the mouth of an old soldier water to think of.

Leaving Huntersville next day, we crossed Greenbrier river on a fine bridge, camping three miles beyond at Edray, where we spent ten days picketing ten miles distant in the direction of Cheat Mountain, at Clover Lick. The first detachment going without rations, the Lieutenant in command sent to the proprietor, Mr. Warrick, who was then looking after his stock, to know if he could get supplies of food for the command. He replied that he did not stay there himself, only had an old man there to look after and take care of the stock, but if the men could milk, there were fifty cows in the meadow, 500 sheep in the pasture, and we could supply ourselves with milk and lamb, while the old man furnished us a quantity of buckwheat flour, from all which we had a most royal feast, sweetened with maple sugar which we found in abundance.

While camped at Edray we were aroused by a terrible commotion; the sentinels on post commenced hollowing and kept it up all night—that Generals Beauregard and Johnston had fought the Yankees at Manassas—killing 20,000 and capturing twice as many more. Washington would be taken in another day and the war would end! Alas, how badly were we mistaken.

Remaining at Edray ten days, we broke camp on 30 July, going west, crossed a high mountain, marched till dark and camped in a cow pasture, and early next day reached Big Spring and went into camp. Thinking to spend some time, wagons were unloaded, tents pitched, and everything made ready for camp, but alas for the hope of rest for a soldier. At 3 p. m., a courier dashed into camp with the report that Captain Camp, Company K (who had been sent to establish a post on Valley Mountain), was then fighting a large body of Yankees, and needed reinforcements at once. We were ordered to fall in, leaving our baggage train, and push forward to his relief. We marched forward over the fine mountain turnpike, reached the top of the mountain at dark, found Captain Camp, but no fight and no Yankees, and perhaps none in twenty miles.

We bivouacked without baggage, tents or rations, which did not arrive until 10 a. m. next day This was our first experience (often later repeated) in camping without supplies.

On the arrival of our wagon train the boys were soon busy, cooking and putting up shelter, the mountain side soon being covered with our white tents, making a most picturesque scene, where before was a wilderness of lofty sugar maple and lynn, with undergrowth as high as your head, rhododendron and May apple, blackberries in abundance, then perfectly green. (1 August). We found snow birds building nests, hatching and rearing their young—something we had never before seen. At Valley Mountain we were joined by two Tennessee Brigades, Generals Anderson and Donaldson and two Virginia Regiments. The Fourteenth Georgia and our regiment were brigaded with the last under Colonel William Gilham, of Virginia. A squadron of cavalry, under command of W H. F Lee, and two batteries of artillery were added to the force, and an Irish battalion under Colonel Mumford, from Lynchburg. There was also a company of Baltimoreans, under command of Captain Clate Clark, and General William Loring coming up took immediate command of the force. General Robert E. Lee also came, he being in command of that department.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Very soon after reaching Valley Mountain, it commenced raining, and it being a rich loam and limestone soil, the roads became almost impassable, the whole earth seemed full of water with springs bubbling up in our tents. The measles broke out in camp, and transportation being short, the mountain was converted into a sick camp. Typhoid fever made its appearance, and one morning there was more than 500 sick reported in the regiment. The men began to die, and soon Valley Mountain had a large graveyard. Charles Green, Company G, was the first man we lost, dying 26 August. H. C Green, of same company, in attempting to cross Valley river after a rain when swollen into a torrent, was drowned, his body being washed down into the Yankee lines where it

was found and buried by a citizen whose name was Ford. About this time death began to get in his work, many men dying from the exposure and the hard duty they were compelled to undergo, the rains continuing through August and September, causing a great deal of sickness and many deaths. The bones of many of the brave boys of the Sixteenth still lie buried all along the road from Valley Mountain to Staunton.

Early in September blackberries began to ripen, and the men were sent out on the mountain to gather them, a most acceptable service, and furnishing a splendid diet which was an agreeable change and did us much good. Blackberry pies and pudding with maple sugar or molasses were our favorite bill of fare, lasting until we left the mountain 1 October. Our camp was on top of the mountain, the dividing line between Pocahontas and Randolph, until 20 September, when General Lee ordered a forward movement down the road toward the enemy, and our first camp was made just outside our former picket lines. Next morning at an early hour we were again on the advance, and soon struck the Federal picket, and we had our first experience in fighting.

OUR FIRST SKIRMISH.

We were at it all day, and only made five miles march, passing the grave of our comrade, Henry Green, who was drowned a month before. Just after halting, Companies E and G were ordered on picket in the mountains. Misunderstanding the orders, Captain Kirksey, who was leading, was marching us directly into the lines of the enemy, when we met Colonel Gilham, who told him there must be a mistake, and ordered him to stop where we were, as we were nearly on the pickets of the enemy. Galloping to headquarters, Colonel Gilham soon sent a courier ordering our return, another detachment was sent in our stead, and much relieved we returned to camp. On our way out in passing the sharpshooters of the Irish battalion, we saw the first dead Federal soldier. He had given his life in the performance of his duty, and perhaps was then and there forgotten forever.

We hoped to have a good night's rest, but the most fearful

rain storm we had ever witnessed came on us, drenching us to the skin, and being near the river our camp was submerged; we either had to stand up or lie down in the water. At daylight the rain ceased, and soon the sun came out and warmed us up, but we were a most forlorn-looking set, everything being completely soaked. Making our breakfast from boiled beef and soaked bad bread, we were again ordered to advance. Driving in the Federal pickets, whom we found every few hundred yards, our progress was slow, and it was late in the afternoon before, we came in sight of the enemy, in a strong position, at the lower end of a wide valley between two high mountains, strongly fortified with heavy batteries of artillery, infantry, etc.

The 23d September, 1861, was made memorable by an occurrence that cast a gloom over the whole command and saddened the Southern heart all through the Confederacy. Colonel John A. Washington, the last owner of Mt. Vernon, acting as Aid to General R. E. Lee, while on a reconnoissance on a mountain road with Major W H. F Lee (later Major-General) was killed by a shot from the enemy's picket, Major Lee, whose horse was killed, making his escape by mounting Colonel Washington's horse.

Up to this time, we had been pushing our way down the river through a narrow gorge between the mountains, but on the afternoon of the third day the scene opened out into a wide valley, at the lower end of which we could see the enemy's works, a strong position admirably selected, and thoroughly manned with artillery and infantry, the pickets well out across the valley from hill to hill. The river running down at the foot of the mountain on the north side of the valley, changed its course about the middle and cutting directly across to the south side, divided the valley into two farms. Just where the river crossed were posted a lot of sharpshooters, with long range rifles, who were making it lively for Generals Lee, Loring and others at a house where they had established headquarters. The Sixteenth always being in front, Company G was ordered to go down and drive them away. A Major was put in command of the expedition, who marched us across a field of high grass, until we reached the river at

the foot of the mountain, then down under cover of the mountain as far as we could go without being discovered by the Federals. We then climbed a steep mountain, pulling up by the bushes until we reached the top, where we could see all the way down the river to the breastworks covered with batteries of artillery and bristling with muskets. We were ordered to lie down and keep perfectly quiet, the sharpshooters being just below us and in easy gunshot of us. Some of the men became impatient, threatening to shoot. The Major arose saying he would kill the man that made any noise. We lay there for half an hour, watching them shoot at our officers. All at once they started back to their works, some of them stopping to knock apples from an apple tree. Then our gallant commander raised up with a long drawn sigh, said: "Well, boys, if we must, we must, so come on," and like the King of France, we marched down the hill again. On getting to the foot and coming up out of a deep ravine, we found ourselves directly in front and in full view of the whole force ready to fire. The Major, taking in the situation at once promptly jumped down a bank about ten feet into the river, and ordered everybody to do the same, which order we all promptly obeyed. Retiring then in good order, we kept ourselves well under the bank of the river for about a hundred yards, coming out on a sand bank, protected by a high fence. The Major ordered us to stop where we were, and he would go up and make report of our success and for further orders, taking one man with him. When about the middle of the grass field, a gun was fired from one of the batteries, the shot passing high over our heads. The Major and his bodyguard fell flat in the grass, saying he knew they were firing at him, as with their glasses they knew that he was a field officer by his sword and other decorations. He soon proceeded to headquarters, made his report, and asked to be relieved as he was very sick. Orders were sent to us to remain at our post, and to send a strong picket to the ford and hold it until morning. The night was quietly passed with nothing to do except relieving the pickets every two hours—we were all wet to the waist, having but one blanket to the man, the night being very cold, the men suffered considerably.

The sun rose beautifully next morning, but was late in reaching us down under the shadow of the mountain. We were lying on a sand bank enjoying a sun bath, drying our blankets and clothing, when a volley of musketry was heard at the ford. Our picket had discovered a squad of about twenty Federals coming up under cover of the woods on the bank of the river and fired on them, they returning the fire, and at once withdrew. Two of our men, John Dowdle and John F. Logan were wounded. We were then moved back, taking position behind a large raft of logs, and later across the river on the side of the mountain, another Major being put in command and a surgeon sent to stay with us. About noon we saw two men riding down the road toward the enemy's lines with a white flag. They passed out of sight but returned shortly, the flag stopping opposite us while the other man galloped to headquarters, and soon returned with an ambulance, and all then crossed the river going in the direction of the Federals. In less than an hour they returned, driving very slowly, and we afterwards learned that they had the body of Colonel Washington, who was killed the day before. His watch, money, and all his papers were returned with his body

We remained in our position for two days and nights, and on the morning of the third day, at 4 a. m., Captain Champ Davis came down to the writer and told him he must get the pickets up as soon as possible. It was very dark and cloudy, the sound of the water running over the rocks the only thing to guide us. The first post was found and notified, but the second was by some means passed unnoticed, soon finding myself at the third, which I knew was the last. Knowing the danger in coming back with a party in the dark, the men were instructed to wait for a signal and then to come up. Advancing very slowly and calling the name of one of the men in a low voice, I soon came to the post, but it was all I could do to keep them from killing me—they were so badly frightened. We soon got all right and reached headquarters, where we found the regiment awaiting us.

Daylight having appeared, Colonel Lee came to the front and read a general order from General Lee, that on account

of his plans miscarrying he had determined not to make any further demonstration on that line, but that we were to march back to Valley Mountain for the present. We marched back about one mile, halting in a field where we waited until near dark for some troops to pass from another road, then marched several miles to the camp, where we had stopped the first night coming down. There we rested until morning, and then marched to Valley Mountain, where we remained a few days. Almost half our men were sick at this time from fever and measles, and all the teams that could be used for that purpose were put to work hauling off sick men to the camp established at Edray on the south side of Middle Mountain, and they were from there transferred to Warm Springs, Hot Springs, and other points in the direction of Staunton and Richmond as fast as transportation could be procured. This was, on account of the rain and bad roads, slow and hurtful to the sick, several dying on the way. Remaining on Valley Mountain a few days, we moved camp to Big Springs, and on the last day of September the writer gathered a bucket full of large, fine blackberries on the side of the mountain.

On 1 October we had one of the heaviest rain storms I ever saw fall—a fire could not be made during the whole day and nearly all our tents were blown down. The dry ford of Elk, perfectly dry when we passed up on 1 August, was now a raging torrent, sweeping down trees and everything else it came in contact with. During the day we were called out and stood in the rain for an hour, the report being circulated that the Federals were following us and were then on Valley Mountain. We were dismissed, but ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

Just before night a wagon was driven up, having orders to carry off the sick men of Company G. Eleven very sick men with typhoid fever, the writer ordered to accompany them, were put in the wagon and started with two other wagons, and soon we reached the crossing of this dry run of Elk, the road being the bed of the stream. There was an old man who lived on both sides of the run, his house on one, his kitchen on the other side, and he was caught on the kitchen

side and could not get to his house. When we arrived he asked what we were going to do. We told him our orders were not to stop until we crossed Elk Mountain. He begged us "for God's sake not to attempt to cross, as the last team that had attempted to cross, with all the men, had been drowned." As it was very dark and raining hard, we camped for the night. Before morning the rain ceased, and the sun rose bright and clear. Hooking up our teams were soon on the road. Getting into the ford, the front mules became frightened and turned for the bank. The driver got them stopped and called to the writer, who was hanging on to the feed box, for help. I had to give up my hold on the box and wade round holding to the saddle mule until I could get to the lead, and jumping on to his back I took the bridle of the off one and finally got them straightened. Looking across I found the ford filled with logs. I turned them down the stream and got out fifty yards below on a low bank, the mules sometimes on the big rocks, at others swimming. Of course, the water filled the wagon and the sick men were thoroughly soaked. We pushed on, and soon came to a wagon turned over in the water, and the mules drowning. A little lower down we found Captain Kirksey, of the Burke Tigers, on a big rock in the middle of the stream, the men with him having all got out safe.

Crossing Elk river five or six times, often having to swim it, just before night we came to a large farm with lots of hay stacks near the road, and here I determined to camp. We made a shelter of rails, covering it with hay, making good beds on the ground, collected wood for fires and made the men as comfortable as possible. Having had no rations for two days and nothing to cook, we went to bed hungry but warm and comfortable. Early next morning we were on the road with other wagons that had arrived during the night. Crossing Elk Mountain we reached Edray about noon, where the sick were turned over to the Surgeons in charge of the camp, and after a rest of one day they were sent to Hot Springs, where several of them died and others came out cripples for life. The regiment came up in a day or so. Having camped a short time on Elk Mountain, we moved on to Green Brier

bridge, where we remained for some time doing picket duty, drilling and other like work.

FALLING BACK.

Here General Lee divided his forces, taking part and going to the help of Generals Floyd and Wise in the Kanawha Valley, leaving General Donaldson, of Tennessee, in command at Green Brier. After ten days the force returned, and a few days later we took up our march, moving south, leaving the mountains covered with snow. Passing Huntersville, the third day we reached Warm Springs, now called Bath Court House. The fourth, we passed near Hot Springs, where a great many of our sick men were in hospital, then by Bath Alum to Millboro, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, near Rock Bridge Alum Springs. We took the train at 4 o'clock a. m. for Staunton, which we were to reach by 9 o'clock and where we were told we would stop for some time, so we made no preparation for breakfast, all our rations being packed up in mess chests and loaded on the cars with the baggage. We did not reach Staunton until 5 p. m., and there orders were waiting us not to disembark but to push on at once for Manassas, as a battle was expected at any moment.

AT MANASSAS.

We moved out, crossing the mountain after dark, passing Gordonsville late in the night and Culpepper at sunrise, arriving at Manassas about 5 p. m., hungry and tired, having been two days and nights on board without food or drink. We were soon unloaded, had fires lighted, the pots on, and in short order a two days' meal was cooked and eaten. We remained at Manassas about two weeks, under command of Colonel George B. Anderson, of the Fourth North Carolina, and on 21 November were ordered to join Colonel Wade Hampton at Bacon Race Church, about twelve miles in the direction of the Potomac, reaching there next day, and a day later Colonel Hampton with his brigade, composed of the Hampton Legion, Fourteenth and Nineteenth Georgia, and Sixteenth North Carolina and an Arkansas Battalion, moved about eight miles near the mouth of the Occoquan, on the Po-

tomac, where we were engaged in drilling, picketing and working on breastworks at Colchester, the point at which General Washington crossed on his famous visit to his mother.

We were frequently shelled from the gunboats on the river, which we could see plainly from the hill top.

The officers commanding the Legion were Colonel Griffin, the infantry; Major M. C. Butler, the cavalry; Major Stephen D. Lee, the artillery; Colonel Wade Hampton, Commander-in-Chief; Nineteenth Georgia, Colonel Boyd; Fourteenth Georgia, Colonel's name forgotten; Sixteenth North Carolina, Colonel Stephen Lee.

WINTER OF 1861-2.

We remained here until Christmas day, and moved back to Bacon Race, did picket duty, threw up entrenchments and fortifications at Wolf Run Shoals during the winter, which, with several deep snows, was a very severe one. The river was often frozen over, and on one occasion when Company G had spent the night at the ford, two of our men crossed on the ice to a house beyond, on neutral ground, bought apple brandy, sugar and eggs, and we had an elegant nogg, before the relief company arrived.

On 15 March, 1862, we broke camp, starting for the Rappahannock, reaching Falmouth, a small manufacturing town on the river above Fredericksburg, on the fourth day. We crossed the river here and went into camp on the heights above the city, spending the balance of the month drilling until 15 April, broke camp and again took the line of march, through the city and over the afterwards famous battleground below, and on the third day reached Bowling Green, in Caroline County, the place where John Wilkes Booth was killed three years later and others of his party were captured. Leaving this place after dark, we marched to Milford, a station on the Potomac Railroad, where we embarked for Ashland, arriving there about midnight, where we spent the next day.

YORKTOWN.

The day after, we started for Yorktown, which point we reached after a hard march of five days, passing some noted

places on the way: Hanover Court House, Old Church, Yellow Tavern, New Kent Court House, Williamsburg and others of note, going into camp on the Williamsburg road just above Yorktown. We fared well here, having nothing else to do, and living on the finest fish and oysters. On 26 April the companies of the regiment were reorganized by the election of company officers, and on the following day the newly-elected company officers met and elected Captain Champ Davis, of Company G, Colonel of the regiment; Captain J. S. McElroy, of Company C, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain W A. Stowe, of Company M, Major. I had forgotten to mention earlier, that in consequence of infirmity, caused by exposure, old age, etc., that on 22 February, 1862, Colonel Stephen Lee had resigned, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. A. Love in command of the regiment.

On 4 May before daylight, we were again in motion and in line of battle, the troops all leaving and everything on the move. Yorktown was being evacuated. All through the night trains of artillery had been passing. Colonel Hampton was to act as rear guard, and after all had passed we marched out in line of battle, taking the road and holding the Federals back, skirmishing with their cavalry until we reached Williamsburg, where we found a large part of Johnston's army entrenched in the forts and fortifications in front of the town. Marching through, we went into camp on the hill above town, in the same spot where we had camped as we went down. Late in the afternoon we were called out and expected to go back into town, where heavy firing was heard below. but after a short time it ceased, and while we were in line the Commissary came round with buckets of mean whiskey and tin cups and gave every man a stiff drink. Orders were issued to cook rations and be ready to march at 3 o'clock next morning. Before that time we were up and ready and soon on the road. The rain falling heavy and the mud deep, we had a hard march, arriving at Barhamsville late in the afternoon, near West Point, wet, cold, muddy and hungry. It cleared up about sunset, and building big fires we cooked supper and spent a comfortable night.

During the night the wagons and artillery trains were pass-

ing, and early in the day the troops from Williamsburg were to pass, after fighting pretty much all day. We were put into line of battle that evening and slept on our arms. At night the Federals had sent boats up York river with troops and were landing them near West Point and White House. About 4 p. m., they advanced, but were handsomely repulsed by General Hood's Texans, General Hampton and others. We were in General G. W Smith's Division, commanded by General Whiting. That night the Sixteenth was sent out on the battlefield to watch the Federals, and just at 12 o'clock a courier came with orders to return to headquarters. On reaching Barhamsville, everything was in motion, and we fell into line and marched until sunrise, when I found myself and a comrade standing by the identical fence corner that we had left at 12 o'clock.

Continuing our march we reached New Kent about 10 o'clock, finding the main army resting there. After resting a short while and getting breakfast, we were moved back in front of a creek, with the Legion just in our rear, and formed line of battle, Company G being in a garden. We soon found the enemy's cavalry were following us. A battery of the Legion artillery was placed in our rear and opened on them, when in some confusion they retired. At dark we moved forward, crossing the creek and went into camp on the hill in rear of it. Next morning resumed our march, but stopped within less than two miles. There we spent two days still holding the rear until dark of the second day, when we took the line of march, and in the rain and storm passed White House and Savage Station and crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge and stopped for the rest of the night.

SEVEN PINES.

Next day we moved up near Richmond, went into camp, where we remained doing picket duty before Richmond until 29 May Then we broke camp about dark and moved up to Meadow Bridge, where we spent the next day and night. On the 31st about noon, were ordered to fall in and started for Seven Pines, going part of the way at double-quick. Reaching the battlefield about 5 p. m., we were assigned a place on

the left. Advancing through a swamp with all the large trees cut down and all the obstacles that could possibly be placed in our way, we were greeted with a terrible hail of shot and shell, mostly passing over our heads, but occasionally some brave hero would fall, while the rest were pushing forward until we came directly in front of a heavy fortification defended by infantry and artillery, and which it was impossible to carry with our small force. Just then some one gave the order to lie down, which was promptly obeyed, protecting ourselves behind the obstructions, but that did not prevent our men from getting hit. We soon made the discovery that Company G was the only force in sight. Its Captain, L. P Erwin, ordered the First Sergeant, A. B. Long, to go to the right to see where the right wing was, but he did not return, and the Captain, ordering the company back a short distance under cover, called to the writer to stay with it and he would go and see Lieutenant Lee Hemphill got up and said he would go with him. Lieutenant McEntire had just been wounded and gone to the rear. After waiting some time and hearing nothing from them, and being under a shower of bullets, the men being often hit, an officer came riding down in rear and called out: "What are you doing in here? Get out! Get out!" Not knowing anything better to do, I ordered the company up and we moved back in good order until we came to the edge of the swamp, where we found a regiment of Federals marching across our front, firing at everything they saw crossing the field. Stopping the company and falling back into cover, and satisfied we had not been seen, we moved very cautiously to the right, until we could take advantage of a piece of woods, and in that way made our escape. We could see a number of Confederate flags across a wheat field and near York River Railroad. On reaching the road we found Colonel Pender with the Sixth North Carolina, and Company G was attached to it for a short time, until the Sixteenth made its appearance. I then learned that our Colonel Davis had been slain.

Everybody knew Uncle Jack Wilkins, our company Commissary, and that he was a strict temperance man, but that Sunday morning after the fight the old man hobbled down

with several canteens of "fire water" and gave each of the men a dram. He knew we needed it, and the good angels only smiled.

There was a great deal of bluster and bragging among the Hampton Legion men, and one company proposed to go back into that swamp and demolish the Yankee army, but I noticed that nobody held them. Dark coming on about this time, we moved back a short distance, cold, wet and hungry, without blankets, overcoats or any kind of covering, having left everything back on the road; but what was our surprise on waking up in the morning to find that we were lying in a few yards of a depot of supplies filled with overcoats, blankets, all kinds of clothing, with barrels of crackers, sugar, coffee, meat of all kinds, and army supplies, in addition to the knapsacks, blankets, etc., belonging to a Pennsylvania and a New York Regiment driven out the day before, affording a great treat for our famished, worn out men. Unfortunately for the writer, just as he was lying down between two men to keep warm, the Adjutant came and said he wanted me to take charge of a party and go back into the swamp. This spoiled all my prospects for a good night's rest. Going back cautiously, we established a picket line as near the entrance as we thought prudent. Everything passed off quietly during the night, except we could hear wounded men calling for help, and about daylight we had the pleasure of helping several of our friends to get back into our own line.

Still keeping careful watch, about 9 a. m., I was notified that the army would retire in the direction of Richmond and we must hold the line for three-fourths of an hour, and then get out and join the command if we could. Remaining the required length of time, the men were withdrawn and marched back to the road, where, looking back across the river, we saw three balloons making observations. Very soon a gun was fired and a shell came whistling along near us. Thinking we were being fired at and in great danger, the men were ordered to leave the road and march in the woods. Following up the road about two miles, we came up with the army and were relieved from further duty for the time, and thus ended our part in the battle of Seven Pines. We had

lost our Colonel and many brave men, but how many killed and wounded, at this late day, thirty-seven years after, it is impossible to tell.

NEW BRIGADE FORMED.

Remained at this place about ten days doing picket duty, when under general orders Hampton's Brigade was broken up and the troops sent to their several State organizations. The Sixteenth was brigaded with the Twenty-second North Carolina; Thirty-fourth, Colonel R. H. Riddick; Thirty-eighth, Colonel W J Hoke; and the Thirteenth, Colonel A. M. Scales, and General W D. Pender as commander. The Twenty-second was reorganized and Major Conner, of the Legion, was appointed Colonel. The brigade was attached to General A. P Hill's Light Division.

General J E. Johnston being wounded at Seven Pines, General R. E. Lee, our old Valley Mountain commander, was put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

When General Pender took charge of the brigade, he made a requisition on the 16th for an officer to take charge of the Ordnance Department of the brigade, and the writer was detached for that purpose, was given a horse and permission to go into Richmond at will, a privilege which was used to the fullest extent.

We remained in camp on the Nine Mile road, getting into good shape, until 25 June, when we moved out in the direction of Meadow Bridge, reaching that point at 10 o'clock at night. I have always thought that General Lee formed his plan of campaign from General Johnston's, which was not carried out, as circumstances changed all of the latter's operations.

SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

At 4 p. m. on the 26th the Light Division was put in motion. Pender's Brigade was the fourth to cross the Chickahominy at this point; General Branch, who was ordered not to cross until he heard from General Jackson, crossing above, and Hill was ordered to move when Branch gave him notice that Jackson was in position, but not hearing from either he became impatient and ordered a forward movement.

General Pender says in his official report: "After crossing I was ordered to cross the fields direct for Mechanicsville. Soon after leaving the Meadow Bridge road, one or two pieces of artillery opened upon us from a road above Mechanicsville. Here, owing to my imperfect knowledge of the roads and partial misleading of the guide, my left regiment went too far to the left, and consequently did not join the brigade until late at night, for while it was coming up after being sent for, it was ordered by some one to support another brigade, and I would here mention it was reported to me as behaving well under a very murderous fire to which it was soon exposed, losing about 200 men." This "left regiment" was the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. McElroy.

The men lay on their arms that night, and were in line and ready for action before daylight. During the night I received an order from General Pender to bring up the ordnance train at once. I started immediately, but on reaching Mechanicsville, the streets were so blocked with ambulances, wagons, and litter-bearers bringing off the wounded, that it was impossible to proceed for some time. General Pender becoming impatient, mounted his horse and came to meet and hurry up the train, saying it was important to have the train up before daylight. On seeing the condition of affairs, he ordered me to use all dispatch, and left a courier with me directing me where to go. On reaching the designated point, I left the train and rode forward to look up the brigade. Riding near a thick pine old field on the right and wheat field on the left, I was soon ordered to "halt! advance and give the countersign," but as I could not see the party I was in doubt to which army he belonged, and after some parleying on both sides, he said he belonged to a Georgia regiment. I then advanced and found a mere boy hid in a thicket of plum bushes. On telling him who I was looking for, he said he did not know where they were, but that he was on the outpost and was expecting to be fired on at every moment, but there was a regiment just below him, as he had heard them halt and stack arms there during the night and had not moved since.

Riding through the pines about fifty yards, I found Colo-

nel Riddick with the Thirty-fourth Regiment, the men just getting up and rolling up their blankets. I told the Colonel to send for ammunition at once. Then firing commenced just where I had left, the balls flying among the men and causing some confusion, one ball striking my horse, slightly wounding him. Telling Colonel Riddick where to find the ordnance train, I galloped back to find my train in great danger from shell and shot flying over and about it. I soon received orders from General Pender to move behind the hill, which was promptly obeyed. In a very short time the firing ceased and a forward movement was ordered.

Taking the road to Cold Harbor, we came on the ground fought over the evening before, and found it covered with Confederate dead. Crossing the creek on a bridge below Ellyson's Mills, we soon came to the works of the enemy and could see how impregnable they were, and but for Jackson's coming in the rear, it would have been impossible to carry them. In rear of the works we found their abandoned camp, strewn with blankets, oil cloths, knapsacks and everything pertaining to camp life.

Reaching Gaines' Mill about 2 o'clock p. m., we crossed the creek on a bridge and moved rapidly to Cold Harbor, where we were soon engaged in one of the hardest fights of the war, losing many men killed and wounded. General Hill says in his report: "The Sixteenth North Carolina, Colonel McElroy, and Twenty-second, Colonel Gray, at one time crossed the crest of the hill and were in the enemy's camp, but were driven back by overwhelming numbers, holding our position. The loss of the regiment was very heavy, the fighting was kept up until 9 o'clock p. m., and we then lay down to rest on our arms."

Saturday morning early the men were up, but found the enemy had crossed the river, leaving the dead and wounded to be cared for by the rebels, with an immense amount of army stores in our hands. We spent the day in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. We had to-day our first sight of the celebrated Stonewall Jackson, as he and General Lee met near where we were lying and had a long conference. From his appearance no one would have suspected that he was

more than a Corporal in a cavalry company. The writer had a fine opportunity of riding over and viewing the battlefield, and it was a sight not to be desired a second time. The field where the New York Zouaves fought was literally red with them, and a large majority of them were shot through the head; hundreds of horses were lying around, some not dead, some with legs shot off, trying to get up, moaning and crying like children begging for help, or as if begging some one to shoot them and end their pain.

Sunday, the 29th, we crossed the river and followed the enemy in the direction of James river. On Monday there was a serious battle at Frazier's Farm, in which the Sixteenth was engaged and lost many men killed and wounded. Captain Coleman, of Company A, was killed, a shot taking off his head.

Tuesday, 1 July, the great battle of Malvern Hill was fought. A. P Hill's Division, although under fire all day, did not go into the fight, being kept in reserve.

The next day, 2 July, finding the enemy had gone, we were ordered to follow as fast as possible. We found the roads, fields and woods full of all kinds of army supplies, wagons, ambulances, pontoon trains, and everything pertaining to a well-equipped army, showing that the enemy had retreated in great haste and much confusion. Following down through Charles City County, we found them camped and at bay on James river, near Harrison's landing, under cover of a large fleet of all manner of war vessels, in which position they were safe from the ragged rebels who had for seven days driven them from field to field. After several days we moved back, at night, by the river road towards Richmond and camped for some time on the farm of Secretary of War Randolph, below Richmond.

MOVING NORTHWARD.

About 20 July, A. P Hill's Division was ordered to join General Jackson at Gordonsville, where we remained until 6 August, when we marched in the direction of Orange Court House, camping on the side of a mountain. On the 7th, we marched only a few miles, camping near a big spring near the

town. Next day, the 8th, marched into town, lay around on the streets all day, camping at night at the foot of the hill beyond town. There was some fighting that day about the river and several prisoners were brought in.

Early on the 9th we were on the march in the direction of Culpepper Court House. Owing to the extreme heat many of the men gave out, some with sunstroke. Late in the afternoon we came in hearing of the artillery at Cedar Mountain, and crossing Rapidan river, we were soon in sight of the battle.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Pender's Brigade was put in on the left of the main road, and advancing soon met troops falling back in confusion. We speedily advanced and reaching a wood were greeted with a volley of musketry We did not stop, but drove the enemy across the Culpepper road and off the field. We were here joined by Archer's Brigade, which lapped over a part of our right. Pegram's Battery then came into action, and for half an hour shelled the woods in our front, and we were then ordered forward on the Culpepper road. Just after reaching the woods some batteries in our front commenced shelling the field, the shot passing through the tops of the trees over our heads. As soon as the guns ceased firing, we faced to the front, marching in line through the woods until we came to a high rail fence, where we were halted and the men ordered to rest on their arms.

Everything being quiet in our front, Major Cole, of the Twenty-second; Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, of the Thirty-fourth, and the writer, were ordered to make a reconnoissance through the woods in front. Being informed that some Virginians were on our right, we crossed the fence and moved forward some distance, but found no one until we had gone about two hundred yards, when we discovered a lot of men sitting under the shade of some trees, and hailed them several times but could get no answer. I then went up to them and demanded who they were, and they said they belonged to a Virginia regiment and were afraid we were Yankees and would shoot them. The Colonel and Major then went back

to report, leaving me to hold the fort. General Pender sent me about thirty men, with orders to form a line on the left of the Virginians and to stay there until morning. Everything was quiet during the night, and about 9 a. m. I was sent orders to hold on about an hour and then withdraw quietly and join him at the side of the mountain. About this time we got up a lively skirmish with the enemy's pickets in front, but held our ground until time to leave, when we drew off gradually, and after a hot and hard march over the battlefield we reached the mountain almost exhausted with heat and hunger. On going out the night before I found a bag of ground coffee, sugar, cakes and other nice things left by the enemy in their hasty retreat, and sent it back to be taken care of, and on reaching headquarters I called for breakfast, which was soon furnished with coffee, crackers, mutton chops, Irish potatoes, etc.

After an hour or so rest, we again marched back on the battlefield and manœuvered around on it all day Sunday. General Pope says that General Jackson sent in a flag of truce asking for the privilege of burying his dead, but as we passed over the field after 10 o'clock and saw no dead or wounded except Federals, and as we had possession of the field until Monday night, I think this must be one of General Pope's many mistakes. I know that he sent one, and General Ewell says that while the armistice was in existence, General Early took a detachment from his brigade and gathered up six wagon loads of arms. All day Monday we manœuvered on the field and offered him battle, but he refused to accept the gage.

On Monday night we built up camp fires as if we were going to spend the night, but about midnight we fell into line and marched in the direction of Orange Court House, and passing that place next day went into camp near the Brick Church on the railroad, where we remained until 18 August, when we broke camp and moved forward on the Manassas campaign. We stopped two days on the Crenshaw Farm. On the 20th we moved again, crossing the Rapidan at Sommerville Ford, and passed Stephensburg, camping near Brandy Station.

On the 21st we moved up the Rappahannock, crossing Hazel river at a mill, and moved in the direction of Warrenton Springs, where we spent Sunday under a heavy shelling, having several men wounded. About 4 p. m. Longstreet's Corps relieved us, and we marched back about one mile to Jefferson and cooked three days' rations, and on Monday morning started on our long march to Manassas, passing through Orleans and stopping that night a short time to rest near Salem. On Tuesday we passed through Thoroughfare Gap; marching all day and all night we reached Bristoe Station at sunrise on Wednesday morning, 27th. Following the railroad, about 9 a. m. we reached Manassas, where we found a brigade of New Jersey troops to oppose our progress. Pender's Brigade was halted for a short time behind a hill on which there were some works, forts that the writer assisted in building in November, 1861. Captain Crenshaw was ordered to put his guns there and open on the enemy as they approached from the direction of the bridge on Bull Run, and soon had them in full retreat. We were then ordered to advance, and passing by a large house that was used as a hospital, the writer was ordered to stop Company G and take charge of the place, while the brigade followed on. We found in the yard and around the hospital a good many wounded and dead Federals and a lot of sick in the hospital in the care of two Philadelphia surgeons, and after having the wounded brought in and put in charge of the surgeons, we had the dead buried. We were very highly complimented and thanked by the doctors for our care and protection of their hospital and property.

DESTRUCTION OF STORES.

We found all the depots and storehouses full of army supplies of all kinds; quartermaster, company and hospital stores of every description that could be desired, and you may be assured that we feasted that day after starving for three. About sunset the brigade returned, after having quite a severe engagement at the bridge across Bull Run. On reporting to General Pender, I was ordered to join my regiment, which I found near by, and going to my "room" I retired as I then

thought for the night, but alas, the soldier who followed Stonewall Jackson had no assurance when down, when he would be called up. About 1 o'clock a. m., we were aroused by a terrible explosion, and getting up we found all the depots and stores at the station on fire and millions of property being destroyed. How we poor rebels felt can better be imagined than described, to stand and see hundreds of bags of coffee with sugar, flour, meat, and all kinds of provisions and delicacies destroyed with all manner of stores that we would have liked to have, but as there was no way of saving them and no wagons to transport them, it was necessary to burn them to prevent them again falling into the hands of Pope's army that was just behind us. It was Jackson's business to cripple him until Lee could come up, so they had to be destroyed. There was 50,000 barrels of bacon, 1,000 barrels of corned beef, 50,000 barrels of pork, 20,000 barrels of flour, two trains loaded with clothing and other stores, four sutlers' stores, 2,000 new tents and various other valuable equipments.

The order then came to fall in, and A. P Hill's Division moved towards Centreville, which we reached about daylight Thursday morning, 28 August, where we got breakfast and rest until about 10 a. m., when we took the road for Manassas, going by Sudley's Ford, and as we marched could see thousands of Yankees moving around the station and on the road to Centreville. Crossing the run we saw a pile of rocks with a cedar post in the center, marking the spot where Bee fell on 21 July, 1861, and where he gave the old man his immortal name—"Stonewall" Jackson.

Crossing the ford we stopped for a short time near the old stone house, and the men looking for water found an old well in the yard without bucket or rope. They secured a long pole, tied their canteens to it and filled them, and after drinking all they wanted and filling for future use, an old man came from the house, saying: "I don't think that water is very good—when the battle was fought here last summer some dead men were thrown into it, and it has not been cleaned out since." You can imagine that those canteens were soon emptied, and some of the men also. In a short

time we were marched into the woods, and quite a lively action began between Ewell's Division and Hooker.

This engagement between Generals Ewell and Hooker was in the direction of Grovetown, and night coming on put a stop to the firing. Troops were moving all night taking position for the expected affray of the 29th, which came all too soon for many of our wornout men.

SECOND MANASSAS.

About 10 o'clock a. m., Hill's Division was moved into town near the old railroad which has been so much written about, and soon we were assaulted by a large force and had all we could do to hold our ground. Pender's Brigade was in front, and received the assaults of an army corps for a whole day, at one time giving way and falling back on the reserve, but the gallant Pender soon rallied them and with a gallant dash soon routed the enemy and recaptured the lost ground. In this charge Company G, Sixteenth, lost two men killed with the flag and many wounded; one man, A. B. Long, was struck in the left eye, the ball passing through his head and coming out behind his right ear. All thought he would die, but he is still alive and is one of the best citizens of Rutherford County. In all this struggle the Sixteenth held its own until dark, when we lay down on our arms, feeling that the morrow would bring more hard fighting and wounds and death to many.

Early on Saturday, the 30th, the whole command was ready and under arms, but all quiet until about 4 p. m., when we were startled by the roar of artillery, and looking to the front we found the whole Federal army rushing on us, and we were hard pressed until dark, sustaining at least six charges, but we held the line until just before dark a general charge was ordered along the whole line, and with one mad rush the whole of Pope's grand army was driven from the field and across Bull Run, and ends the second battle of Manassas.

OX HILL.

On Sunday, 31 August, we were again in motion, and crossing at Sudley's Ford we struck the little river turnpike, and

about dark bivouacked near Chantilly, and continuing down that road we soon came in contact with the rear guard of Pope's army, in charge of General Phil. Kearney, at Ox Hill, and engaging them at once in a severe thunder storm we soon put them to flight, and in this affair the brave Generals Phil. Kearney and Stephens were killed. We also lost many killed and wounded: the Thirty-fourth, of our brigade, lost two gallant field officers, Colonel R. H. Riddick and Lieutenant-Colonel Miller.

Leaving Ox Hill on the 3d, we passed Leesburg on the 4th and camped near the Big Spring, and on the morning of the 5th, General Pender sent for the officers of the brigade to report at his headquarters. He made them a speech, telling them that we were now going to cross the Potomac and going into the enemy's country, and that they must act as officers and gentlemen, keeping a firm hand on the men of their commands, and that he would hold them responsible for their conduct.

ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

About 10 a. m., we fell in and reached the ford at 2 p. m., and crossing we at once started on the way to Frederick City; marching until midnight, we stopped near a corn field, where we got some green corn, roasted it and eat supper. We gathered a supply for morning. We were soon on the march and reached Frederick about 12 m., where we spent several days near the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, blowing up iron bridges and doing all the damage we could to public property. The men were not allowed to leave the camps to enter the city or to forage on the country. The writer remembers sending up a pass for a man to go out to get some milk for a sick man, and it was returned: "Let the sick man eat a little beef." Leaving Frederick 10 September, we passed South Mountain, Boonesboro and Middletown, on the third day crossing the Potomac to Williamsport and spending the night near Falling Waters, next day entering Martinsburg, driving General White in the direction of Harper's Ferry, which place we reached on the 13th. On leaving Ox Hill, for some cause unknown to the writer, General A. P Hill was put under ar-

rest by General Jackson, General Branch commanding the division. General Hill marched on foot with the rear guard all the day through Maryland, an old white hat slouched down over his eyes, his coat off and wearing an old flannel shirt, looking as mad as a bull, but just before reaching Harper's Ferry he was released, and donning his coat and sword he mounted his horse and dashed to the front of his troops, and looking like a young eagle in search of his prey, he took command of his division to the delight of all his men.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

It was late in the day of the 14th when Jackson had his arrangements completed for the attack on the enemy. Hill's Division was ordered to storm the position, and moving forward with a rush, Pender's Brigade in front, they gained the crest of the hill, the enemy retreating within their works with little resistance. During the night the crest gained by Pender was crowned with artillery, and all the available points within reach were taken possession of by Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery.

At dawn on the 15th, Jackson opened his artillery on Harper's Ferry, and after an artillery duel of one hour the firing ceased and Pender, with the Sixteenth in advance, commenced to move on the place, when a white flag was seen to flutter from the Federal works, and Harper's Ferry had fallen. The result of this victory was 11,000 prisoners, 13,000 stand of small arms, 73 pieces of artillery, 200 wagons, with a large amount of commissary and army stores of every description.

SHARPSBURG.

A. P Hill's Division was left to take charge of the property and provisions captured, and Jackson left at once to join Lee at Sharpsburg. Hill remained until all the captured property, etc., was removed on the 16th, and on the morning of the 17th left to join Jackson and Lee, reaching Sharpsburg at 4 p. m., and was immediately assigned a position on the right, just in time to meet and repulse the grand charge of Burnside's Corps and assist in driving them back across Antietam creek. In this last assault the Sixteenth and Pender's

Brigade lost a large number of men killed and wounded. The whole of the 18th we lay in front of McClellan, expecting every moment to be attacked, the sharpshooters with their long range rifles making it dangerous for a man to show his head from behind the stone wall where we were lying. Well does the writer remember having been sent out before daylight on some slight duty, and on coming back under cover of the stone wall, I found that Branch's Brigade where I was then, was separated from Pender's which I wished to reach, by a deep ravine, and about a dozen sharpshooters in rifle pits were shooting at every man who attempted to cross. The officer then in command told me not to attempt to cross, for I certainly would be killed, and advised me to lie down by him and wait until dark. I found him to be Lieutenant-Colonel Robert F. Hoke, of the Thirty-third, afterward Major-General Hoke, of Plymouth fame. When the time came I crossed in a hurry and was soon with my company, posted behind a heavy rail fence. About 10 p. m., a cavalry charge was made upon us, I suppose to find out whether we had left, but a well directed fire soon sent them back wiser if not better soldiers. It was a rainy day, and about 12 o'clock at night orders came down the line for every man at a certain signal to rise up and without a word or noise march back to the road on top of the hill, which movement was executed perfectly, and after some delay we moved toward the river which we crossed about 8 a. m., and climbing the steep hill below Shepherdstown, went into camp in the woods near by. The Federals followed up with artillery and shelled the town and woods for some time with little damage.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

On the 20th, McClellan crossed a large force over the river. A. P Hill and Early were sent out to drive them back, which was splendidly done. We formed on top of the high bluff, and the Federals having to charge up over the steep bluff were soon repulsed and driven into the river and slaughtered like hogs, the river being blue with their bodies. After they had retired, the artillery on the Sharpsburg hills and the sharpshooters posted in the canal commenced shooting at the boys,

and every man had to take care of himself until dark so we could leave. Pender's Brigade lost many men in this affair. We moved back a mile or so and camped for the night. Next morning we marched up near Martinsburg where we remained two weeks, when we again moved up to Bunker Hill, where we remained a month or more resting and getting ready for the next campaign, and where the boys had lots of fun yelling at "Old Jack" and the rabbits.*

About 20 October the writer was sent to Winchester on sick list, and after two days was transferred to Staunton and then to Richmond, where after a week in the hospital I was sent home, which I reached just in time to get down with a long spell of typhoid fever, not returning to the regiment until March following, and this gap in our history I filled in from information.

After General Lee's return from the campaign in Maryland, there was two months comparative quiet, the two armies on either side of the Potomac watching, resting and reorganizing after the hard fought battles and arduous service each had undergone.

Around Martinsburg and Winchester General Lee's forces remained quiet, the infantry and artillery drilling, and the cavalry keeping watch on the enemy's movements, ready to strike or receive a blow whenever opportunity offered. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad received General Jackson's attention, and in one day it was torn up, crossties burned and rails destroyed for twenty-five miles, but before we had gotten entirely out of hearing distance, the Federals had rebuilt and equipped it. On this raid our brigade distinguished itself by running down and capturing a red fox, General Pender coming in a close second for the brush, the Sixteenth adding to its former reputation for tackling and capturing every sort of wild animal from a woodchuck to wildcat. The lower Valley was then a most excellent foraging ground, and our chef in his element bringing to the larder chickens, honey,

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* "Old Jack" was Stonewall's sobriquet and whenever vociferous yelling was heard down the line, our boys would say "That's old Jack or a rabbit."—ED.

butter and sometimes whole hogs, sorghum, and a very palatable extract of cane seed or corn juice, adding much to the regulation ration. Chiefs of Divisions and Brigades were very lenient, allowing much latitude to the diversions and amusement of the veterans.

LEAVING THE VALLEY.

With the advance of General McClellan on 26 October, crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and moving east of the Blue Ridge into Virginia, General Lee promptly broke camp and moving in parallel lines confronted him at every point. Jackson was left in the Valley and our forces moved toward the Shenandoah, camping near Berryville, with cavalry picket in the direction of Charleston, Harper's Ferry and Snicker's Gap. Stuart's main body of cavalry had gone through Snicker's and Ashby's Gap, and as McClellan moved south he hung on his flank, moving towards the Rappahannock, leaving the Gaps open to the Federals. A large body made their appearance, drove in our pickets from the top of the mountain and approached the river, where we hurriedly double-quicked to meet them, the Sixteenth holding the ford. Two Federal regiments soon made their appearance in the open field beyond the river in musket range, but a few rounds of shell from Crenshaw's Battery on the hill behind us completely demoralized them, and they hurriedly sought shelter in the woods, leaving quite a number lying on the field. A field officer raised a white flag, rode directly down in front and asked us not to fire on them while they removed their wounded, and no further demonstration was made.

The Sixteenth Regiment was on an open sward not more than two rods from the river bank, and lying flat on the ground were prepared to give the enemy a hot reception, but did not get a chance to fire a gun. One casualty only, from carelessness or excitement on the part of a member of Company G, which resulted in badly wounding a comrade, J R. De Priest, in the knee, causing the loss by amputation of his leg. The Federals retired across the mountain, followed by our cavalry, and our troops retired to their camps. Burn-

side had moved to Fredericksburg, finding General Lee on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and about the first of December General Jackson quietly moved the main part of his corps up the valley, crossing the Blue Ridge at a gap near New Market, thence to Orange Court House. In crossing the mountain, from the top could be seen the long lines of the infantry with their bristling bayonets gleaming in the sunshine, and on the Alleghany Mountains across the valley a heavy storm of snow was falling. The artillery and wagon trains could be seen for miles, and from the course of the roads the whole army seemed to be manœuvering as if on parade. Reaching Fredericksburg, or Hamilton's Crossing, about 8 December, we rested a day or two, had new clothing and shoes sent from North Carolina issued to the men, and were then ready for the fray we knew would soon come.

FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 12th we were marched by the crossing, and here General Jackson, with that famous new suit, passed our brigade without recognition, save to a few who knew him too well to be deceived. Our brigade was assigned a position adjoining General Longstreet's Corps, in the open field opposite the center, commanded by Hooker, camping in the edge of the woods. At sunset a detail was ordered on the picket line, relieving Colonel McDowell. It was a bitter cold night, the lines running across the open field from Hazel Run on our left to Hamilton's Crossing, a bare open field without rock or brush save the cedars which skirted the road leading into our lines from Fredericksburg. A pistol shot by a scared picket caused a rally by fours to the rear just as we were relieving the old picket. Waiting for a few moments for the expected advance, the line was soon re-established. In a short time Major Cole, with a detachment, came to the line and passed through to set fire to some buildings which had sheltered sharpshooters that evening, and obstructed the fire of our artillery. This was successfully accomplished without accident. At daylight our picket was relieved and went back to camp for breakfast. As the fog raised on Saturday, 13 December, the columns of Franklin and Hooker were seen ad-

vancing across the open field, their sharpshooters and skirmishers in front. General Lee had just ridden along in front of our lines, and discovering a body of horse coming from the left across Hazel Run, waited until he discovered it was General Stuart and staff. General Jackson soon appeared, and after a short consultation all went off to the right. Soon we were ordered into line and sent to the center of the field about two hundred yards in front of the elongation of Longstreet's line on our left, and a battery of artillery was unlimbered to our right and rear, which at once commenced firing and receiving the fire of numerous batteries from both sides of the river. It was most gallantly served and suffered in men and horses, a caisson being blown up with a terrific explosion by the batteries of the enemy, whose aim was perfect. The battery also suffered from the sharpshooters, and a brave officer of the battery rode down to our regiment and asked Colonel McElroy to drive off the skirmishers and they would take care of the main body. Colonel McElroy immediately ordered Company G to the front, which deployed as skirmishers, but the fire of the Federal sharpshooters concentrated on us, and one-half our men were shot down without accomplishing anything. Jos. C. Mills and one or two others were soon wounded and carried off the field, then another company was sent and with like result and still another, when Colonel McElroy, with some very strong and earnest expressions, ordered the regiment forward, and with a double-quick occupied the ground immediately on the railroad confronting at least three brigades and holding his ground, falling back only a few yards to a small ditch about four feet in depth, from which the regiment poured a murderous fire into and held in check a vastly superior force. General Pender had that morning expressed his full confidence in the gallantry of the Sixteenth and said he looked for a good report from it in the battle. Late in the evening he sent in the Fifty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel A. C. Godwin, a new regiment, to the help of the Sixteenth. This regiment charged across the field fully a mile, with the rebel yell, and on they came, not seeming to know that there was anybody but Yankees in their front. They discovered our men just in time, and were

directed to distribute their favors among the blue coats just a little way ahead. A charge was made and the Federals driven from the field and into the swamp on our left, where large numbers were captured and sent to the rear, two men of Company G capturing fifty and marching them off the field in one body. The battle raged fearfully on our right, and often the tide of victory seemed to be with the Federals as they swept by our right flank and appeared to be getting to our rear, but soon a rebel yell was heard, and as it advanced swept back the solid columns of the Federal lines. In this battle our regiment lost many brave men, good and true, and quite a number wounded.

The complete repulse and disastrous defeat of Burnside had been accomplished on this first day before one-half of our troops had the opportunity of trying their metal, and back to Falmouth under cover of night the enemy retired.*

WINTER OF 1862-'63.

A short time after the battle of Fredericksburg, Jackson's Corps was moved about twelve miles down the river to Camp Gregg, named in honor of General Gregg, who was killed at Fredericksburg, where the winter was spent in picketing at Moss Neck, on the Rappahannock, about three miles above Port Royal. There the writer found them on his return to camp in March, after five months' absence, and soon after reaching camp was ordered to hold myself in readiness for picket, but before night the order was countermanded and the Sixteenth was ordered to go as an escort to the station with the body of Colonel Gray, of the Twenty-second, who had died during the day, and to go on picket the day after. In the meantime it had become very cloudy and during the night commenced snowing, and when we left camp the snow was several inches deep. The river being about two miles from the hills and all cleared lands between, we could get very little wood for fires, and in consequence we had to walk up and down the river all day and night to keep from freezing.

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*In his address to the army after this battle General Lee used this expression, "Escape from utter destruction has now become the boast of those who advanced in full confidence of victory."—ED.

We could occasionally see a Yankee cavalryman across the river through the snow, and the boys were continuously talking to them and joking with them. The snow continued falling and by the time we were relieved next day at 10 o'clock and started back, we found it nearly three feet deep and the hardest walking I ever had. The weather soon turned warm and we had a lot of fun, fishing in the Rappahannock and a mill pond at Moss Neck church.

General Jackson had his headquarters near our camp in an office in the yard of Colonel Corbin, on whose place we were camped, but as he claimed to be one of the F. F. V's., and was inclined to get full sometimes, and then would try to be very loving with the general, he soon moved out in the direction of Hamilton's Crossing and we saw no more of him for some time.

We spent March and April drilling and getting ready for the summer campaign, which we expected would open soon, as we had heard "Fighting Joe" Hooker had been made commander of the Federals, and of course we expected some hard work. About 28 April, a detail of men with two wagons was sent from the Brigade to Port Royal with seines to catch shad for the camp. The Sixteenth was on picket that night, and of course were anticipating a fine time eating fish, but like many others on many other occasions we were again to be disappointed. Just at daybreak we heard the pickets firing at Fredericksburg, and Fighting Joe had commenced his "On to Richmond" to find a strong "Stonewall" in his way. Very soon a courier came with orders to go back to camp at once, which we did, finding all in confusion, wagons loading and everybody preparing for a move. Soon the order came to "fall in," and just as we were marching out of camp the two wagons sent out returned with two full loads of shad. They were thrown out in the middle of the street, and many of the boys as they passed took one in their hands with the hope that they might get a chance to cook them that night for supper, which I know some did.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Passing Fredericksburg Friday morning, 1 May we came

to Chancellorsville, where we found Hooker already established and ready for the fray, but poor fellow, he was doomed to the same fate as some of Jackson's pets. All day we lay in his front with artillery and musketry firing, but with little effect on either side that we could see.

On Saturday, 2 May, Jackson's Corps was put in motion and marching a westerly course in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House until we had passed Hooker's right flank, we then turned squarely to the right and crossing the road were completely in Hooker's rear, leaving Lee in his front. Just about sunset the grand move was made by Pender on the right, near the Chancellor house, where we found the Yankees busily preparing supper, and being uninvited and unlooked for guests we caused quite a commotion, but made ourselves at home all the same. There never was such a surprise party anywhere. They knew nothing of our presence until we poured a volley into them and they broke, every man for himself and Jackson for the hindmost. The boys were sorry they could not stop to take supper, at least to take a cup of coffee, as there were large pots of the genuine on the fires, quantities of bread, ham and all kinds of good things to eat and the cooks all gone. But the orders were "forward." It was then getting dark, and with the flash of small arms in every direction, the bursting of flying shells in the air and the old Chancellor house in a blaze, the scene was grand and more than sublime. In the confusion of battle we could scarce tell friend from foe. Just then a halt was ordered to rectify and straighten out the lines, etc., and General Pender was ordered to send a regiment to General Stuart. Calling to Major Gordon, of the Thirty-fourth, he ordered him to go with General Stuart, but Gordon began to complain that his men were very tired and needed rest. Pender then said, "Well, sir, Colonel McElroy will go—his men are tired, too—Colonel McElroy, take your regiment and go with General Stuart." We started at once and followed Stuart without knowing where we were going, but had not gone far when a courier came up and told General Stuart that General Jackson had been wounded, and he was wanted to take command. He then ordered Colonel McElroy to go on to the United

States Ford, where he would find a regiment of cavalry camped, to deploy his regiment to the left of the road, and at signal to fire three rounds into them and then get back into the road, and join the brigade on the field, and then left us to execute the order. Marching about six miles we came in sight of their camp fires where they were having a busy, merry time, some cooking and eating, others fiddling and dancing, and other lying round the fires resting, not looking for or thinking of danger. Suddenly there was a crash as the three volleys were fired into this careless, happy-go-lucky troop in quick succession, causing another most surprising surprise party, and such a rush and stampede was never witnessed before. We never knew what damage was done, but the Federals thought the whole Confederate army was upon them, and yelled out, "Shackson's is upon us—Donner und blitzzen," as each gathered himself together for a flank movement to the rear, and the whole command hastily got on the safe side of the river, leaving camp equipage, rations and spoils to a few skulkers (or broken down, mayhap) who failed to keep up with the regiment on its return. It was said by one of these men that a large force of Federals were sent over the river next day, but we don't know about that. In obedience to orders the Sixteenth immediately returned to the battlefield, reaching Chancellorsville about sunrise, and just as the line had been formed for the last grand charge Sunday morning. There being no place for us in the line, the Sixteenth fell in behind the Thirty-fourth and went into the fight, having marched and fought the whole day before and all night again. It was not long until we were in the thickest of the fight again, and with one grand charge the enemy was routed and fell back on his last line. The Sixteenth lost very heavily in officers and men. Colonel McElroy was wounded in the mouth and disabled, Colonel William Stowe in the head, and Major Lee having been crippled for life at Fredericksburg, the regiment was without a field officer. Captain A. S. Cloud, Company E, assumed command; and after a few days we were marched back and went into camp near Camp Gregg, where we put in the time drilling on the beautiful fields of

the Rappahannock and waiting for Halleck to put up another General for us to whip.

PROMOTIONS.

The death of General Jackson caused several changes in the army. A. P Hill was promoted to Lieutenant-General; Pender, Major-General, and Colonel A. M. Scales, of the Thirteenth North Carolina, to be Brigade commander.

Sometime after our return to Camp Gregg, Pender issued a complimentary order to the brigade, in which he said: "I may be exacting and hard to please, but in this instance I am perfectly satisfied. You have pleased me well." We remained at this camp until 4 June, drilling and grazing our teams on the fine clover fields of the Rappahannock. As we were drilling that evening, looking across the river hills we could see large fields of dust rising above the trees across the river, and we knew the Federal army was again in motion. We were at once ordered back to camp and began preparation to move, tents struck, baggage packed and loaded in the wagons and everything got ready, and about dark we bade farewell to our pleasant camp never to see it again. About dawn of day we reached Hamilton's Crossing and found the enemy in possession of the Port Royal road, making a good breastwork. It had been their line of battle in December, 1862. Our sharpshooters were ordered to drive them out, our brigade succeeding, but Lane's men on the left failed to move those opposite their line, and we had to build a barricade between the two brigades, Lane's men being on the high ground and unprotected.

Remaining at this place ten days, the writer had to make several trips from the railroad where our line was, to the Port Royal road occupied by the sharpshooters, and had to pass over the ground fought on in December. The Yankees who had been killed in that fight had been laid up in piles of about a hundred and a few shovels of dirt thrown over them. It was the most repulsive sight I ever beheld; there were heads, hands and feet sticking up through the dirt, and myriads of worms and insects of various kinds working all over

the piles. The stench was dreadful, and we had to hold our noses and run to get away from it.

We remained here until 13 June, with no demonstration of any kind except artillery duels across the river. Every evening the bands on each side would play Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner, Dixie, Bonnie Blue Flag, and both would wind up with Home, Sweet Home, whereat there was on both sides a universal shout, reverberating from one to the other, back and forth, showing there was one tie held in common by these two grand armies.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

General Lee had sent Ewell's Corps across the mountains into the Valley, and word has just reached us of his capture of Winchester and Martinsburg with many prisoners and a lot of property, and of his march across the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania. On 14 June, 1863, our pickets in front reported that the enemy had all crossed the river, and on examining the ground we found a very small force in sight with only a few guns posted on the Stafford Hills. They had removed or destroyed the pontoon bridges on which they had crossed. We were at once moved back of the hills, and ordered to prepare three days' rations and be ready to move early next morning. We spent the day in cleaning up arms, filling up boxes and getting rid of our surplus baggage.

Longstreet's Corps came up during the day from the Blackwater and went into camp just in our rear. The order of march was the Sixteenth North Carolina in front with one howitzer from Pogue's Battalion, then the remaining regiments of Pender's old brigade under command of Colonel W. J. Hoke, of the Thirty-eighth, followed by the Light Division, Major-General Pender, and the balance of A. P Hill's Corps, then all the remainder of Lee's army. Very early on the morning of 15 June we broke camp near Hamilton's Crossing, striking the main road above Fredericksburg and on by Chancellorsville, passing the old Chancellor house, and on in the direction of the river. All along the line we saw Hooker had thrown up works and fortified on his retreat from Chancellorsville. Late in the afternoon we crossed the river

at the same ford where the boys had fired into the cavalry camp on the night of 2 May, and went into camp on the hill beyond, next night camped at Stevensburg, then to Culpepper Court House, and two more days march brought us to the Blue Ridge, crossing at Chester Gap, and down into the Valley at Front Royal, where we forded the two branches of the Shenandoah and camped at Nineveh. The next day we marched only about three miles, camping at White Post. Passing through Charlestown where John Brown was hung, the next day we camped near Shepherdstown, where General Scales came up and took command of the brigade, he having been wounded at Chancellorsville.

Next day we passed through the town and crossed the Potomac below Boteler's mills; we are soon on the familiar ground of Sharpsbburg and in the United States, 24 June, and went into camp just beyond the town. Company G was sent on picket all night. Next day passed through Hagerstown, where we saw a good many Southern sympathizers, but they were afraid to make much of a demonstration, as they were closely watched by their Union neighbors, but we saw many rebel flags displayed inside of the doors and windows of many of the houses. We were advised not to make any noise or fuss, but to pass through quietly lest we should get our friends into trouble. That night we camped near a town in Pennsylvania, name forgotten, where a quantity of whiskey was issued—some of the men got drunk, and some of them were severely punished. The writer got a canteen of whiskey, a knife, fork and spoon which I have yet (not the whiskey). Next night camped near Chambersburg where we spent two days, and the next night, 30 June, camped on top of Cash's Mountain, about five miles from Gettysburg.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Next morning, 1 July, we passed through Cashtown, and about 2 p. m., came in sight of Gettysburg and were soon moved to the right in a lane with a wheat field in our front. Tearing down the fence, the order came "forward march," and the Sixteenth, with Pender's Division, moved forward at quickstep dressing to the left, and after marching about a

mile in line of battle through the ripe wheat, we came up to the artillery posted on a bluff and firing rapidly Passing in front of the guns, we lay down and watched the fight going on for half an hour, Heth's Division being on the line in our front. While lying here the guns in our rear kept firing over us and some guns on the opposite side replying, several of our men were hit by fragments of shells. One Captain was struck and his head was cut and scratched in several places. He jumped up and started to the rear hollowing at every jump, "I'm dead, I'm dead." The Colonel of his regiment called two stretcher men and told them to "go and take that dead man off—if you can catch him."

While lying there we saw two regiments fighting on a railroad cut, and saw a United States flag captured and recaptured several times, and just before we moved forward I saw a man take the flag and wrap it around the staff and stick it in a brush pile, and what became of it then I never knew, for the command "attention" came and every man arose to his feet, grasped his arms with a firm grip, and at the order "forward, guide left, march," we moved off at a quick step across a meadow and soon began to receive the attention of the foe, many of our men being struck with minie balls and shells. The men began to fall around me in my own company Lieutenant John Ford fell on my right, John H. Bradley on the left, just after I had helped him pull the ramrod, which had got fastened, from his gun. Numbers of others were wounded; our surgeon was shot in the head, and ought to have been killed for being there and for not attending to his duty I did all I could to get him to dismount and attend to John Ford, for I saw he would bleed to death unless attention was given him, but the doughty surgeon rode on, the only mounted man I saw on the line. Our line continued to advance, and passing to the right of Heth's men, came on the enemy's line and began to push them back up the hill, when just as we crossed a ditch I was struck on the right thigh with a piece of shell, knocking me down and tearing and cutting the flesh badly. After a short time I found that I could get up, and picking up a good hickory stick started to the rear as best I could. On my way out I passed

several sink holes among the limestone rocks which I found full of men, some wounded and others hiding. On reaching the place where Ford and Bradley had fallen they were gone, but going further up the hill I found Ford lying face down, and raising him up saw at once that he was dying. I asked him if I could do anything for him; he could not speak, but motioned with his hand to be carried off the field, as the minie balls and shells were falling thick around him. I called a couple of litter bearers that I saw in the woods nearby to come and take him to a safer place, but could not prevail on them to do so, and the poor man died where he was in a few minutes. Going on I soon passed General Lee's headquarters, when I saw Generals Lee, A. P Hill, Longstreet and others watching the fight with their glasses. I soon reached the ambulance and was carried to the hospital, a large barn about two miles in rear of the line, where I found many wounded men of the Sixteenth, about ten of my own company, Bradley among them. And this is what I saw of the battle of Gettysburg.

Captain J Y McIntire, who was in command of the company, tells me that we drove the enemy back beyond Cemetery Hill, where they had a hospital filled with wounded and surgeons. We were afterwards moved back across a branch where we formed line and throwing out pickets in front spent the night.

During the next day, 2 July, we remained in the same position nearly all day, moving a little to the left, both sides keeping a shelling and sharpshooter firing during the day and night.

THE PICKETT-PETTIGREW CHARGE.

On the morning of the 3d all were up and ready, expecting every moment to be into a fight, but strange to say everything was quiet, each side watching and waiting for the other to move. Our men becoming impatient would call out and say, "If we had Jackson we would move and do something." But all at once, about 1 p. m., there was a crash and one hundred and fifty guns on our line belched forth fire and were answered by an equal number from the enemy, keeping it up for

two hours, when the firing ceased and soon the order came, "Forward."

General Pender having been wounded the day before, Scales' and Pettigrew's Brigades were put under Major-General Trimble and sent in on the left of Pickett. We were met by a storm of shot, shell and minie balls which caused Pickett's men to waver and fall back in confusion, leaving the supporting brigades to stand the brunt of the fight.

Finding that Pickett had been repulsed, it was deemed necessary to withdraw if possible, and there was a general break to the rear, under a destructive fire which killed and wounded a great many men. A part of the Sixteenth, under Captains Cloud, McKinney and McEntire, had advanced so far that they found it impossible to withdraw and were forced to surrender. They were at once taken to the rear in a great hurry, where they found everything in confusion and ready to retreat, teams were hitched up and turned to the rear as if ready to run, and if Lee had made another assault then, they would have done so. Being badly crippled himself, and out of ammunition, far away from his base, with a big river behind him and heavy rains coming on, he found it necessary to retire, and did so at his own leisure, lying in their front the whole day, the 4th, without being attacked, which shows how much they feared him. The Sixteenth lost very heavily in men and officers, there not being an officer left in the regiment higher than Lieutenant, several companies without a single officer.

General Pender was wounded and died at Staunton; General Scales wounded, Colonel W J. Hoke. Thirty-eighth, wounded, leaving the brigade in command of Colonel Lowrance, of the Thirty-fourth.

General Trimble said to General A. P Hill as he left the field: "If hell can't be taken by the troops I had the honor to command to-day, it can't be done at all." This was the remark of General Trimble, a Virginian, to General Hill, a Virginian, about North Carolina troops—Pettigrew's and Scales' Brigades. The Sixteenth Regiment was one of them, which fact ought to set aside the oft-told tale that there was no troops in that assault but F. F V's.

THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

About 12 o'clock on Sunday, 4 July, orders came to the hospital for a general move to the rear, and the movement back to the Potomac began. The wagons and ambulances were loaded with all the wounded that could be moved, but we had to leave many of our poor fellows whom we never saw again. The writer managed to secure a seat on the top of a load of hay, where he spent about thirty hours. When we reached the top of the mountain it began to rain and soon got very dark, but there was no halt made, a steady trot being kept up all night, and I could never tell how we got along without some accident. During the night we passed Thad Stephens' Iron Works, which Ewell's troops had burned as they passed on some days before, and they were still smoking. I heard after the war that the old man said that it saved him from bankruptcy, as he got a big price for them from the government, enabling him to settle up all his affairs.

About daybreak Sunday morning it ceased raining and soon the sun came out, and we poor wounded rebels who had been riding all night in the cold began to feel the influence of his gentle rays, and though hungry, tired and sore, began to crack jokes with the natives, they jeering and telling us that we would never cross the Potomac, that we would soon be gobbled up. About 10 o'clock there was a short stop to feed and rest the teams as they were very tired. After an hour's rest they were hitched up again, and soon we passed through Greencastle, where the Dutch women paid us their compliments by abuse and wishing us in a warmer climate than Pennsylvania. Here we saw the effect of a raid that had been made on the train ahead of us, several wagons cut down, the teams and men captured and gone. General Imboden had been sent with us as an escort to protect us, but he was a complete failure in that part. A few hours after, just as the wagon I was on had passed across the road near Emmettsburg, one of Imboden's cavalrymen dashed by at full speed, ran over a man and horse in front, but made no stop, only looking to his own safety. Hearing considerable commotion in the rear, I looked back and saw that a small squad of cavalry had dashed into the road just as the last of Pender's train

passed, and striking the front of Heth's train, had captured several teams, wagons and ambulances, the first ambulance having Colonel Leventhorpe, of the Eleventh, and I think Colonel J. K. Connally, of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, with others that I did not know. They were at once hurried off on the cross road for fear of recapture. Major Scales, Division Quartermaster, was the only man I saw that seemed to have a head on him, and he stopped a few of Imboden's men and gathered a few stragglers together and soon drove the raiders off, but they had done considerable damage in cutting down wagons and running off the teams. A member of my own company who was riding with me, swore he would save his own bacon, jumped off, took to the woods, and I did not see him again until we reached the Potomac. We were not molested again, arriving at Williamsport, on the bank of the Potomac, which we found past fording, this compelling us to halt. The whole train was placed at the foot of the hill between the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and the river, so as to be able to cross as soon as the river fell.

On Monday about 4 p. m., we were startled by a shot fired from beyond the town, and the ball dropping down among us struck one of our mules, breaking his neck, then plunging into the river, followed by several others, but none doing any other damage. There was quite a commotion for awhile, but some of our cooler headed ones, seeing the necessity of action, soon had quite a little company organized of stragglers, drivers and some of the wounded, and marching back into the town we gave them the best fight we could under the circumstances, but I fear we would all have been captured had not General Pierce M. B. Young, who had been sent by General Stuart after the raiders, come up just in time, and making a charge drove them off, killing and capturing several of them. We had several men killed and wounded in this affair; the Sixteenth had one man (Bowman, Company I) killed. In the meantime, General Lee had left Gettysburg on the night of the 4th, after lying all day in front of Meade, who did not, for reasons best known to himself and his Generals, feel inclined to push him, had marched at his leisure, and passing Hagerstown on Monday, established himself on a line between

that town and in front of Williamsport, where he remained for about ten days in front of Meade offering him battle, but he refused to accept. Quite an artillery duel was kept up between the two armies all that time, but little damage to our side.

FALLING WATERS.

On the afternoon of the 13th orders were received for the trains to cross at the ferry, and everything was sent over during the night, General Lee moving with army after dark, going down on the north side and throwing a pontoon bridge across at Falling Waters, where the river is quite narrow, the banks being steep and high, forcing the water into a channel of 200 feet. Falling Waters is so called from a creek that runs over a precipice about twenty feet high and into the river at that place. The fall is just above the road and is quite picturesque, making a miniature Niagara.

It was at this place that a squadron of Federal cavalry made a dash at Hill's Corps as the men were lying on the ground resting and waiting for the artillery to cross. In this affray General Pettigrew was mortally wounded and a few rebels captured, among them one member of Company G. As soon as our men realized that an assault had been made, they sprang up, opened fire and soon drove them off, killing a number and among them the man that shot Pettigrew.

When all the artillery and wagons were safely crossed, the men followed, and marching up the turnpike a few miles encamped for the night near Martinsburg.

Passing through Martinsburg the next Monday, 15th, up the valley to Bunker Hill, where we remained in quiet about ten days, the men enjoying themselves living on dewberries, there being a great abundance of them in the clover fields, furnishing good picking for the whole army. Leaving the valley we crossed at Chester Gap and had quite a brisk little skirmish and artillery duel at Gaines' Cross Roads; not much damage done to either side. Going on to Culpepper Court House we camped there until 9 August, when the cavalry got up quite a warm fight near Brandy Station. We were ordered out and started towards Orange Court House, which we reached on the 10th, going into camp on the farm of Colonel

Taylor, near Barnett's Ford, where we picketed and rested until October, having one or two fights with cavalry at the ford.

About 11 October General Lee sent A. P Hill's Corps across the river, passing Madison Court House, the second day crossing Robertson's Run, where our sharpshooters had a severe battle with the Federal cavalry, driving them off, which developed our movement and put the whole army in motion. Ewell having been left on the Rapidan, at once broke camp and followed by Culpepper Court House. Hill moving by the left flank all the time, crossed the Culpepper road by Amosville and Warrenton, where we camped in the camp the Yankees had vacated that day. Next day Scales' Brigade was stopped at a little town, New Baltimore, and ordered to wait until the army train had passed, then to follow and guard it from raiders. After the wagons had all passed we fell in and followed until late in the afternoon. General Scales ordered Captain McLoud to stay with the train, and he with the other regiments of the Brigade would go to the front, as we could hear heavy cannonading in front. We marched by companies on each side of the road until about midnight, when the train stopped and we lay down by the side of the wagons and slept until daylight, when we were roused up and soon joined the main force at Bristoe Station, where we found that Hill's Corps had had a severe and disastrous fight, being roughly handled, all through a mistake of General A. P Hill.

BRISTOE STATION.

Arriving near Bristoe on the afternoon of 14 October, A. P Hill found the rear guard of Meade's army, under General Warren, moving across his line of march, and immediately made arrangements to attack him with Cooke's and MacRae's Brigades of Heth's Division. Warren had his corps posted behind a railroad embankment and out of sight, but had a strong line of sharpshooters posted about two hundred yards behind his line and in front of a piece of woods, giving the impression that his line of battle was in the woods. Hill ordered Heth to advance his two brigades at once and take pos-

session of the railroad, but Heth not liking the looks of things, did not move until Hill had sent him three peremptory orders to do so. He then ordered the two North Carolina Brigades forward, but when they were in a few yards of the railroad Warren's whole corps rose and gave them a volley that very nearly cut to pieces the whole command, only a few falling back in good order, many wounded and as many dead lying on the ground. Our artillery opened on them and a heavy fire was kept up during the day, the enemy holding their ground until dark, when they retired in the direction of Manassas.

We remained on the ground until about 2 o'clock p. m., burying our dead and caring for the wounded, cooking, etc., when we again moved back to Catlett's Station, where our brigade commenced tearing up the railroad and burning the ties, working all day in the mud, tired and hungry.

About dark Baxter Long came up and gave me some crackers he had found in an old shed on the way, also some pork and beans left by the Yankees. Being very hungry I did not wait to get into camp, but commenced eating the crackers at once, but when I got a fire so I could see I found my crackers filled with black, hairy worms. I had no idea how many I had eaten, but it did not turn my stomach for I was soon able to make a hearty meal after getting things in shape. Next morning we finished our job of tearing up the track and crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, going into camp near an old brick house. The country beyond the Rappahannock looked bare and desolate, nothing in sight but chimneys on all sides. I do not remember seeing but one house standing on our way from New Baltimore to Bristoe and back to the Rappahannock, and that was a large house with a large placard on the front gate marked: "This house is protected by papers from the British Consul at Washington."

While camped here the writer was lying in his tent, covered with all the blankets he could get and shaking with a severe chill. The cry was raised, "Fresh beef, somebody's coming," and we knew at once that a lot of fresh conscripts were coming. Soon some one was heard to say: "There's

France. Hello, France, come here, old fellow," and the answer came back: "How the devil can I come; don't you see I'm under guard?" And I at once recognized our old Valley Mountain comrade, F D. W., who remained with us until the close of the war, often enlivening the camp with his dry jokes.

The next day we were ordered to move back near Brandy to put up winter quarters. On the way I felt like I would have another chill, and seeing our doctor unpacking a box near where we stopped, I went to him and told him what was the matter. He unstopped a jug and poured out about a gill of whiskey, telling me to drink it. I told him it would make me drunk. He said "drink it," which I did, and did not have any chill, but had something else. The men went to work cutting logs and putting up shanties on the land of the old Congressman, John Minor Botts, who would not let us have any straw

MINE RUN.

The second day while camped here we had a grand cavalry review of all the cavalry of the army on the same field where Stuart fought the Federals the summer before. That night about 10 o'clock, just as I was going to lie down, my only brother, who belonged to Pogue's Battalion, came up to the fire and wanted to know if we did not have marching orders. When informed that we did not, he said you will have soon for everything between this and the river is on the move. Just then the Adjutant came along and ordered us to pack up all baggage and be ready to move at 4 o'clock a. m., and all our calculations about winter quarters was knocked in the head for the time. Some of the men had completed nice cabins and expected to move into them the next morning, but such is war. We found afterward that a force of the enemy had crossed the river at a ford above us and were making an effort to get in our rear. We were on the march before the time ordered, and soon found from the whistle of shells passing over that we were followed. About daylight we halted on a high ridge where we spent the day in line of battle. The artillery and sharpshooters kept up a constant fire all day, a shell now

and then passing over our heads. About an hour after dark we moved back to a road where we waited some time for some others to pass and then marched on in the direction of Culpepper Court House, which place we passed about 12 o'clock.

Culpepper was about the darkest town that night I ever saw I saw only one light in the town as we passed through. Our artillery and wagons being in front and the road very muddy, we made slow progress, and being an extremely cold night I don't think there was a fence rail left between Culpepper and the Rapidan, all being burned. We crossed at Barnett's Ford early in the morning and went into camp near the one we had left, feeling quite at home after an absence of more than a month. We remained at this camp until about 23 November, when Captain L. P Erwin came on a visit to us, and I made a bet with him of a pound of candy, then worth $25, that we would leave that place before morning, and sure enough at 12 o'clock we had orders for marching at 4 o'clock, and before the citizens of Orange had gotten their eyes open we had passed through the town on our way to the Wilderness. Just after that, the writer was put in command of the provost guard of the brigade. Just before night we crossed a little stream called Mine Run and stopped for the night. Next day we moved back across the Run and formed line of battle on a ridge, and soon found General Meade and his army in front of us. The weather had turned intensely cold and there was great suffering among the men.

My guard was posted in rear of the line in an open field on the high ground where the wind from the mountain had full sweep at us, and the only protection we could get was to put some pine tops into a deep gully on the icicles, where we could lie on our blankets. There was a continual artillery and sharpshooter duel going on all the time but no fighting. On the night of 1 December, 1863, Generals Lee, Stuart, A. P Hill and others rode up and down in rear of our lines several times, and we made up our minds we would have hot work in the morning. When daylight came we found the Yankees had gone during the night. The order came at once to follow, which we did, passing their works soon after crossing the Run, where we found the sides of the road strewn with

the plunder left by them in their hurry to get off. We followed about eight miles on the Wilderness road, when we met Generals Lee, Stuart, and others. General Lee said: "Well, boys, you may go back to camp."

We gave three cheers for General Lee, and started home again, reaching Orange about 12 M. the next day, and went into camp the next day near the old place. A few days after our return Captain Erwin was retired from the service on account of wounds received at Fredericksburg, and left for home promising that he would call on my friend, Andrew Antone, as he passed through Richmond and get the pound of candy I had won from him and give it to two young lady friends of mine, but I find it has not been paid yet, and I still demand the $25 worth of candy.

In General Meade's examination before a Congressional Committee on Conduct of the War, he was asked why he did not fight Lee at Mine Run. He replied that the weather was so cold that his sentinels froze to death on post.

WINTER OF 1863-'64.

We reached our old camp near Orange about noon, 3 December. The men marched like cavalry, all so anxious to get back to the old grounds. The weather moderated after we got back, and for two weeks we had fine, pleasant weather, but just before Christmas it began to snow and sleet, and we then had very cold weather for some time. The day before Christmas I had accepted an invitation to visit some friends in Lane's Brigade about four miles up the river near Liberty Mills, to take Christmas dinner, they having possessed themselves of a fine gobbler and other Christmas goods, but just after tattoo the long roll was sounded and orders were issued to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's warning and let no one leave camp until further orders, so all our calculations for Christmas were spoiled. We were kept in suspense for three days, and as nothing further happened, the men began to feel at ease. We found out afterwards that the order was only intended to keep the men in camp during Christmas, fearing that they would go off, get drunk and do mischief—but such is war.

We remained quietly doing picket duty during the next month, having one or two little cavalry dashes, at Barnett's Ford until 1 February, 1864, when the enemy made a feint to cross in the afternoon. Our brigade was marched down to the ford and kept the breastworks until after dark, when they were ordered back to camp and to cook rations and be ready to return at 4 o'clock. Promptly on time we were again in the trenches, and at dawn of day the artillery on both sides opened and kept up a heavy fire for about an hour, the infantry having a little fight across the river with their cavalry—if they had infantry we saw none of it. They soon retired and we were left alone. Troops were coming in all day to our relief, but as there was no further demonstration on the part of the enemy all again became quiet, the troops returned to their camps and the usual routine of duty was taken up.

Just at this time the writer was granted a thirty days' leave of absence, and drawing from the Quartermaster $500 Confederate money, I started for Richmond and home. Some time before I had sent to R. M. Robinson, of Charlotte, three and one-half yards of cloth furnished by North Carolina for $25. On reaching Charlotte I found the clothes ready and paid Robinson $150 for making and trimmings, and on my return to Orange I had $10 left, which I gave for a pound of soda and went to camp without a cent, showing that it cost six months' pay to go home, pay for a suit of clothes and one pound of soda.

During March and April we had only one little affair at the Ford with cavalry and artillery, our cavalry being on the north side of the river. Standing on the hills on the south side we could see the charging and counter charges, first one on the run, then the other. We had a few men wounded at the river by shell. Quite an amusing incident occurred at the Ford with some women who were crossing on foot while the shells were falling and bursting in and around the Ford, but for fear of making some one blush I will not relate this story. The Yankees were soon driven off and all was quiet again for some time.

About 25 April we had quite a snow storm, the ground being covered several inches. In a day or so the sun came

out warm, the snow melting off except on the mountain sides a few miles off over the river. On 4 May I was on picket with strict orders to allow no one to cross unless they had a pass from General Robertson. There was some cavalry grazing their horses on a clover field across the river, and just after I had returned from the lower part of the line, I heard their bugles blow "boots and saddles," and saw the men running and bridling their horses in great commotion, and soon after a courier riding at full speed came up the road leading to the Ford where I had placed myself to meet him. Stopping his horse for a moment he drew from his pocket a large official envelope addressed "General R. E. Lee," saying he had a dispatch for General Lee. My orders forbade my allowing any one to pass without General Robertson's permission, but believing that delay might be dangerous, I at once determined to assume responsibility of disobeying orders and handing him the dispatch, told him to go ahead. I immediately walked down to the river and notified my pickets to be ready to move as I was sure we would be sent for, and soon a courier came ordering us to camp. Bidding farewell to Barnett's Ford, where we had spent near ten months rather pleasantly, we started to camp, and on our arrival found all the troops gone and about a hundred negroes plundering and searching for anything and everything left by the men. I found orders for me to follow by Orange Court House, which we soon passed for the last time, not catching up with the army until late, when we found them camped near Mine Run, at the same place we had camped on our return from Mine run in the previous December.

THE WILDERNESS.

Early on the morning of 5 May, 1864, we were under arms and again on the march, passing Mine Run and about 4 p. m. came near the future battlefield, and leaving the plank road we turned to the left and marched more than a mile, when we were halted in a dense thicket and in the rear of Ewell.

Lying there about an hour, we heard the fight open in the direction of the plank road. Orders came to fall in, and we started at a double-quick, and soon reaching the road where

we had left it we found the road filled with wagons and ambulances and the field on the left of the road full of artillery. Going down until we came to the Brock road, which crosses the plank road and leads to Spottsylvania Court House, we moved to the right and formed line on this road, our left resting on the plank road. We then moved forward, passing over a regiment that would not advance. The Colonel was cursing them and told them to lie down and let somebody that would go, go over them. We soon struck some troops of Hancock's Corps and drove them before us through a swamp, when we were stopped and moved back to the Brock road on the top of the ridge, and it being near dark, we put out sentinels in front and prepared to spend the night, barricading with all the old logs and rails that we could find.

Early on the morning of the 6th, orders came to send a detail with all the company canteens for water for the men, and just at sunrise a gun was fired down the road and the shot came whistling up the road, and following it came Hancock's Corps. This was the only battle I ever saw or heard of in modern times fought without artillery, and the one mentioned above was the only one I remember to have heard that morning, and there was only one gun used on the 5th near the plank road, and that only fired grape at very close range.

Thomas' Georgia Brigade was on our left, and Hancock's line was so arranged his forces struck it before he reached our front. Thomas' men gave way at once, almost without firing a gun. Our left, the Thirty-eighth, I think, seeing themselves flanked began to break, and soon a general break all along our line occurred. Colonel C. M. Avery had his regiment, the Thirty-third North Carolina, lying just in the rear of the Sixteenth, and as we moved back in good order, he ordered his men up and said as I passed him, "We will give them one volley before we go," and he gave the order to fire, and at the same time the fire was returned, killing and wounding many of his men. The Colonel himself was mortally wounded. Several of the Sixteenth were hit, and Colorbearer Carpenter was killed and many others wounded. I soon met a staff officer on horseback, who was making an effort to rally and stop the men, but with little effect. He told

them that "Longstreet was on the ground and would be there in less than five minutes, only hold your ground until he gets in," but everybody seemed to be for himself and the Yankees take the hindmost, which would soon have occurred to us all if just then we had not met General Benning, of Longstreet's Corps, leading his brigade in. He told his men to open ranks and let us pass. After getting in rear of Longstreet's we got our men quiet and into line, and crossing the plank road we formed a new line on a kind of crescent in rear of Ewell. Just after crossing the road I met Tom Hayden with a canteen, and our detail not having returned I asked him for a drink. Handing his canteen he said, "Here is some pond water," and without thought I took a big swallow before I found it was the meanest whiskey I ever tasted, and of course I was worse off than before I took it. In a few minutes we heard Longstreet's men open fire and in a very short time we heard the old rebel yell, and we knew that Hood was moving them; then the yell became general all along the line, and I don't think I ever listened to a sweeter sound. It would start on the left and like a wave roll down the line and back again, and our line took up the refrain, and just like the little dog after being whipped when a big dog comes up and takes his place, they began to jump and yell and cut up shines, as much as to say, "Arn't we horses."

Shortly after Longstreet had routed and was driving them back, we were moved down upon the line on the left of the plank road, where some command had erected the only breastwork during the night, and then you should have seen what a brave set of fellows we were. Just then we saw a little fellow riding up behind us on a gray horse, dressed in a fine new uniform with two stars on the collar and a big black feather in his hat. We recognized little Captain Cloud, who had been captured at Gettysburg, just on his way from Johnson's Island. During his captivity he had been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. We almost had to detail a guard to stop him from charging over the works and capturing Grant and the whole Yankee army. The battle raged pretty much all day in our front, and it is claimed by some that but for the wounding of General Longstreet Grant's army would have

been driven across the Rapidan. I know that by this timely arrival he saved our brigade from capture. We remained in this position until Sunday, the 7th, about 4 p. m., when we were ordered to march by the Brock road to Spottsylvania Court House, which place we reached at 12 M. Monday and found nearly all our artillery on the line and pretty well fortified.

SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Spottsylvania is located on a long high ridge, and in May, 1864, contained a court house, jail, one brick church and a tavern—these are all the buildings I remember. Our fortified line was near the top of the ridge and north and east from the court house, and was about five miles in length, extending about four miles above to the Tay river, and one mile below the court house. The ground in front of the court house was sloping for about two hundred yards, and there was met by a thick pine woods, and beyond these pines Grant had two fortified lines about one hundred yards apart.

Arriving on the ground about 12 o'clock Monday, 8 May, we were put on the line on the left of the court house near the branch, with a thick pine forest in our front, but did not remain long in this position, but were moved to the right beyond the court house, and for three days were kept moving up and down the line, being in reserve all the time.

On the night of the 11th we were marched about four miles to the left near the Tay river where there was a fort, and just as I had my little shelter tent put up and ready to lie down, orders came to fall in, and we were soon on the way to town in mud and rain, the night so dark we could scarcely see the men ahead of us. It stopped raining and cleared up before we reached the court house, and just as day was breaking we heard Hancock's grand assault on our lines open and were soon made aware that part of our line had been captured—Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps being taken prisoners. This was the place where it was said General Lee wanted to lead the troops in person, but the men refused to go forward until he went to the rear, assuring him that they would re-establish the lines, which they did most gallantly. When we

reached the field we found ourselves in rear of Lane's Brigade, then desperately struggling to hold its position, and standing some time on the high ground in rear we were in a very uncomfortable position for a short while, but Lane finding that he had support behind him, ordered a charge and went over the works—we at once occupied and spent the day in them, finding it much safer, though we had some men wounded by shells and long range rifles.

After driving the enemy back behind his works, Lane came out and going down the line in front of the court house he went in again and had quite a hard fight, capturing a large number of prisoners and a stand of colors. The next day just before dark, General Lee thinking that Grant was moving round his right, we were sent inside the line to find out what they were doing. We marched in by the right flank, led by Major-General Wilcox, and after reaching the pine woods, the head of the column, soon found the Yankee sharpshooters in strong force, several of our men being wounded by their first fire. General Wilcox soon came back, his old white pony pacing along like he was going to meeting. The General always rode with a long hickory switch. As he passed us he told us to face to the right and move just above the path and lay down. We obeyed the order. As I lay down between the color-bearer and another man we soon found that a Yankee sharpshooter was using us as a mark for his rifle, the balls passing very uncomfortably near and over us, but dark coming on, though the firing still went on, it was not so close and dangerous. I was very tired and soon fell asleep, but was aroused by the men moving off. Jumping up and taking my place in line I thought that we were going to make an assault, but coming to a low fence we had crossed I knew we were going out and was much relieved. We passed out through the lines and lay down to rest near an ice house and were not farther disturbed during the night—a very unusual occurrence, as assaults had been made on our lines every night.

The next day we were again marched to the front to retake a part of the line that had been captured, and did so in a handsome charge, driving the enemy before us and eliciting the praise of General Early, who was in command of the corps

since the Wilderness fight, General A. P Hill being sick. The whole face of the earth in and around was covered with dead Yankees killed in this affair. During the day we saw the Federal General Sedgwick shot and killed by a sharpshooter while he was superintending the placing of a gun to enfilade our lines. He was more than a half mile away. A friend informs us that a beautiful monument has been erected on the spot.

We were sent next day to the right to support General Wright, of Georgia, while he was sent in to make a reconnoissance, we holding his lines while he made his move on Grant's works. Finding the enemy's lines well manned he soon retired, suffering some loss, and occupied his old ground, and we were sent back to the left of the court house where we spent the day under heavy shelling, losing several men. We remained in all about ten days at Spottsylvania, on the go all the time. We could not lie down with any assurance that we would be undisturbed for five minutes. The last day we were there, after being under fire of the sharpshooters and artillery all day, we were moved from the left of the court house down to the right and sent into the Yankee lines to see what they were doing. The line was formed just inside of our lines, and we moved forward over the open ground, then through a piece of woods, and crossing over a high rail fence we found ourselves in front of their works and were at once fired on by sharpshooters and their artillery from outside works, about one hundred yards in rear. Without stopping to return the fire, we made a rush for the works and drove them back into the second line. After holding this line for an hour under a very heavy fire of solid shot, we were ordered to march out by the flank, and going back to the road at the court house we found the army in motion and at once took up the line of march toward the North Anna river. After marching several hours we halted to rest in a piece of woods, and there for the first time in more than two weeks we had a few hours of uninterrupted rest and sleep. Next morning we were up early and on the march, and soon after crossing North Anna river we struck the Fredericksburg railroad, and following it down to Ander-

son Station we spent near two days in manœuvering between that and the river.

JERICHO FORD.

On the afternoon of the second day we were ordered back to the station, and following the railroad back in the direction of the river about a mile we came to a water tank, where we found the Light Division in line of battle. The order to move forward soon came, and the Division moved off through an open woods in excellent order and fine style, General Thomas' Georgia Brigade on the left and resting on the river. There being no place for Scales' Brigade, we marched in rear of Thomas, the Sixteenth leading. General Thomas mounted his horse and rode in rear of his troops, hollowing as if he was in a fox chase; soon reaching a fence in the edge of the woods, with a clover field in front, the fence was thrown down and the field entered, when his line was fired on from the cedar hedge just on the brow of the hill by a line of sharpshooters. The whole of Georgia broke loose and ran for dear life. The Sixteenth standing end foremost at the head of the brigade, Colonel W A. Stowe ordered them into line, and we moved to the front, the Yankees running down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them. We followed up to the cedars, and by the time we reached the hedge they had got down the hill and across a branch, and going up a hill in front of us our men had a fair chance to pick them off. One poor fellow was lame and got behind, but he did some of the hardest running I ever saw. I don't think he was hit, though I saw a good many balls strike near him.

As soon as the pickets got out of danger, the guns on the high ground beyond began to pay their respects to us, giving us a fusillade of grape and canister. The Sixteenth was standing there alone, unsupported, no other being in sight. The writer, who was standing about twenty feet in front, called to the Colonel that it would not do to stand there, we must move forward, and he gave the order to do so at once. We moved down the hill, crossing the branch and then up to near the brow of the hill and lay down, the shot passing over us, a few of our men being hit. We soon discovered that a

movement was starting in our front to cut us off and capture us, and reporting the fact to the Colonel he ordered us to fall back to the branch in line; he then led us down the branch by the left flank until we reached the river, then keeping well under the bank of the river we kept up the river until we came to the railroad, and following that we soon found the other regiments of our brigade. I never could tell how it was that we were allowed to go into such a place alone or how the others got away. I was informed by a man at Division Headquarters that General Wilcox cursed out Thomas and the others who failed to come up. This place was called Jericho Ford. We spent the night on the railroad near the water tank where we went in and next morning moved down to the station.

When we got back to the station we found that General Smith, chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia, had already located a line and done a lot of work. The line ran through a beautiful garden, which was soon torn up with trenches and embankments for artillery—everything in the way of vegetables, pot plants and herbs destroyed and the garden ruined. The Yankees soon found us out and followed up. The second day we found them established in our front with artillery and small arms. During a rain storm I had crawled under a high piazza for protection, but had hardly gotten in a comfortable position when the first shot fired came crashing through the house above me, and I soon walked out into the rain but did not find much comfort then, for a gun fired from the opposite side of the river, enfilading our line, killed two men in the company on the left of Company G and all was confusion for a short time. The rain soon stopped, and dark coming on the men were put to work by the engineer in charge of the line so as not to be enfiladed. We remained at this place about a week; had no general engagement, but kept up a sharp picket fight very near all the time we remained.

General Lee finding that General Grant was again on the move to flank him, we again started to head him off, and crossing the South Anna river and passing between Hanover Junction and Ashland, we stopped for the night in the swamp near the latter place. Early next morning we were again on the

march, and about 12 M. halted near Green Pole church, throwing up strong works and remaining three days with heavy picket and artillery firing all the time. I think the Sixteenth had but one man killed, Sergeant Westall, a gallant young fellow of Company H, Macon County, killed on the picket line. We left this place early next morning and passed down by Beaver Dam Station to Atlee's Station and spent two days as reserve corps. Just four weeks from the time we left Orange, we were told that the officers' baggage wagon was just in rear near the branch and we could go back for a short time and clean up, which we gladly accepted. I had changed my clothes on the morning we had gone on picket at Orange, but don't think I had had my shoes off since. We had just gotten through our toilets when the long roll was beat and "fall in, men," was the order, and off we go through heat and dust for Cold Harbor. Passing down in rear of Mechanicsville, we met Breckinridge's and Hoke's Divisions on their way to join Lee, then on, crossing the bridge at Gaines' Mill, which had been burned since we were there in June, 1862, we were soon in front of part of Grant's army drawn up in line on the same field where we had killed so many Zouaves 27 June, 1862.

SECOND COLD HARBOR.

There are three ridges which all come together, the Yankees having possession of the last or outside one, and extending their lines up to the junction, then on the left for several miles. They also had a line of dismounted cavalry on the middle ridge. We turned to the right going down the third or inside ridge, and formed in rear of Breckinridge's artillery; Lane on our left joining Hoke and Breckinridge, McGowan on our right and resting on the Chickahominy. In passing down to the right I walked over the place where I saw a number of Rutherford boys buried in 1862—Sloan, Stafford, Correll and others of Company G; Moore of Company D, and George Foster of Polk.

Soon after our line was formed General Breckinridge galloped down our front and ordered his artillery to open fire on the middle ridge, which was soon cleared and our whole line

moved forward. On reaching the top of the ridge we saw the cavalry dashing out across the bottom in front and into the swamp beyond. Lane had quite a fight on his left, also Hoke and Breckinridge, but all succeeded in clearing the ridge. General Lane was severely wounded and some of his men killed. About dark it began to rain very hard. The writer was ordered to go to the front and relieve the Captain of the sharpshooters, as he had been on continuous duty for three days and nights. I was directed to go to a light that could be seen in front as the place to find the Captain, and feeling my way down the hill into the bottom, soon found myself in a ditch; badly scratched by the briars on the banks, I scrambled out and started ahead, finding another, then a third ditch, but finally reached the place and relieved the Captain and took command of the line, extinguishing the light which had been made for my guidance. The next morning, 3 June, it had cleared off, and just as day began to appear in the east the enemy made a general assault on our left. A part of Lane's Brigade and all of Scales', with McGowan's on our right, being covered by a dense swamp, were not disturbed and had nothing to do but listen and look on for more than two hours, the battle raging with great fury, the enemy making about thirteen assaults with a loss of over 8,000 men killed (5,000 by their own count). Our loss was very slight, being well protected by works put up during the night. I had my position on the road where it entered the swamp and expected to be attacked at any moment, but was undisturbed by any force. One Federal Captain came out who said he had deserted, and one or two wounded men who had missed their way. They were disarmed and sent to the rear. While standing there I heard a gun fire in the swamp on the right, and pretty soon a man came up to me shot through the arm, and said a Yankee sharpshooter had shot him. Taking two men I went down to the place where he had been and cautioned them to watch close and keep themselves well covered or they would get shot if there was any one there, and went back to my post at the road. Some time afterward one of the men came up, bringing a blanket full of holes which he said he found behind a log, showing that the man had shot him-

self. He lost his arm by amputation. About 12 o'clock I was relieved, the fight having ceased except the firing of artillery, and I went back to the line. I found the meadow covered with fine strawberries, and I stopped and enjoyed a fine feast with the shells flying over my head. On getting up to the lines and going up a little way to the left I could see the ground in front of the works covered with dead Yankees.* Next day they sent a flag of truce asking leave to remove their dead and wounded, and for more than two hours they were busy with litters and ambulances getting them off.

After the repulse of Grant's troops on the 3d, we remained in our position undisturbed except by shells and solid shot from beyond the swamp. The men would lie down on the bank to sleep, but regularly at 12 o'clock a big gun would be fired and the shot would come tearing over us, some times striking the bank and going through the house just in our rear. It was not necessary to give orders to fall in, for the boys had already rolled in and there they lay for two hours while the firing continued.

RIDDLE'S SHOP.

On the morning of 13 June, just eleven days after coming to Cold Harbor, orders were received to be ready to march at once, and we were soon on the way crossing the Chickahominy and passing Seven Pines, we crossed the Nine Mile road and took the road to White Oak Swamp and Frazier's farm. About 1 p. m., we found the cavalry stopped by the roadside in an old field, and we knew that we were close to the enemy. Passing the cavalry a short distance we turned to the left of the road through the pines and were halted and faced to the front, and soon General Wilcox's voice was heard ringing out, "Forward march, guide right," and off we moved in line of battle. Soon the Federal sharpshooters began to fire at us through the pines, the balls whistling by and now and then striking down a brave rebel. We drove them through the woods and into an old field, and were making a dash to capture a rifle gun which had been shelling us, when General

* It was here that when Grant ordered a second advance not a man in his whole army moved.—ED.

Wilcox galloped up and ordered us to fall back into the pines about one hundred yards, where we formed line. The gun mentioned we would have captured in another moment for the men had left it, opened on us again and got our range so accurately that the shells struck our lines at every fire. Our men lay flat on the ground but this did not save them, for they were being killed and wounded by the dozen, Company G losing six in less than that many minutes. I was standing with a group of officers watching the movement of the enemy, when I was struck by a piece of shell, making a slight wound on my right hand, cutting the guard of my sword in two and striking me in the stomach, of course knocking me speechless. I remember Colonel Stowe taking me by the collar and pulling me back against a big tree; the Adjutant got a canteen of water and he and the Lieutenant-Colonel worked with and rubbed me until I could speak, and a man from my own company ran out, picked me up and started to carry me off when General Scales, who was lying behind a tree fifty yards in the rear, called to Stowe and inquired who was wounded, telling him to send the man back to his place; that he had a man with him who would attend to me. I was then taken up and carried about a mile up the road, where we found a doctor and the ambulances, and getting into one I was taken back to the field hospital and the next day sent to Richmond, where I spent the most miserable six weeks of my life at Winder Hospital, leaving there on Sunday morning, 31 July, the day after the great mine at Petersburg was blown up, and if they had succeeded in cutting the southern road as they expected, I would now be resting in Hollywood Cemetery, for I know I could not have lasted many more days at Winder Hospital.

I wish here to pay tribute to the memory of a brave man, the man who picked me up at Riddle's Shop and who I never saw again. Before going into the battle of the Wilderness there were twelve men detailed to act as color guard, with strict orders not to leave the flag for a moment. My position as commander of the sixth company in line would naturally be next to the colors. After the opening of the fight at the Wilderness I never saw but one of their men, and that was

Adolphus B. Carson, of Company G, of Rutherford County. I could lay my hand on him at any hour, day or night, during the six weeks. The poor fellow died soon after at Petersburg. He joined Company G in March, 1862, at Fredericksburg, and was never absent from the regiment for one hour except from sickness, and had never asked for a pass to go outside. In February, 1864, I had the privilege of giving a furlough of eighteen days, and I gave it to him.

On Sunday morning, 31 July, I left Richmond for home, reaching there late on Monday, where I remained until Tuesday afternoon. Just after being put out of the hack from Cherryville and while lying on the hotel porch, Dr. Miller passed, and seeing me stopped and invited me home with him, but not feeling able to walk I had to decline his kind invitation. He then said after feeling my hands: "You need a stimulant; you must have some brandy," whereupon a now very prominent man of Shelby stepped up and said: "I will bring him some." He soon returned with a bottle and small glass, and poured about two spoonfuls into the glass and I drank it. He then informed me that I owed him a dollar, which I paid him, and have taken particular pains never to speak to him again.

Leaving Shelby about 2 p. m. Tuesday, we reached Webb's Ford about dark to find the bridge undergoing repairs; the floor being off, the driver set me afoot and went home. Rev. G. M. Webb very kindly gave me a glass of buttermilk and loaned me a horse to ride home on, which W L. Davis promised to take care of and return next day On reaching the bridge we found that it could not be crossed by horses, but Davis hired a man to ford the river with them and we crossed on the sleepers. We reached home about 1 p. m., to find the town full of people waiting to hear the news from friends in the army.

I remained at home until 1 November, 1864, reporting once at Columbia, S. C., and once at Asheville. I would here crave the pardon of the reader for giving so much of my own experience, but will say as one of old said of Solomon, "The half has not been told."

On 1 November, 1864, I found the Sixteenth at Battery

45, on the Boydton Plank road near Petersburg. The regiment was moved next day nearer the city, just where the Weldon Railroad crossed our lines, and at once went to work erecting cabins for winter quarters.

PETERSBURG.

The day after I left the Sixteenth at Riddle's Shop, the regiment was marched to Richmond, embarked on the cars and rushed to Petersburg, where it arrived just in time to meet the advance of Grant's army in their attempt to capture the place. The Sixteenth was in a number of engagements during the summer, including the repulse at the celebrated mine sprung by Burnside 30 July, and in which he admits that his loss in killed was over 6,500. The Sixteenth was engaged in all the movements of the army round Petersburg during the summer on both sides of the Appomattox, but as I was absent I am not prepared at this late day to give the details.

WINTER OF 1864-'65.

Very early in November we commenced building winter quarters, going in between the lines and cutting the pine poles which grew plentifully in our front. General Lee issued a general order that no timber should be cut in rear of the line, so all our firewood and cabin material had to be carried across a field near a half mile; the distance between the opposing lines at this point was more than a mile. An amusing incident, showing General Lee's attention to small things, occurred here in which a member of Company G figured as a party of the second part. The medical department of our brigade was located a half mile in rear of our line. John Steadman, of Company G, was detailed as ambulance driver, being disabled by wounds in knee from marching. General Lee was riding along in the rear one day and found Steadman cutting a pine tree and asked: "What are you cutting that tree for?" Steadman answered: "To burn, of course." "Don't you know," said the General, "that it is against orders? What is your name and command?" ordering him to report to his command under arrest. Steadman grinned and thought "that's all right, I'll never hear of it again," but to

his utter surprise the next day an order came from headquarters to put John Steadman under arrest for cutting trees in rear of the line.

We got our cabins fixed up pretty soon, and then regular details were made each day for work and picket. No camp guard was kept up. General Lee had an immense dam constructed across a creek that run between Battery 45 and Fort Gregg on the opposite hill, there being nothing between the two forts. Our men were called on to work on the dam and in a mine near our camp. About Christmas this dam was completed and the waters stopped, but the dam did not fill for two weeks, but when it did fill it was the largest body of fresh water I ever saw and completely filled up the line between the two forts. Then came a long and hard rain during the latter part of the winter which broke the dam and tore up everything below, smashed the railroad bridge and the stone viaducts of the canal and almost stopped the Appomattox so that all our hard work went for nothing.

Christmas dinner, 1864.

About 1 December the Yankee papers gave an account of a Christmas dinner that the people of the United States were going to furnish their soldiers. Our papers also had a great deal to say about it, and it was soon suggested that our army have a Christmas dinner, and the people of the South were requested to furnish it. A paper was sent to the company officers asking their opinions on the matter. I signed in opposition to the dinner, as I had spent the summer in North and South Carolina and thought I understood the condition of things there, and the other States were even in a worse condition. We were losing territory every day and communication from the South was being constantly cut off, and I could not see how anything could be accomplished to the satisfaction of the army. I suggested that if the people had anything to spare that they send it to their immediate friends and let them enjoy it. I was out-voted and the dinner was ordered to be sent. About two weeks after Christmas we had orders to send to the commissary for our Christmas dinner, and when it came we got for Company G one drumstick of a turkey, one rib of

mutton, one slice of roast beef, two biscuits, and a slice of lightbread.

So our Christmas dinner was a failure, as I feared it would be.

Early in December, 1864, General Grant made a move to the left, known by the men as the "Belfield Raid." The Sixteenth was ordered out and marched just before dark, going down the Weldon Railroad and as far as Belfield, in rain, sleet and snow, but before we got there the Yankees under Sheridan had been defeated and driven off, and after an absence of five days, hard marching but no fighting, the Sixteenth was again back at Petersburg in their old quarters, where we spent the remainder of the winter.

The first thing that greeted our sight each morning when we opened our doors and looked to the front was the Federal flag floating high above the timber in our front, and an observatory with a lookout on the top overlooking our lines and Petersburg. During the winter there were several beautiful displays of fireworks on the lines below us, which we enjoyed very much, being at a safe distance. We would stand sometimes half the night watching the mortar shells flying through the air, sometimes bursting in their passage and often appearing to meet each other in the air.

FORT STEDMAN, 25 MARCH, 1865.

On the night of 24 March, General Lee massed a number of troops on the left of him and in front of Fort Stedman for the purpose of capturing the fort. The lines at this point were about 150 yards apart, the picket lines within fifty yards of each other. The pickets were generally captured before they suspected anything was wrong, and then a grand dash was made at the fort and works around, which were soon captured. By this time the Federals were waked up all along the line and were moving to recapture the lost ground. There was a great stir and commotion among them in our front, and we expected them to make a dash at us, but we were not disturbed—only badly scared. Very soon it was found that such a strong force was brought against the place, and that all the works captured could be enfiladed from other batteries,

so the position could not be held, and orders were given to fall back, and we lost more men in falling back than in making the assault. A great many lay down and were captured—and a great many were killed—and not many got back safely into our lines.

On the 26th Grant made a reconnoissance in our front with a strong force, by making an attempt to cross over the ground that had been covered by the big dam that had been washed away a few weeks before. I suppose they were satisfied, as they withdrew their troops after a sharp skirmish with Scales' Brigade and other troops on the ground. The next day he commenced moving troops to his left, and we were ordered to march in the same direction. Just as I was packing my traps for the move, I was notified that I was to be left with a small party from the brigade to keep up a show of fight and take care of the property of the brigade. My orders were to keep these men in the works all through the day and make as big a show and as much noise as we could with the small force (about forty) left with me, and not to leave until the Yankees were on the works; but I knew that if we stayed there that long we would be like the Irishman at Bull Run. When teased for running at that fight he replied: "Faith, and thim that didn't run is there yet." The brigade marched out after dark, and I was left alone with 20,000 Yankees in front with nothing to do but walk over and take us home with them, but they didn't come. The pickets who had been put on duty that morning were left and were not relieved for three days. The Sixteenth was engaged in all the fights and skirmishes from Petersburg to Five Forks on the 31st, where more than half the regiment was cut off and captured, the remaining portion making their way with the brigade toward Burkeville. On Friday night as I was lying in my cabin asleep some one came and knocked, and on my enquiring what was wanted answered that they wanted quarters for General Cox and his brigade; that he had been sent there to reinforce me. Of course I was glad help was at hand and that the responsibility was to be removed from my shoulders to that of higher authority. The next morning I found General W R. Cox, of North Carolina, and his brigade on the

ground. On reporting to him and looking over the ground with him, and having our pickets relieved, he insisted that I should take my men out of the works in front of our camp and take them down on the left of the Weldon Railroad. To this move I objected, as I was acting under orders from General Wilcox and did not think I had any right to leave. I told him that of course I would yield to him and would put my men in the works between his, as his were posted at least twenty feet apart, but he thought that would cause some confusion with his men. I told him then that I had a special duty to perform and that I would take my own men out of the works and retire to the cabins, which I did. I have met the General several time since, and he always jokes me about not wanting to yield the command to him. Everything remained quiet in our front during the day, but there was fighting going on all day on our left about Fort Stedman with artillery. About 12 o'clock that night, 1 April, reading the Lamp Lighter, I heard a gun fired in front and a shot came screaming over our works, and from that time on until daylight it was kept up making it very uncomfortable for us, but doing no damage.

LINES BROKEN AT LAST.

At daylight Sunday, 2 April, a general advance was made all along the line. The ground in front of us was open for more than a mile, and we could see thousands of troops marching across our front in the same direction taken by them in their sortie a few days before, showing that they had mapped out their course on the former occasion. There was nothing to stop them after driving in our pickets, and crossing the creek that had been dammed they struck Lane's Brigade, breaking their line and passing on to attack Fort Gregg in rear of his line and on the hill opposite Battery 45. I stood on 45 all day long and watched the operations. A part of Lane's brigade had fallen back into it, with some Mississippi troops and probably some others. I do not know who was in command of the party, but I do know that they made the most gallant fight that I ever looked at. Five times I saw the assaulting column form on the hill and charge, and four times

they were repulsed, but the fifth and last time they got the fort, but nothing else as the artillery had been withdrawn, and the fort had been gallantly defended by less than one hundred infantry. I could not help thinking how foolish they were to sacrifice so many men as I saw fall for the capture of a fort that was already cut off, surrounded and would have been soon abandoned. I have always thought that the reason they did not attack us was on account of a mine that had been run from the works of our brigade some two hundred yards to the front near a large house. I was sure that they had got the location of it from deserters from our lines, and I want to say that the only man of the original Company G who ever deserted, had worked all the winter in this mine. The fighting and skirmishing was kept up all day, the shells flying around and over us, but doing no harm that I saw. Our sharpshooters were being driven in, and before dark they had reached the house in front near the mine. All the afternoon Colonel Lane, who was in command of the artillery that was posted on our line, had been withdrawing his artillery and everything looked like a break up.

The last time I remember seeing Colonel Lane he was galloping up Halifax street on a little poor sorrel colt with a rope bridle, and using a shingle for a whip. In the meantime Longstreet had crossed over the James and had thrown his forces between Petersburg and the Appomattox, and was holding the only bridge open to us.

As I stood on No. 45 pretty much all day Sunday, 2 April, and saw the Yankees march across our front, crossing over the creek where the big dam had been, and sweep Lane's Brigade out of their way and then assault and capture Fort Gregg—I felt that everything was lost, on that line at least.

Everything was in confusion on our lines all day, and we expected nothing but that we would be assaulted every moment, but were not disturbed except by their artillery which kept up a fire all day on our lines, I think for the purpose of seeing if our forces had not been moved out. Late in the afternoon a wagoner drove up to camp and called to me that he had been sent to take the baggage of the officers of the Sixteenth. I had just before gone over my kit and

made a small bundle of my papers and a few things that I wanted to save and thought I would carry with me, but to relieve myself of a burden I put it all back and loaded everything in the wagon, which drove off across the railroad, and I heard nothing more of it until I reached Farmville. There on reaching the Quartermaster's camp on the opposite side of the river, he found Colonel Ashford, of the Thirty-eighth, who had been wounded in the arm, and who made the driver throw out our baggage and put in his. I was very much disappointed and worried, as I had lost all my private and public papers and some very valuable articles, including all my clothing except what I had on.

Colonel Lane, who was in command of the artillery, was a son of General Joe Lane, of Oregon, who was a candidate for Vice-President on the Breckinridge ticket in 1860. He was a good, kind-hearted man. There were some little boys who came every day to our camp to beg for something to eat, and though rations were scarce, we sometimes had a little we could give them. On one occasion a little fellow about four years old came along with a sack, and when asked what he had it for, said: "I'm going to General Lane's tent; he gives me a pint of meal every day I didn't go yesterday, and he'll give me a quart to-day."

THE HISTORIC RETREAT BEGUN.

About 10 o'clock that night, or Monday morning, we had orders to evacuate the place, which was quietly done. On reaching the city we found everything in confusion, hundreds of negroes surrounded the commissary department, some rolling off barrels of flour, others carrying off hams and everything they could lay their hands on and get away with. A barrel of whiskey had been emptied into the gutter, and as we passed we saw an old negro man dipping it up with a tin cup and drinking it, jumping up cracking his feet together as happy as a lord. We soon left the city and crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, and marched on the main road through Chesterfield County, between the James and Appomattox. After daylight I found that I had lost one of my men, James Hoyle, of Company G, and have never heard of him since.

He was wounded in the knee and I suppose must have given out in the night and was probably picked up next day by the cavalry, and quite likely died in prison. After some time I saw an old man marching ahead of me with a shawl on his shoulder, and soon recognized old Dr. Armstrong, who had spent the fall and winter in and around our camp, and preached to us often. He was an old Presbyterian D. D., and had been imprisoned by General Butler when in command of Norfolk, and had been made to sweep the streets with a ball and chain on his leg and under a negro guard. When I caught up with him and asked him why he was leaving he replied; "I never expect to fall into the hands of General Butler again if I can help it." He kept up with us till we reached Appomattox, and I heard some time ago that he was still alive at his home in Norfolk. We marched all day Monday and Monday night, and Tuesday morning, 4 April, just at daylight recrossed the Appomattox, having to wade some distance before reaching the bridge, and there we found the remnant of the Sixteenth under Colonel Stowe. After resting an hour we again took the road and reached Amelia Court House, where we spent the night, getting a very small quantity of rations, the first since leaving Petersburg. Just as we were ready to march the next morning, Wednesday, a courier dashed up with the news that the Yankee cavalry was raiding our wagon train on another road, and the Sixteenth was started at once to drive them away We found several wagons with their wheels cut down and others on fire, the teams all gone, the ground strewn with officers' trunks all broken open and rifled of their contents. While there a gentleman came up with a small piece of silverware that he had found. He said they had robbed his house of everything they could carry off, but had dropped that one piece on the road. We followed for some distance, but the only Yankee we saw was a cavalryman who was so drunk that he didn't know anything. Some one had taken all his outer clothing off, and we left him lying in the road as we found him. We found the brigade resting about 11 o'clock that night, and early next morning were again on the march in the direction of Farmville, which we

reached on the morning of the 7th, where we found our wagon train and I learned of my loss.

FARMVILLE.

On 7 May, at Farmville, we were attacked by a whole corps of infantry and one division of cavalry, and after a sharp fight the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss, including one General. Here, so far as I know, the last Federal soldier was shot by the Sixteenth. Israel Higgins, of Company G, being on the skirmish line, shot an officer off his horse and then crawled out to him and got the horse and brought it in, but in doing so he was seriously wounded and had to be left in the hospital there. After the surrender at Appomattox I was sent to from division headquarters for his name which I gave. Before the enemy could bring up their reinforcements we were again met on the march in the direction of Appomattox Court House, but in the afternoon we made a stand, formed line of battle and got ready to give the enemy a warm welcome. They came in sight, formed line and we expected every moment that they would advance on us, but with the exception of shelling us a little they did not trouble us. After dark we again moved off and marched all night and day of the 8th, with a short stop or so for rest, and went into camp about two miles from the court house. The last time I left home a little niece of mine put half a dozen ears of popcorn in my haversack; I still had one left, and that was my only supper. We each got a pint of meal that night, but too late to be baked, so carried it over.

Early on Sunday morning, 9 April, we were aroused and soon on the way, but for some reason unknown to us, our progress was very slow. We would march a little way, then stop and stand for some time, then move on to be halted again, and it being still dark we could not see what was going on ahead. We had about 1,500 prisoners, including one General of cavalry, and we thought may be they were delaying the march. Just as daylight began to appear we heard picket firing in front, and as we came nearer the firing became more rapid until about sunrise it sounded very much like a general engagement. About this time we came in sight of Appomat-

tox Court House and could see troops engaged on the high grounds beyond. Appomattox is just such a town as Rutherfordton, the main street running east and west instead of north and south, with a large branch at the foot of the hill, with the much talked of apple tree in the bottom to the right of the road. There is no branch on the south side, but the ground rises gradually into a long, high ridge, resembling the ridge from Captain Bell's school building to New Hope Church and on to the right.

APPOMATTOX.

General Lee had divided his army into two wings after the death of A. P Hill, who was killed on 2 April, near Fort Gregg, the Third Corps (Hill's) being attached to Longstreet's and the Second was under General Ewell; but he, with a number of other officers, had been captured the day before. That wing of the army was under command of General Gordon, who was then doing the fighting on the heights south of the town. As we marched down the hill toward the town we met two Confederate and one Federal officer coming in a gallop, the Federal carrying a white flag, and from his dress and long yellow ringlets, I recognized him as General Custer. They were then on their way to General Longstreet to have him stop the march. A very short time after they passed and just as the Sixteenth had reached the branch and near the old apple tree, an order came to right about march. We immediately turned and marched by the left flank a short distance and then left the road, going up on just such a place as where T. B. Justice's residence stands, were halted and ordered to stack arms and rest. A few minutes after we had stopped, as I was lying down by a tree in rear of the line, a Confederate officer rode down from the woods behind us, and approaching me asked why the firing had ceased in front. I told him I did not know, but there was a rumor and a suspicion that the army was going to surrender. He asked: "What makes you think so?" I told him what I had seen, and pointing to the hill on the opposite side of the road directed his attention to the artillery coming off the field. He then asked where the Colonel of the regiment was, and on Colonel Stowe being

pointed out he rode down to where he was, and leaning down said something to him that I could not hear, but I heard the Colonel say: "No! No!" He then put spurs to his horse and dashed back through the woods and was soon out of sight. We soon heard a number of carbines crack and followed by the last rebel yell I ever heard—then all was quiet. I learned afterwards that it was General Rosser of the cavalry, and he with General Mart Gary, of South Carolina, with a number of others, cut their way out and did not surrender. A brother of the writer, who was on the hill with the artillery, said he never saw a more gallant charge during the war. After getting through they struck Sheridan's wagon train and burnt about five miles of it, and that was stated as one reason why they did not give us any rations but kept us there four days without a mouthful to eat and sent us away without anything.

A few hours after we had gone back to the hill General Lee rode back from the front, and as he passed the men all ran down to the road and surrounded him, everyone trying to shake hands with him, many of them in tears. He took off his hat and made a little speech in which he said: "Boys, I have done the best I could for you. Go home now and if you make as good citizens as you have soldiers, you will do well, and I shall always be proud of you. Goodbye, and God bless you all." He seemed so full that he could say no more, but with tears in his eyes he gave Traveler the rein and rode off in the direction of his headquarters, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

PAROLES.

The same day the officers of the different commands were ordered to sign the following parole, viz.:

"We, the undersigned prisoners of war, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having this day been surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the Armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of

the latter until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

"Done at Appomattox Court House, Va., this the 9th day of April, 1865."

The above officers will not be disturbed by the United States authorities as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

GEO. H. SHARPE,
General Assistant Provost Marshal.

Regimental and company officers were ordered to sign the following obligation for the men:

"I, the undersigned commanding officer of ———, do, for the within named prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, who have been this day surrendered by General Robert E. Lee, Confederate Army, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding Armies of the United States, hereby give my solemn parole of honor, that the within named shall not serve in the Armies of the Confederate States, or in military or other capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

"Done at Appomattox Court House, this 9th day of April, 1865."

On the next day, the 10th, the following farewell address was issued to the army by General Lee:

General Order No. 9. Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, 10 April, 1865.—After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but knowing that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that would attend a continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past valor has en-

deared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind devotion and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

It was arranged that each regimental or battalion commander should sign paroles for the officers and men under them, and accordingly, after waiting four days, on Wednesday, the 12th, Wilcox's Light Division was reached and the company commanders were furnished a parole for each man surrendered like the following:

Appomattox C. H., Virginia, April 10, 1865.—(Paroled Prisoner's Pass.)—The bearer, Private F. D. Wood, of Company G, Sixteenth North Carolina Troops, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

W. A. STOWE,
Colonel Commanding Regiment.

ARMS STACKED.

About 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th, we marched into the main street of the town and marched in between two lines of Yankees faced inward, who at order of their commander presented arms, which was followed by our men. The men then stacked arms and were marched back to the place where we came from, and gathering up what few belongings we had left the Light Division formed line for the last time and marched out, passing again over the ground where we had lately surrendered and out of the town on the road to Campbell Court House. There was no demonstration of joy or rejoicing when we surrendered or marched through the Federal lines, but everything passed off quietly. We saw

very few of their officers or men while we were there. Major-General Gibbon came to our camp to see his brother, Dr. Gibbon, one of our surgeons. He enquired what troops it was defended Fort Gregg on Sunday before, and said he had never seen such a gallant defence by so small a party

General Sheridan also rode through our camp, but did not speak to any one so far as I heard. While we were stacking our arms in the street I saw a young lady standing on a veranda in front of us crying. I wanted to go to her, take her in my arms and kiss her, but could not break ranks just then —too many Yankees between us.

INCIDENTS ON THE TRIP HOME.

Gathering up the company we marched about five miles that evening and then stopped in a piece of woods for the night, without anything to eat or any prospect for breakfast. It rained hard during the night and we had to take it, there being no chance for shelter. Next morning was fair and bright when we got up. I called up all the members of Company G and gave each one his parole, telling them I thought they had better get away from that crowd as soon as possible, as I had fears that they would suffer for food if they kept with it, that I expected to take the first road I saw leading to the right. There were paroled with me F D. Wood, R. S. Callahan, C. C. Hawkins, Joseph Jay and John P Eaves, of the original company; Jo and Josh Steadman, J A. Justice and W H. Jay, recruits from Rutherford County; J. C. Camp, of Polk, and Isham S. Upchurch, Joseph and Elisha Cole of Chatham, and Daniel Boon Dallas of Robeson County We soon came to a road that seemed to lead into a mountain on the right. I told the men that I was going to take that road, they could go with me or on the main road as they chose. Bidding the Chatham men goodbye I turned to the right and found that all the Rutherford men followed me but three. We soon began to pass farm houses and made application for something to eat, but received the same answer from all: "Nothing for ourselves; both armies have been in the country for a week and have taken everything we had." Finally about 12 o'clock, when I was almost

ready to give up, we came to a large house, and on entering the yard we found no white person at home except a young lady, and on making our wants known we received the same answer. I then asked her if she would allow us to rest a short while on the grass near a beautiful spring in the yard. Looking through the hall I saw a large map hanging on the wall and asked permission to look at it a moment, and while examining it she stood near while I pointed out the route we wanted to travel. She then said she had some cow peas that she would give us if we could use them, and I told her anything that would sustain life and give us strength to travel until we could reach a part of the country that had not been overrun by soldiers, would be thankfully received. She then went up stairs and brought down a half gallon, which I gave to one of the men to cook. One of the party had a little salt, the only seasoning we had, and I don't think I ever enjoyed a dish of peas more in my life, and again thanking the young lady for her kindness, we started on the tramp feeling much refreshed.

After leaving the kind young lady who gave us the peas, we passed a number of fine merchant mills on the way, but could get nothing from any of them, all claiming that their grain and flour had been pressed for the army. Every one we approached said "if you go to Henry Alexander's you can get something." Finding that he lived on the road we were traveling, we made for his house, and as we walked up into the yard an old gentleman came out and said: "Well, how many of you is there along," and being told there was fourteen in all, he gave us a shoulder of meat and near a half bushel of meal, and one of his daughters went in and came back with a lap full of eggs, another with some Irish potatoes and other eatables, all most acceptable to a lot of hungry men. It being still sometime until night, we took the good things given us with many thanks and moved on several miles, stopping at a house just before night and getting our provisions cooked we ate a hearty supper and then went to a school house, built a fire and went to bed on the floor. The next morning after travelling a few miles we stopped on the road and ate the remains of Alexander's rations, and then agreed to

travel in smaller parties, as we found it hard to get food for such a large crowd. Captain Joe Mills of Brindletown, Dr. R. R. Murphy and John Corn of Polk, with Bill Carson, a servant of Joe Mills, took the first left hand road we came to, the others keeping the right. After that we had no trouble in getting places to stay and food to eat. On Monday, the 17th, Tom McEntire and W T. Wilkins caught up with us at G. W Napiers, the old tobacco trader, who used to travel through this country before the war. After Tom came with his fiddle we had a fine time, but I don't suppose the readers will be interested in our trip. We passed through Campbell, Bedford, Henry and Patrick Counties, Virginia, and Stokes, Surry, Yadkin, Wilkes, Caldwell, Burke and McDowell, then home, where we arrived on 27 April.

Just at the mile post on the Asheville road I met Colonel Wash Hardy driving an ambulance, with Mrs. General Polk and daughters, on their way to Asheville. Telling them that I had heard at Morganton that the Yankees had left Asheville and gone down into Tennessee, they drove on and in a few miles met the Federal General Palmer and 1,500 of his bummers. Learning who the ladies were, they allowed Colonel Hardy to go on with them, but made him promise to turn over the team and ambulance to a Quartermaster they had left at Asheville.

HOME AT LAST.

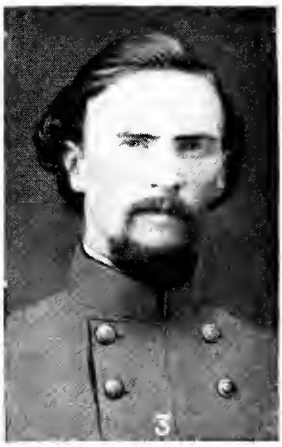
A few hours after reaching home, while sitting on the street talking to some friends, a party of about a dozen Yanks rode down the street carrying a white flag. Some of the boys who had not had enough of war stopped them and talked about capturing the party. The Lieutenant in command said they were going to carry a message to some troops below to stop taking property, as the war was over, and on the strength of that they were allowed to go. The officer in charge smiled very blandly as they rode off. They then proceeded to cross the branch on the Shelby road, and true to habit established themselves as a picket post and caught every one who attempted to leave town by that road. One man from the country who had come in horseback, saw them pass,

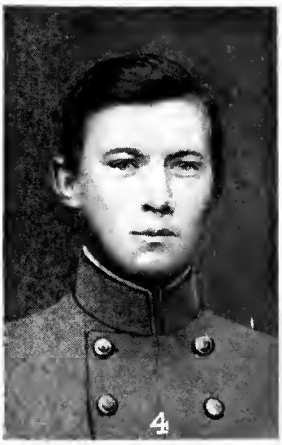
ran and jumped on his horse without waiting to put on the saddle, and went out of town at full speed, calling to some one as he passed to get his saddle. Every one laughed at him for being scared, but he was the only one who saved his horse. In a very few minutes after this there was at least fifteen hundred Yankees in town. A number of citizens who had hid out their horses and other valuables, thinking the coast was clear had brought them in, only to have everything that a Yankee could steal taken from them. While standing on the street looking on, a party of officers rode up to the front gate of one of our citizens, dismounted and entered the house, the family coming down to the gate. I thought I would walk up and speak to them. One who, four years later, became very near and dear to me, came running down the walk wringing her hands and crying, and without any welcome to me, said: "Do go and tell Settle, Hawes and the others to get away with their horses—please go." Not knowing who they were, I asked who and where they were. "Oh, McCormack's men—Wheeler's Cavalry," was the answer. I afterward learned they were a lot of Kentucky cavalry who had straggled off from the army, and thinking they had found a safe place had stopped here and were feeding their horses on the public corn and were being feasted and feted by the citizens, and soon as the Yankees came took refuge in Mrs. McDowell's attic and there remained until General Palmer left next day, taking the Blue Grass horses with them but leaving the men as not being of any value.

I have tried in this long and rambling story to do nothing but justice to all, and to tell nothing but the truth, though I am fully conscious that I have not told the half, so I think I had better close without any apology to anyone; the only thing I am sorry for is that it has not been better told.

G. H. MILLS.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.





TENTH (1 Art.) REGIMENT.

1. W. R. Capehart, Surgeon, C. S. A.
2. Robert H. Brooks, Sergt., Co A, Manly's Battery, 10th Regt. (1 Art.)
3. John Springs Davidson, Private, Co. C, Brem's Battery, 10th Regt. (1 Art.)
4. Robt. E. Gibson, Private, Co. D., Ramsay's Battery, 10th Regt. (1 Art.)
5. Jas. N. Thompson, Private, Co. A, Manly's Battery, 10th Regt. (1 Art.)

SUPPLEMENTAL SKETCH TENTH REGIMENT.

FIRST ARTILLERY—COMPANY I.

By T. C. MOORE, First Lieutenant Company I.

I desire to add the following to the brief sketch of Company I, Fourth North Carolina, which is to be found in Vol. 1 of this work, at page 582. I have lost my notebook of the movements of the battery and must write mostly from memory.

Company I, Tenth Regiment State Troops, Light Artillery, was organized in May, 1861, at Wilmington, with Samuel R. Bunting as Captain; L. H. Bowden, First Lieutenant; D. E. Bunting, Second Lieutenant, and James F Post, Junior Second Lieutenant, and myself as First Sergeant. We were ordered into camp at the Marine Hospital for field drill; then to the old Costin House. From there we were ordered to Wrightsville and Masonboro Sound as coast guard. We remained there until ordered to New Bern 13 March, 1862, to take part in the fight there. Arrived at Kinston and met the troops falling back from New Bern. After that, were put on detached service between Kinston and New Bern, Washington, Greenville and Trenton. We were engaged in the fight at Hobb's Mill. Also in the fight at Gum Swamp, near Kinston, under General Robert Ransom. Then in the fight at Deep Gully under General D. H. Hill; then at the siege and retaking of Washington, N. C. On 13 December, 1863, our battery was engaged in the fight at Kinston. It lasted to 19th at Goldsboro bridge. *26 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 113, 807* We had one man killed and four wounded, and lost two of our guns in these series of fights.

We were then ordered to Fort Fisher, where we remained (or at Masonboro Sound) till the capture of Fisher 15 Jan-

uary, 1865. Captain Southerland was wounded at Sugar Loaf. Our battery's conduct in the assaults on Fort Fisher is mentioned in *87 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1021, 1024* and *88 ditto 1226*. After the fall of Fisher and evacuation of Wilmington we retreated to Northeast river. On the morning of 23 February, 1865, we had two hours fight at Northeast railroad bridge. We then made forced marches thence to Kinston. After arriving at Kinston, under command of General Hoke, we were engaged in his movement 8 March, 1865, when he got in the rear of General Schofield, about 10 or 11 o'clock at night, routing that part of his army and capturing about sixteen hundred prisoners. We fell back to Kinston 10 March. From Kinston we joined General Joseph E. Johnston and were in the three days' battle at Bentonville 19-21 March. After that fight our battery was in the historic retreat to Greensboro. There the battery was surrendered with the army. It was commanded at that time by Captain T. J. Southerland; T. C. Moore, First Lieutenant; T. J. Ivey, Junior First Lieutenant; W W Freeman, Second Lieutenant; C. C. Redd, Junior Second Lieutenant; Stephen A. Currie, First Sergeant, and reported 70 present for duty.

T. C. MOORE.

HAM, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

BATTALION HISTORIES.

BATTALION ORGANIZATION

By THE EDITOR.

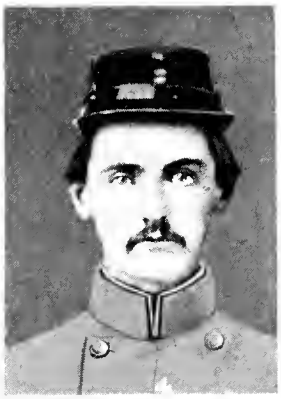
The following Battalions, twenty-five in number, continued in existence till the close of the war, except the Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth, which were merged into regiments, after somewhat lengthy existence as battalions.

The Sixth, Ninth, Eleventh, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth were not *officially* so styled and are herein thus numbered only for convenience, the official designation being given in each case in the sub-head.

There were also several other battalions not hereinafter given whose existence was soon merged into regiments as Singletary's Battalion, which became the Twenty-seventh Regiment; Wm. T. Williams' Battalion, which was raised into the Thirty-second Regiment; Rogers' Battalion, later Forty-seventh Regiment; Evans' Battalion, later Sixty-third Regiment; Sixth Battalion, which was enlarged and made the Sixtieth Regiment. Then there were the eight Reserve Battalions which were merged into the Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and Seventy-eighth Regiments, as is related in the history of the organization of the reserves and several battalions of Senior Reserves were merged into the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Regiments.

There may have been other battalions still which soon lost their separate existence in regimental organization.

Including the "Bethel" Regiment and excluding those nine of following battalions which, as stated above, were merged into regiments, this State furnished 84 regiments, 16 battalions and 13 unattached companies, besides the companies and individuals from this State serving in commands from other States, and nine regiments of Home Guards and the militia rendering short tours of duty.



FIRST BATTALION—SHARPSHOOTERS.

1. R. W. Wharton, Major.
2. R. E. Wilson, Captain, Co. A.
3. James A. Blum, Sergeant, Co. A.
4. George E. Nissen, Sergeant, Co. B.

FIRST BATTALION.

(SHARPSHOOTERS.)

By R. W WHARTON, Major.

This battalion was organized in April, 1862, and was composed of two companies from the Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment.

That regiment originally had twelve companies. At its reorganization in April, 1862, the two commanded, originally, by Captains John K. Connally and R. W Wharton, were organized into a battalion, R. W Wharton with the rank of Major commanding. Captain Connally having previously resigned, Company A, of the battalion, was commanded by Captain R. E. Wilson, and Company B by Captain P D. Headley. Both companies were organized in May, 1861, Company A, in Yadkin county, and Company B, in Forsyth. Most of the members of the two companies were from those two counties, though there were some from the adjoining counties.

The history of the Twenty-first Regiment, originally the Eleventh Volunteers, is the history of the two companies composing the battalion during the first year of the war. The Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment, though composed entirely of North Carolina troops, was organized at Danville, Va., in June, 1861, where it remained about three weeks, engaged in company and battalion drill. It went thence to Richmond, Va., and stopping there four or five days, proceeded by railroad, towards Winchester, Va., to join

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Note.—There was also a *First* Battalion of Junior Reserves which was later merged into the Seventieth Regiment whereupon the *Ninth* (Millard's) Battalion was designated the First Battalion and as such attached to the Junior Reserves Brigade. Its story is herein told under the heading "Twentieth Battalion." There was also a *First* Battalion of Senior Reserves whose career is told later on as the "Twenty first Battalion." Moore's Roster gives also the "*First* Battalion Heavy Artillery" whose career is narrated further on under the heading "Ninth Battalion" and the *First* Battalion of Thomas Legions later Eightieth North Carolina. —Ed.

General Joseph E. Johnston. When the regiment arrived at Manassas Junction, about sundown, 16 July, it was ordered to remain on board the cars and wait further orders.

MANASSAS.

At daybreak next morning it was ordered to leave the train and proceed immediately to Mitchell's Ford, on Bull Run. Mitchell's Ford is on the direct road from Manassas Junction to Centerville, about half way between the two places, and about four miles from each. Centerville lies north of the junction, and had been occupied by the enemy under General McDowell on the preceding day, and it was expected that he would attempt to capture the junction that day, the 17th.

The regiment reported to Brigadier-General Bonham, at Mitchell's Ford, and was posted by him on the extreme left of his brigade, about half a mile from the ford. While going to this position the regiment was under fire for the first time. While passing through an old field, the enemy fired a few shot and shell in our direction. Some of the shell exploded quite near us, sounding decidedly ugly and causing a general disposition to duck one's head. The fight on that day was only an artillery duel, with but little damage on either side. No one in the Twenty-first was hurt.

That night the Twenty-first was posted at the ford, occupying several hundred yards on each side of the same and remained in that position up to and during the battle of Sunday, 21 July. Early on the morning of the 21st the enemy opened fire on our position with artillery and kept it up for several hours. The shot were aimed too high, however, and again no one in the regiment was hurt. At first the men were quite nervous, but that soon passed off and when later in the day the Twenty-first was ordered to march on Centerville, a shout went up from one end to the other of the regiment and in ten minutes time it had fallen into line, waded the creek and was on the Centerville side ready for any service required. From some mismanagement, not, however, on the part of the commanding officer of the Twenty-first, but of the commander of the brigade, nothing was accomplished under this order.

After the battle, the Twenty-first remained in the vicinity of Manassas for several weeks, and from bad water and the general unhealthiness of the country there was much sickness among the men and officers. Camp was next moved to a point near Groveton on the Manassas Gap Railroad and about eight miles west of the junction. The change of camp seemed to do no good and in a short time there were between seven and eight hundred sick men in camp. Diarrhœa and camp fever were the prevailing diseases. During the six or seven weeks which the regiment spent in this camp, one hundred and sixty-four of its members died in camp and neighboring houses. From some cause the loss of the two companies, that afterward formed the battalion, were less than half of that of any other two companies in the regiment. From here the regiment went to Bull Run Gap, the point where the railroad passes through the Bull Run mountains. In the latter part of October most of the men, who had survived, were again able for service and the regiment then about 800 strong, moved down to Centerville, where, for some time, a battle seemed imminent. Soon after Christmas the Twenty-first went into winter quarters on the railroad between Manassas and Bull Run. On 8 March, the Twenty-first, with the balance of the army, left Manassas Junction and fell back to the south bank of the Rappahannock river. The Twenty-first was then a part of Ewell's Division, which remained in the vicinity of Rappahannock station until April, when it moved back to Gordonsville and from there moved over into the Valley of Virginia and united with the forces under General Jackson.

BATTALION ORGANIZED.

On the march to the Valley of Virginia, the division halted for two or three days near Gordonsville. During that halt the First Battalion of Sharpshooters was organized, though the two companies composing it remained a part of the Twenty-first until after the battle on 25 May, 1862. It was in that fight the Twenty-first had its real baptism of blood on the field of battle. In that fight every third man of the regiment that went in was killed or wounded in twenty minutes.

General Jackson, with Taylor's Brigade of Louisianians, approached Winchester by the Valley Pike, while Ewell, with Trimble's Brigade, and one or two batteries, approached by the plank road from Port Royal. Shortly before night, on the evening of the 24th, Trimble's Brigade, with the Twenty-first North Carolina in front, came upon the enemy's picket, some three miles out from the town. The picket was soon driven in and the troops advanced until they were about a mile and a half from Winchester. Soon after dark the writer was ordered to proceed with his own and another company to a skirt of woods on the left of the road and about a mile from town. It was expected that we would find the woods occupied by the enemy's skirmishers. We were to drive them out of the woods and hold the same until further orders. We found no one in the woods, but the enemy had left evidence of having recently been there.

WINCHESTER.

At daylight on 25 May, 1862, Colonel Kirkland came up with eight companies of the Twenty-first, ordered the writer to call in his two companies and join the regiment and immediately proceeded down the road toward town at a double-quick. Just at the edge of the town, where the land was cut up into small parcels, surrounded by stone walls and without any warning a whole brigade of Yankees rose up from behind a stone wall on our left and less than seventy-five yards from the road on which the regiment was marching, and poured a deadly fire into our ranks. Colonel Kirkland ordered a charge; some of the men got to the wall behind which the enemy were, but none got over it. We then fell back behind a wall that ran along side the road on which we had been marching and kept up the fight until the enemy's line, which was much longer than ours, extended around on our side so as to subject us to a flank as well as front fire. The regiment was then moved about a hundred yards to the left, in order to protect its right flank and formed with a view of making another attack on the enemy's position, but not in front of the stone wall this time. Our intention was to make

a short detour and get on both sides of the enemy's wall and attack them on the flank.

The men were thoroughly aroused and had no idea of giving up the job until they had driven the enemy from its position. At this juncture orders came to desist from making a further attack, as troops were being sent to the rear of the town to intercept the retreat of the enemy. About this time Major Fulton, with the two other companies, came up and joined the regiment. The Major with two companies had been sent out the previous night into another part of the field and had not got back when the fight began. We were then ordered to protect Latta's battery, which was on a hill not far away. The order was given by General Ewell in person, and was very emphatic. We were told to go with the battery wherever it went and not to leave it under any circumstances. In a short time the battery moved off briskly to and through the town. We followed at a double-quick. When we reached the main street, we found it full of the citizens—old men, ladies and children, who had turned out to feed the Confederate soldiers. Some had pitchers of water, others had plates and trays of bread and chicken and ham and all kinds of good things to eat. As the writer was passing along, a very beautiful young girl gave him a glass of water, at the same time a fine looking old gentleman seized him by the arm, saying come in here, opening a door. I was led up to a side board and commanded to take something. While I was "taking something" in came the good lady of the house with fried chicken and bread. I had no time to stop and eat, but taking my hands full of the good things, I put out after that battery We followed it all that day. Some times we were in sight of it and some times not. On reaching Bunker Hill, twelve miles below Winchester on the road to Martinsburg, we decided to halt for the night and give the stragglers time to come up. These continued to come in for two or three hours and it was noticed that most of them had something that was not water in their canteens. We were on the road again, next morning, as soon as it was light and soon overtook the battery and marched into Martinsburg with the battery and Ashby's Cavalry, about 10

a. m. In a little more than twenty-four hours we had fought a severe battle and marched twenty-two miles in pursuit of the enemy. The Twenty-first went into the fight with about 300 men, the Major and two large companies being absent. Of these 104 were killed or wounded. Colonel Kirkland was severely wounded early in the fight; Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper had wounds from which he died in a few days; Captains Hedgecock and Ligon were killed in the charge on the stone wall. While we, with Latta's Battery and Ashby's Cavalry, were in hot pursuit of General Banks, we supposed that the balance of the brigade was coming on, but more leisurely. Finding, however, that it did not come up, we reported to Colonel Turner Ashby, the ranking officer present and who a day or two afterwards was promoted to Brigadier-General. Colonel Ashby said he had not expected any infantry, but directed us to go into camp and await further orders. Next day he informed us that he had received a dispatch from General Trimble inquiring if we were at Martinsburg and stating that it had not been intended that we should follow the battery there, but only that we should stay by it during the balance of the fight at Winchester. We, however, understood and obeyed the order of General Ewell literally and were well repaid for our hard march. We found Martinsburg full of sutler's stores that had been hastily abandoned. The railroad depot was also crowded with choice commissary supplies and hundreds of boxes of nice things that had been sent out to the Federal officers and soldiers by their friends at home. Every soldier that wanted a box took one. One of them opened his box in the presence of the writer. It contained a dozen bottles of claret, at which he was much disappointed. After the battle at Winchester the two companies that composed the first battalion were detached from the Twenty-first and became a separate command. We remained at Martinsburg five or six days and then rejoined the brigade near Winchester. On reaching Strasburg, twelve miles southwest of Winchester, we left the turnpike and took a road leading in a northwest direction. After marching about two miles we encountered the head of Fremont's column. Fremont, with 25,000 men, was coming

down from northwest Virginia to intercept and capture Jackson with his little army of 14,000 men. Jackson, however, as was his custom, got to the right place first. The Confederates were quickly formed into line of battle and after a little skirmishing and a big demonstration, were quietly withdrawn and reformed in line on the high ridge just west of Strasburg, where we remained until after dark. As soon as it was fully dark we quietly withdrew and made a rapid march in the direction of Woodstock. We marched until 2 a. m. that night. After that we proceeded up the Valley at our leisure and were not molested by the enemy until after we left the pike and were on the road to Port Republic. Next morning after leaving the pike the enemy's cavalry attacked our rear which was in charge of General Turner Ashby The attack was quickly repulsed and some prisoners captured. The writer saw the prisoners a few minutes after their capture. Among them was a large fine looking officer of the rank of Colonel and in full Federal uniform. This officer proved to be Percy Wyndham, an Englishman and soldier of fortune, who commanded a brigade of Fremont's Cavalry After repulsing the attack General Ashby pursued the attacking force and made an attack upon it, after it had been reinforced by infantry. In this attack he was killed. His death was a serious loss to Jackson's command. He was not only a gallant and enterprising officer, but also an exceedingly attractive man. The writer had been under his command a short time at Martinsburg and had seen considerable of him.

The next day was Sunday, a bright, balmy, pure day. About the middle of the afternoon we halted and went into camp near a place called Cross Keys, which was only a cross roads and a small church building or school house, about one and a half miles from Port Republic. All were glad to have a little rest.

CROSS KEYS.

The next day was 8 June. Everything was very quiet in camp, during the morning; no marching orders were read and the general impression was that we were to have a whole

day's rest. This impression did not last long. General Trimble ordered the battalion to go back, on the road by which we came, about a mile, and take possession of a skirt of woods between two fields, on the right of the road, and to hold the same until he came up with the balance of the brigade. The order was promptly executed and as soon as the brigade was in sight, the battalion, deployed as skirmishers, was advanced across the field in front. The field was in wheat just headed out. The enemy soon made their appearance in force. The skirmishers fell back to the brigade, which was quietly lying behind a rail fence, which ran along the edge of the field in front. Soon the enemy came up briskly, in line of battle, with no skirmishers in advance. When they were within sixty or seventy yards of the fence the brigade rose up, fired and then charged. The enemy broke and fled precipitately to a wood beyond the field, leaving, however, some 200 dead and wounded. The brigade after pursuing a short distance returned to its first position. The field in front was only about a third of a mile wide and we could plainly see the manœuvers of the enemy, and that heavy reinforcements were coming up. Soon they formed another line of battle and began to advance across the field. Our orders were to remain perfectly quiet, withholding our fire until they were within short range and then let them have it. Unfortunately, however, one man in the Fifteenth Alabama could not resist the temptation to shoot and fired before they had advanced fifty yards and then the whole of the regiment fired. The enemy hastily fell back into the woods and did not again attempt to advance. Later in the day we attacked them simultaneously in front and on their left flank and drove them back a mile or more. This ended the fight on our right wing. When the fight ended the whole field of battle was in our possession and the enemy had been driven back fully a mile and a half.

That night the battalion was posted in the woods where the fight began. The moon shone brightly and I walked out where some of the enemy's dead and wounded were still lying. As I walked along the wounded would speak to me. I could not understand what they said. Finally one of them

in broken English said they were asking me to have them removed to the hospital. They were all Germans and I learned that some of them had been in America only a few weeks. In a short time the ambulances came up and removed the poor fellows who were paying dearly for the greenbacks, for which only, they were fighting.

PORT REPUBLIC.

Early next morning we crossed the river at Port Republic, the battalion bringing up the rear and being the last to cross the bridge. Two or three hundred yards before reaching the bridge we passed a straw stack, when each man was required to take up a bunch of straw and drop the same on the bridge. After the battalion had crossed the straw was fired and in a few minutes the whole bridge was in flames. After the bridge had been fired a single Confederate cavalryman came up to cross. Seeing the bridge was on fire, he attempted to swim his horse across the river, which was flush and the current strong. In the middle of the river the horse became confused and both horse and rider disappeared under the water and were seen no more. While this was going on, the hard fought and bloody battle of Port Republic was being fought—about two miles below the village During the night General Jackson, leaving General Trimble, with his brigade, to face Fremont and retard his advance, had moved the greater part of his forces to the south side of the river and early in the morning met and defeated General Shields, whose forces, it was said, amounted to about 12,000. The battle was, for a short time, stubborn and very bloody—but was over before Trimble's Brigade arrived on the ground, and Shields was in full retreat.

After this we encamped on the Shenandoah, near Weir's Cave, and had a much needed rest of about two weeks. Our next move was southeastward across the Blue Ridge, through Charlottesville and Gordonsville and on towards Richmond.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

In about six days we arrived at Ashland, some sixteen or eighteen miles from Richmond. Next day the seven days'

fight commenced. That night we lay not far in the rear of McClellan's right wing. We were near enough to hear the report of small arms. The battalion did picket duty that night. Next day we soon fell in with the divisions of D. H. and A. P Hill, and when it was known that we were Jackson's troops from the Valley, were greeted with shouts of applause. All the roads were full of marching troops. Every now and then a shout would be heard in front or rear, and pass along the line in our direction. The men would immediately say that Jackson, or more frequently, "Old Jack," as they familiarly and affectionately called him, was coming. In a few minutes General Jackson and his staff would pass. Jackson's Corps marched in the rear that day and of course our progress was slow. About the middle of the afternoon we heard firing not very far in our front. General Trimble took his brigade, by a short cut, through some fields, and in a short time we were on the field of the first battle of Gaines' Mill or Cold Harbor. Trimble's Brigade was composed of the Fifteenth Alabama, Sixteenth Mississippi, Twenty-first Georgia, Twenty-first North Carolina Regiments and the First North Carolina Battalion. In this battle the Georgia and Alabama Regiments were soon engaged. The Mississippians and North Carolinians were held in reserve until near the close of the fight. Shortly before sundown, an officer rode up to General Trimble, who was sitting on his horse near where I was and said, "General Trimble, General Lee says the enemy have been driven on both flanks, but still holds his position in that woods," pointing towards a piece of wood-land about a quarter of a mile distant. "He directs you to drive them from it." We were ordered to charge as soon as we came in sight of the enemy. On reaching the woods we first went down a steep hill, crossed a branch and then up a steep hill. When we got to the top of the hill we saw the enemy about 100 yards in front, but there was another branch between us and them. We immediately raised the rebel yell and charged. The enemy fired as soon as we came in sight, stood their ground and fired again before we got to them. When we were within a few yards of them they gave way. In this charge a few men in the battalion

were wounded, but none killed. Doubtless if we had stopped to fire when we came in sight of the enemy, the casualties on our side would have been much greater. Just in the rear of the captured position were hundreds of standing tents. In one of these tents Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, of the Twenty-first North Carolina, found a wounded Federal Lieutenant who, upon inquiry, turned out to be a member of a Pennsylvania Regiment and a distant relative of his. Next day General Jackson with his corps marched eastward to a point on the Richmond & Yorktown Railroad, to intercept the enemy in case he should attempt to retreat by that route. Nothing of special interest occurred until about the middle of the afternoon, when suddenly we heard a tremendous noise up the road, which sounded like the near approach of a great storm and instantly a train came rushing down the road at a fearful speed and pitched into a small creek where a bridge had been destroyed, accompanied with an explosion that almost knocked men from the saddle a half mile away. The enemy had loaded a train, containing a number of box cars, with powder, shells and other ammunition, and turned loose the engine with a high head of steam on. Nobody on our side was hurt. That night we crossed the Chickahominy on one of McClellan's bridges, and joined in the pursuit. The battalion was at Malvern Hill and under a heavy artillery fire, but not closely engaged. It was also at Harrison's landing and with the Twenty-first North Carolina occupied the skirmish line nearly two days.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN AND SECOND MANASSAS.

After the seven days' fight was over the battalion remained in the vicinity of Richmond three or four days and was then, with the rest of the brigade, hurried back to Gordonsville to protect that place from a raid. We encamped near Gordonsville several weeks. The next fight was that of Cedar Mountain, in which the battalion participated. It was also in Jackson's raid on Manassas Junction and in all the hard fighting done by Jackson's troops in the second battle of Manassas. The battalion suffered heavily in the latter fight.

Captain Wilson, of Company A, was severely wounded; Lieutenant Owen, of Company B, was killed. Eight or nine others were killed and quite a number wounded. The battalion was also at the capture of Harper's Ferry, and the battle of Sharpsburg, sometimes called Antietam.

FREDERICKSBURG.

The battalion remained in northern Virginia until the middle of November and then moved down to Fredericksburg in time for the battle of 13 December, 1862. In the beginning of that battle our position was in the second line, near Hamilton's Crossing, on the railroad. We were directly in the rear of one of our batteries which was hotly engaged with the enemy, the enemy's shot and shell passing over us, at first fifteen or twenty feet above our heads. Their aim was soon lowered and we were compelled to lie flat on the ground to avoid being hit. One solid shot passed between the writer and the man lying next to him, and the Adjutant of the Twenty-first, who was lying a few feet away, was instantly killed by a solid shot striking the ground directly under him. Under such circumstances the order to advance was a welcome one. The enemy had broken our first line in our front. We soon drove them back and advanced some distance beyond the railroad. This position being much exposed we fell back to the railroad cut, in which we remained during the night. Many of our dead foes, and among them a General Jackson who that day commanded a brigade of Pennsylvanians, called Buck Tails, because each man wore a wisp of a buck's tail in his cap, were lying near us and some of our men who had worn out their shoes in the march from the Valley took the opportunity to get a new supply. In this fight the battalion had some wounded, but none killed. After the fight was over and General Burnside had got back to the north side of the river, the battalion with the rest of the brigade went into winter quarters on the Rappahannock, sixteen miles below Fredericksburg. At this time our rations were small in quantity and poor in quality. Poor beef, corn meal, and flour, and not enough of that, constituted the bill of fare. There were thousands of ducks on the river, almost every day, and it was

agreed that Captain Adams, Adjutant-General of the brigade, and the writer should make an effort to bag some of them. We made the effort and the result was, got ourselves bagged. We borrowed a double-barreled shot gun from a man living near our camp and went ducking. The river at that point, Port Royal, is about 500 yards wide and was picketed on the south side by Confederates and on the north by Federal cavalry. The pickets did not molest each other nor any one out on the river.

CAPTURED.

While we were out a heavy wind storm came up from the south, blowing directly across the river, and in spite of all we could do, boat and duck hunters were blown over to the north side and picked up by the Yankee pickets. We were treated very well, however, by our captors, and were sent up to General Burnside and thence to Washington City to spend the winter in the old Capitol prison. We were exchanged and got back to the Confederacy in time for the next fight, the battle of Chancellorsville. During this fight the battalion was in Early's Division and was engaged more or less on the skirmish line or in line of battle, from Thursday morning until the next Monday morning, when the last of the enemy, not killed or captured, succeeded in getting back to the north side of the Rappahannock. In the Sunday evening fight, Early's Division charged and drove the enemy from a strong position. General Hoke was severely wounded and his brigade suffered severely, especially in officers. In the battalion a number of men were wounded, but not killed outright.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

The next move was that which culminated in the battle of Gettysburg. General Ewell had assumed command of his corps, and, though he had lost a leg at Second Manassas, could still mount and ride a horse quite well. At the beginning of the campaign the battalion was detached from Hoke's Brigade—then commanded by Colonel Isaac E. Avery, of the Sixth North Carolina, and ordered to report directly to General Ewell.

The march into and through Pennsylvania was delightful, at least until the time when the corps left Carlisle. The country was magnificent and full of all needed supplies, except certain articles which our soldiers especially needed, such as hats, shoes, etc. These articles had been shipped away or concealed so that we did not find them. The writer was Military Governor of Carlisle for nearly two days and the only thing that he got for governing and taking care of the city during that time was one glass of beer. When the corps left Carlisle the battalion had orders to wait until all the other Confederates were out of the city and then bring up the rear. We left just before daybreak and as we were on the point of marching, several hundred Federal prisoners were turned over to us by our cavalry. The prisoners were Pennsylvania militia that had been called out to repel our invasion. What to do with them was the question. I had no idea of being incumbered with such a large lot of inoffensive people. The late Colonel D. M. Carter, then a member of the military court of Ewell's Corps, who was with me, concluded that the best thing to do was to parole them and let them go home. After some trouble we got them into a long line, single file, and requiring every man to hold up his right hand, administered to them, *en masse* an oath that they would not take up any arms against the Confederacy again until they had been regularly exchanged. They evidently took the oath willingly. The streets of Carlisle were macadamized and consequently were full of small pebbles and stones. The moon was shining brightly and I observed that the prisoners moved about very gingerly, but did not know the cause until happening to look down I saw that the last one of them was barefooted. The scene was extremely ludicrous. The battalion had nothing to do with the matter. The prisoners were just as we received them. Possibly they exchanged their shoes for tobacco, as was sometimes done down in Virginia, or possibly their captors may have taken their shoes from them as a punishment for sending out of our reach all the shoes that should have been in the stores. From Carlisle we marched in the direction of Gettysburg and when near that place the battalion was ordered by General Ewell, to

Cashtown, a small village some three miles from Gettysburg, to guard his train and protect it from Federal cavalry. Next day the train was moved to the right and to a point immediately in the rear of Longstreet's Corps. On the morning of 3 July, hearing that there was Federal cavalry a short distance in our rear, Colonel D. M. Carter and the writer rode back a mile or two to reconnoiter. We found that the cavalry had been in the vicinity, but were gone. Returning, and just as we reached the top of a high hill and about a mile and a half in rear of our army, the artillery fire of that day opened. In a few minutes a large number of guns were at work. It was reported that about 140 guns on each side were firing at the same time. The scene was grand as well as terrible and was far beyond anything that I had witnessed before, though I was at Malvern Hill and most of the other great battles in Virginia. We sat on our horses for some time and witnessed the terrible conflict. Afterwards, when the infantry got to work, we went up into the immediate rear of the fight, where the wounded were being collected. It had then begun to rain and for most of the wounded there was no shelter.

The Retreat from Gettysburg.

Next morning, 4 July, General Ewell ordered the battalion to escort his train back to Williamsport, on the Potomac, and sent a company of Alabamians, commanded by a Lieutenant, and containing about thirty men, to reinforce it. The Alabamians were placed in front, and the battalion brought up the rear. The train contained more than a hundred wagons and ambulances, and when strung out on the road extended over several miles. Our route, after passing through a valley for several miles, led up a mountain side by a narrow, rough road to the Gettysburg and Hagerstown turnpike. Soon after we started an exceedingly heavy rain fell which rendered travel slow and difficult.

At the junction of our road with the pike a considerable force of our cavalry had been previously stationed, as an attack on that point by the enemy's cavalry was apprehended. During the afternoon we occasionally heard a few shots on

top of the mountain, and as night approached the firing became frequent. We also learned from couriers who came down the mountain that a heavy force of Federal cavalry was threatening that position. With the battalion were a few Federal prisoners, and also forty or fifty Confederates under arrest for various minor offences during the campaign. In addition to these were four Confederates under sentence of death for desertion, and were under a separate guard. Just before night I released and armed all the Confederate prisoners except the four under sentence, and ordered them to fall in with the battalion, telling them if they behaved well that night I would report the same in their behalf. After nightfall the firing on top of the mountain greatly increased. Taking the battalion and the men who had just been released from arrest, I proceeded up the mountain, halting the train as I passed, to the assistance of our friends at the junction of our road with the pike. Before reaching the point the firing became very heavy for a few minutes and then ceased and was followed by the huzzas of the enemy. By this we knew the position had been captured by them and that they would break into that part of the train that had passed that point. We went ahead as fast as we could and as we came near found the enemy had placed a cannon in the road by which we were approaching and were firing grape shot down the same every few minutes. Fortunately, the road made a sharp turn, about 100 yards from the gun and the shot did not sweep the road beyond that point. After a sharp engagement we captured the position together with fifteen or twenty prisoners. Among the prisoners was an elderly gentleman named Mitchell, who was army correspondent of the New York *Herald*. We also captured the colored servant of General Kilpatrick and three of the general's saddle horses. The enemy capturned and carried off a few of our wagons and ambulances and doubtless, but for our timely arrival and attack, would have destroyed a large part of the train. The Confederates, that I had released and armed a few hours before, behaved well and a number of them, who belonged to the cavalry, mounted themselves on horses captured that night.

A very remarkable thing occurred next morning in rear of

the train. While the battalion was engaged in the fight, some Confederate cavalry that arrived at the point of attack at the same time as the battalion, stampeded and rushing down the mountain in great disorder completely dispersed the guards in charge of the prisoners in rear of the train. It was a very dark and rainy night. They were in a dense woods. It was impossible to recognize any one and no attempt was made to collect the prisoners until next morning. After daylight three of the Confederate soldiers that were under sentence of death, reported to the officer of the guard and all the Federal prisoners were found near by Of course after that the three Confederates were pardoned.

We remained on the north side of the Potomac, near Williamsport, about a week and then returned to Virginia with the rest of the army. A few weeks thereafter the battalion was sent back to its old brigade, again commanded by General R. F. Hoke, who had recovered from the wound received in the battle of Chancellorsville.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Nothing of special interest occurred in Virginia in the fall of 1863. In February, 1864, the battalion was in the New Bern expedition under General Pickett. In an attempt to capture the bridge across Batchelor's creek, near New Bern, by a detail of twenty men under Captain John A. Cooper, now a resident of Statesville, N. C., three men were killed outright on the bridge and a number severely wounded. Among the killed was Henry N Welsh, who deserves special notice. He was a native of Davidson county and one of the original members of Company B. When he volunteered he was a delicate looking young man and it was not thought that he would be able to stand the service long. After an attack of fever the first summer he enjoyed good health and was conspicuous for the fidelity and promptness with which he discharged all his duties. When a detail was called for, on service considered especially dangerous, he was the first or among the first to step out. He had been in the service from first Manassas to this time, February, 1864, and had never had a furlough, but under the furlough system of the Army

of Northern Virginia was then entitled to one, but had deferred taking it until this expedition was over. He was shot in the head and instantly killed on the bridge across Bachelor's creek. We sent the lifeless body of this youngest child and darling home to loving parents. His noble and gallant spirit had received a furlough for all eternity.

The battalion remained in North Carolina the balance of the winter and spring of 1864, and was in the expedition under General Hoke, which captured Plymouth, N. C.

In January, 1864, the writer was appointed, by Governor Vance, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-seventh Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, which position he assumed in February after the New Bern expedition. He is, consequently, unable to give a detailed account of the services of the battalion after that date.

PETERSBURG.

The battalion returned to Virginia and participated in the defense of Petersburg, being attached to General Robert D. Johnston's Brigade, Early's Division, *96 Official Records Union and Confederate Armies,* pp. 1180 and 1270. It surrendered at Appomattox with that division, the battalion being then commanded by Lieutenant R. W Woodruff. *95 Official Records Union and Confederate Armies*, p. 1270. In one of the last engagements near Petersburg, Captain R. E. Wilson lost a leg; Lieutenant C. A. Shultz lost an arm and Lieutenant W. L. Masten was killed.

During the last six months of the war Captain John A. Cooper served on the staff of General R. F. Hoke.

I learn from a statement sent me by Mr. T. B. Douthit, of Salem, who was one of the original members of Company B, and served through the entire war, that in that company eleven men were killed outright in battle, eighteen were severely wounded, some of them entirely disabled for further service, and seventeen died of disease. I have no information of the exact number of casualties in Company A, but presume that they were about the same as in the other company.

RUFUS W WHARTON.

WASHINGTON, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

SECOND BATTALION.

1. Wharton J. Green, Lieut.-Colonel. 2. Frank Patterson, Surgeon.
3. H. T. Bahnson, Hospital Steward.

SECOND BATTALION.

By WHARTON J. GREEN, Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the first days of April, 1861, the telegraph left no room for doubt that the United States Government was resolved to try to revictual Fort Sumpter then beleaguered by the young Government just springing into being.

Each fully realized that this meant war. The next train carried the writer to Charleston as a would-be volunteer gunner, anxious to see the beginning of what he deemed the inevitable struggle and indeed no wise loth to see it begin. In this he was disappointed, as orders had just been issued forbidding any additional recruits into the batteries. He heard, however, the opening gun of the mighty drama to follow, and a day later the final one which preceded the surrender of this almost impregnable fortress, as subsequent events proved it to be, when besieged and besiegers were reversed. It was a dramatic sight replete with patriotic enthusiasm, even as witnessed from the city Battery. A thrilling one when "the old flag" was hauled down in token of evacuation and "the new one" run up. With hundreds of others our little boat was just below the walls when it was done, an explosion of cartridges killing three of the garrison while saluting the first.

A few days later my company, that is the one in which I was an enrolled private, was in camp at the State Capital. The very first I think to go into the camp of instruction there was the "Warren Guards," Captain Ben. Wade, certainly one of the first three. After a short space of preliminary drill it was assigned to the Twelfth Regiment, Colonel Sol.

Note.—There were two other *Second* Battalions, one of Junior Reserves, commanded by Major J. H. Anderson which was merged into the Seventy-First Regiment and the other of Senior Reserves, hereinafter numbered Twenty-Second Battalion.—Ed.

Williams, which organized at Garysburg and was ordered first to Richmond, thence to Norfolk.

While in camp there Ex-Governor Wise, then a Brigadier-General, sent me unsolicited on my part, authority to raise a regiment and join his command, known as the Wise Legion. Governor John W. Ellis gave me an order for some six hundred Enfield rifles, the only ones at the State's disposal. Unfortunately, however, before all my companies could reach the camp of formation and requisition be made for the guns, this glorious son of North Carolina had breathed his last, and his successor revoked the order and gave the guns to another. The Legislature thereupon voted fifty thousand dollars to arm and equip my command. Ordinarily such a sum would have far more than sufficed, but in those days weapons of approved pattern were above money and above price, simply because they were not to be had. Luckily my command was composed of the right sort of men, and not over fastidious as to outfit. Though cheated of our "Enfields," to the front we would go with squirrel substitutes and double barrel shot guns of divers calibre. Every man was afraid that he could not get a hand before the game would be ended. And so these honest workmen took the best tools that they could get, *and there was no grumbling.* We all expected better after our first fair field and an honest fight. Fortunately our uncouth armament was supplemented by some 350 old flint lock muskets which Governor Letcher, of Virginia, generously turned over to us, because his folks would not touch such tools. After being percussioned by the Government, they made very respectable killing implements, especially when each double barrel man carried beside a two foot carving knife of the heft of a meat axe in lieu of bayonet.

WILMINGTON.

On 12 December, 1861, was ordered to Wilmington and reported to General Joseph R. Anderson, commanding the Department of North Carolina. By him was assigned to the duty of guarding the coast above and below Masonboro Sound, some seven miles to the east of that city. We continued in the discharge of that duty until 30 January, 1862,

when I was ordered by General Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, to proceed at once to Roanoke Island, then threatened by the Federal force under General Burnside. At this time the Second North Carolina Battalion consisted of the following eight companies, averaging about eighty-five men to the company. The two other companies necessary to a regiment, had not reported.

(Owing to the loss of my papers when captured, necessity frequently compels the use of proximates.)

FIELD AND STAFF.

WHARTON J. GREEN, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding.
MARCUS ERWIN, Major.
DR. FRANK PATTERSON, Surgeon.
DR. SAMUEL YOUNG, Assistant Surgeon.
—. — MCNUTT, Adjutant.
CAPTAIN A. H. SHUFORD, Quartermaster and Commissary.
REV. H. E. BROOKS, Chaplain.

COMPANY A—*Madison County, N. C.*—Captain, S. F. Allen; Lieutenants, Van Brown, —— Condell.

COMPANY B—*Stokes County, N. C.*—Captain, Milton Smith; Lieutenants, J. B. Tucker, N. G. Smith, Edwin Smith.

COMPANY C—*Mecklenburg, County, Va.*—Captain, R. C. Overby; Lieutenants, B. P. Williamson, Henry S. Wood, B. R. Williamson.

COMPANY D—*Pike County, Ga.*—Captain, Edward Smith; Lieutenants, W. H. McClue, R. M. Julian, David T. Harris.

COMPANY E.—*Meriwether County, Ga.*—Captain, Du Bose; Lieutenants, J. J. Tucker, W. J. Hudson, J. N. Lee.

COMPANY F—*Randolph County, N. C.*—Captain, T. W. Andrews; Lieutenants, John M. Hancock, Z. J. Williams.

COMPANY G—*Forsyth County, N. C.*—Captain, W. H. Wheeler; Lieutenants, J. S. Swain, H. C. Wheeler, R. Gorrill.

COMPANY H—*Surry County, N. C.*—Captain, D. M. Cooper; Lieutenants, L. J. Norman, J. Sayars, J. Gordon.

As has been said above, the order from the War Department to proceed to Roanoke Island (the only one under which

I could venture to move), reached me on the evening of 30 January. Some ten or twelve days anterior thereto, however, the following order was received from General Wise to the same effect:

NORFOLK, VA., 15 January, 1862.

Lieutenant-Colonel W J Green, Commanding, Etc :

SIR:—You will as early as practicable, move your whole force from Wilmington, N C., to Norfolk, Va., and there report to General Huger for transportation to Roanoke Island. Bring with your men all the outfit which you can procure at Wilmington, and make requisition at Norfolk for deficiencies. Prompt movement is necessary, as the enemy are near in large force.

HENRY A. WISE,
Brigadier-General.

I waited at once on General Anderson and asked for permission to start the next day. This he peremptorily refused, threatening arrest if the attempt was made. "You are under my command," he said, "by order of General Cooper, and no less authority is going to take you away from here."

He, however, consented that Major Erwin might to to Richmond and lay the matter before the Secretary of War for final arbitrament. The Major carried request from me to obey General Wise's order, and protest against it from General Anderson.

After the interval stated, and after General Wise had written the Secretary of War under date of 26 January, "Please order the forces of my Legion under Colonel Green, at Wilmington, N. C., * * * to be forwarded to me," the desired permission (order) arrived.

Within the shortest possible time that transportation could be obtained, about thirty-six hours after receipt of order, we went on our way to destination. On reaching Norfolk, was again detained two or three days, needlessly, awaiting water transportation, starting on 5 February.

ROANOKE ISLAND.

The sequel is sufficiently set forth in my report of operations of the next three days ensuing, of date of 18 February,

herewith reproduced from *Official Records,* Vol. 9, Series 1, to which should be added that this command was the only one under arms outside of the water batteries at the time of the surrender.

Am thus explicit in details concerning this first great disaster to the Confederate cause in order to refute the unjust insinuations of General Wise that I was needlessly dilatory in starting from Wilmington in obedience to his orders. In plain words that those issued direct from the War Office were not subordinate to his. The absurdity of the assumption is not deserving of comment. If any were needed, it is supplied in the report of the Congressional Investigating Committee. General Wise's absence from the island, and presence on the mainland during the entire fighting, should have made him more cautious in his reflections, not only in this case, but as to almost every other regimental commander there present. It grieves to say as much of one who had presumptively done a favor. A brilliant talker, a fiery orator, a pungent writer, and withal a patriot, all this he was, but like some other political generals, a very indifferent soldier.

Querulous with superiors, captious to equals, insolent to subordinates, and opinionated in the superlative degree, he was totally unfitted for command at a most important point and at a most critical juncture. Had this not been said in effect before the Investigating Committee relative to the fall of Roanoke Island, and in refutal of the baseless aspersion above referred to, it probably would not here appear. No less is due to my gallant command as well as to myself in the proposed embodiment of historic regimental sketches of the various commands of our State. Immediately after exchange the Second Battalion was upon my application transferred to the brigade of that superb soldier, Junius Daniel, which after his death at Spottsylvania, was commanded by his worthy successor, General Bryan Grimes.

Recurring to report alluded to, let it be premised that the Second Battalion was most needlessly included in the list of prisoners that day. After the fall back of the troops engaged and the resolve to surrender, an official order to re-embark and strike for the mainland would have saved every man in it.

Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Wharton J Green, Second North Carolina Battalion:

ON BOARD STEAMER S. R. SPAULDING,
OFF ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C.,
February 18, 1862.

SIR:—I herewith submit a report of the skirmish in which my battalion (Second North Carolina) was engaged on Saturday, the 8th instant:

In obedience to orders from Adjutant-General Cooper, received on the evening of 30 January, I struck camp in the vicinity of Wilmington on the morning of the 1st instant, and proceeded hither with all possible dispatch. Owing to the want of transports, we were detained two days and upward in Norfolk, leaving that place on Wednesday, the 5th instant, in tow of the canal tug boat White.

On Friday when about thirty miles distant from the Island, continued discharges of artillery informed us of the progress of a fight between the Federal fleet and Confederate batteries. Being entirely ignorant of the topography of the Island, and not knowing where or to whom to report, I left our transports about twenty miles hence and came on in the steamer for information. Having obtained which, I returned to my men and crowded them on the smallest number of transports that would contain them, and then started. The night was very dark and stormy, with the wind against us, consequently our progress was slow.

After beating about until midnight our pilot declared that he had lost his reckoning, and as we had only a fathom and a half of water, thought it safer to wait for daylight.

About 2 a. m. Saturday, a number of Confederate gunboats passed us from the direction of the island, one of them running into the schooner Beauregard (one of our transports) and seriously injuring her. In reply to our challenge and statement of our condition, all the answer we could get was that one of the boats was the Beaufort, the other the ———. Had they stopped in their flight long enough to exchange pilots with us, or even to give ours the necessary instructions as to his course, my battalion would have reached the island in time to have participated in the entire action.

Failing to do so, it was 10 a. m. when we reached the island and 12 o'clock before the men, arms and ammunition could be got on shore, owing to their having to be taken on lighters. Having distributed all of my ammunition, I started for the scene of action, but soon met scores of stragglers, who reported everything lost and the Confederate forces entirely dispersed.

Notwithstanding these discouraging reports, my men kept in good spirits and pressed on with animation. On reaching your camp, and having the worst reports confirmed, I called upon you for orders, and was told to proceed to a point some mile or two distant, under the guidance of Major Williamson, and take position.

After proceeding about half a mile we came suddenly upon a Federal regiment, which I have since learned was the Twenty-first Massachusetts. The two advanced companies of the respective commands were about seventy-five paces apart, I being some twenty paces in advance of mine. I gave the command, "By company into line," when the officer in command of the Federal regiment threw up his hand and cried out: "Stop, stop, Colonel; don't fire; you are mistaken!" Believing it to be a trick, I repeated my command. Thereupon the Federal officer gave the command, "Fire." My advanced companies returned the fire, firing at will after the first volley. Finding that there was some confusion, and not knowing the ground, I soon became satisfied that I could not form my men in line of battle to any advantage on the ground that they then occupied, so I ordered them to fall back a short distance and form behind the log houses occupied by Colonel Jordan's Regiment as quarters. This they did in good order. The Federals fell back immediately after. Immediately after forming behind the houses, Lieutenant-Colonel Fowle, of the Thirty-first North Carolina, passed by with a white flag, and stated that a surrender had been determined upon.

My loss was three men killed and five wounded, two of whom have since died. I am happy to be able to report favorably of the action of both officers and men. The enemy's loss, as I learned from themselves, was between twenty and

thirty. I marched my entire command, with very few exceptions, in good order back to your camp.

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WHARTON J. GREEN.

Lieutenant-Colonel Second North Carolina Battalion.

To Colonel H. M. Shaw.

In my report to Colonel Shaw should have been stated the fact that I strenuously protested against surrender without a further effort to resume our original lines, pledging my command to hold the enemy's advance in check a reasonable time if he would come to our assistance with the other troops. This I certainly understood him to promise to do. A mistaken sense of courtesy or delicacy to the officer in immediate command to whom report was submitted, forbade its insertion at the time. Sure I am that the survivors of the gallant gentlemen who were present at that interview, and there were many, will vouch to the accuracy of the statement. *The Second North Carolina Battalion was in unbroken line of battle* with the enemy advancing in full force, but hoping reinforcements, when the white flag of surrender passed. In reply to my expressed purpose to double quick it back to the transports with an eye to escape, the answer came, "This island and all upon it has been surrendered. You will make the attempt on your peril of breach of terms."

A little incident of juvenile heroism surpassing that of "the boy on the burning deck," may not be out of place. Whilst awaiting the enemy in force, a little lad scarcely midway in his teens, walked down the front of the line, his right arm dangling at his side but still clutching his trusty double-barrel with his left.

"Colonel," he said, "they have broken my arm. Can I go to the rear and let Dr. Patterson look after it?"

There was no more perturbation in his voice than if he had been asking or answering a question on parade. There was incipient hero there, and would that I knew him to-day. I'll stake my life that that boy has never proved recreant to past manhood duty, or gone back on early promise then made.

A few days after the surrender, we were transferred to the steamer S. R. Spaulding with Fort Warren as objective point. But through the efforts of General Burnside, who impressed us then with his courtesy and soldierly treatment, as he did those who knew him after the war, imprisonment was changed into parole. Fortunately for the Confederacy later on, his reach of requisite for the chief command to which he was assigned against the greatest soldier of his age, fell something short. But better far than the reputation of a second-class commander, he bore "the grand old name of gentleman." The writer is thus pleased to acknowledge more than one civility received at his hands, including an exchange of body servants, his and mine, the first being then confined at Richmond. Mine, Guilford Christmas, was with me before and during the war and has been with me ever since, a faithful servant and a true friend, once exchanged as said, and later escaping after a second capture. Had not racial interdict precluded his enlistment, the Confederacy would have had few more devoted servants, for his heart was in it.

The disparity of force in this, the second great battle of the war, was too great to admit of hope for the weaker after the other side had secured a foothold. Colonel Shaw gives his entire available force exclusive of those in the water batteries at 1,434, rank and file, previous to the arrival of my own and Major Fry's commands. Loss 23 killed, 58 wounded and 62 missing. General Burnside puts his, not counting the gunboats, at 12,829, loss 264. To make the disparity the greater they were commanded by educated soldiers like Burnside, Foster, Parke and Reno. That inequality was a little too much so, even in those early days, when to paraphrase Harry of England, some did "think upon one pair of Southern legs did march five Yankees."

Later on, and after better acquaintance, few objected to having the carrying capacity of those locomotors reduced to three or even two blue coats.

Eight or ten to one, was out of all reason. On 21 February the battalion was paroled at Elizabeth City. We were

exchanged on 18 August, 1862, and ordered to rendezvous at Drewry's Bluff.

DANIEL'S BRIGADE.

Whilst in camp there and attached to Colonel (later General) Daniel's Brigade, a petition was set afoot looking to a reorganization. Although opposed to it on principle as calculated to introduce politics into camp, and although from the peculiar constitution of this command, it could have been avoided, nevertheless when it became obvious that such was the desire of a number of the officers, no obstruction was interposed on my part. In the reorganization 25 September, I was superceded as commanding officer by Captain W H. Wheeler, who, however, resigned a few days thereafter, whereupon Captain Charles E. Shober, of the Forty-fifth Regiment, was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain H. L. Andrews Major, later promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and killed at Gettysburg. A. W Green was appointed Adjutant, and Captain D. M. Cooper, A. Q. M. Company C was soon thereafter transferred to a Virginia command. At the time the Second Battalion was attached to this superb brigade, it was composed of the Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-third Regiments, which continued intact until the end of the war.

Shortly after, about 1 January, 1863, the brigade was ordered to Goldsboro, N C., in anticipation of a forward move by the enemy. I went there at once to volunteer, but was told by General Daniel that I would be enrolled on his staff as a supernumerary or volunteer aide, until something in the line should turn up. Thence shortly after, the brigade was ordered to Kinston where it remained until 17 May, 1863, when it was moved upon the Rappahannock.

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Whilst in camp at Kinston we were, by General D. H. Hill's orders, moved down the right side of the Neuse, Pettigrew's Brigade keeping abreast on the other with the object in view of taking New Bern by surprise. Daniel's advance after reaching a point contiguous to that place was subject to gun signal from the co-operating column upon capture of

the gunboats on that side of the river. These, however, got up steam in time to prevent capture, and so the attempt fell through.

General Hill next attempted the capture of Washington, which was represented as being short of provisions and supplies. A battery, Fort Hill, was planted below the town to prevent relief by the gunboats. Whilst here Generals Hill, Daniel, Robertson and myself rode over to the fort to take in the situation. The gunboats were anchored some two or three miles off, just out of reach of our pop-guns and had kept up an incessant fusillade on the garrison for a day or two previous without doing any harm. Before, however, we had been in there fifteen minutes, I was knocked down by a ten pound piece of shell.

BACK TO VIRGINIA.

Soon after this the brigade was ordered to Virginia, and on arrival was assigned to Major-General R. E. Rodes' Division comprising the following other brigades, viz.: Ramseur's North Carolina, Iverson's North Carolina, and Doles' Georgia, and no better division was there in any army. Most fortunate were we in brigade and divisional commanders. Both Rodes and Daniel were born soldiers, and both died on the field of battle in glorious discharge of duty. The division was in Ewell's Corps. On Daniel's death Bryan Grimes became his worthy successor and later on the successor of the lamented Rodes.

About the first of June, 1863, our division, Rodes', broke camp at Hamilton Crossing, a few miles from Fredericksburg, and started, whither few knew, but many surmised.

At Brandy Station 9 June, 1863, we became aware that a fight was going on in front. Were hastily formed and moved forward to the point, upon nearing which General Lee in person met General Daniel and told him that he was to keep his command concealed under the brow of a hill except upon emergency, as it was a cavalry fight and he did not wish the enemy to learn that he was on the move. Shortly after met the corpse of my old Colonel, Sol. Williams, being brought out on horseback by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Pegram.

He was shot through the forehead, and Pegram told us that General B. F. Davis had just been killed on the other side by the self same wound. He and I were classmates and close friends at West Point, and yet his death reached me without a pang of regret, for he was fighting under the wrong flag, being a Mississippian.

Gallant Sol. Williams had only been married a week or two to the daughter of Captain Pegram, who won lasting honor in the Confederate States Navy. Singular coincidence her cousin and another old classmate of mine, General John Pegram, was killed in front of Petersburg after the same brief nuptials. He married the beautiful and brilliant Hettie Cary, of Baltimore.

General J. E. B. Stuart (another classmate) repulsed the enemy that day after a hard day's fight, although he had been taken by surprise in the morning. He, too, was killed later on in front of Richmond. Here let it be remarked by way of parenthesis, that nine out of twelve of that glorious class (that of 1850) who espoused our side were killed in battle, all with one exception, wearing the insignia of General, Stuart, Pender, Gracie, Pegram, Deshler, Villipique, Mercer, Randall and one other whose name now escapes me. Was there ever a nobler holocaust of young heroes on the altar of patriotism, each thirty or thereabouts? Generals Stephen D. Lee and Custis Lee are the sole survivors, as far as I am able to ascertain.

ON THE MARCH FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

From Brandy the division moved on towards the Potomac, passing through Front Royal, Winchester and Berryville. At the last place came near capturing Brute Milroy and his entire force, but with the coward's instinct he saved his vile neck by precipitate flight. He was one of the three who were made infamously immortal by Confederate executive mandate that they were not to be accorded the rights of prisoners of war if captured. Beast Butler and Turchin, the barbarian, were the two others. Let the triumvirate of gold laced felons stand pilloried where they were put, in the scorn of all true soldiers through all time to come, to teach would-

be imitators that wars must henceforth be conducted by generous and humane rules instead of barbaric. Moving on through Martinsburg we forded the river at Williamsport and camped a couple of days at Hagerstown, Md. There Lieutenant-Colonel Shober resigned and on the promotion of Major Andrews, Captain Jno. M. Hancock, of Company F. became Major. Thence on to Greencastle, Pa., where there was another halt for a day. Thence to Carlisle where we took possession of the Government barracks.

The next day (Sunday) the flag pole which had been cut down by the enemy, was replaced and the "Stars and Bars" wafted to the breeze.

GETTYSBURG.

30 June made an early start and a forced march to Heidelberg, eleven miles short of Gettysburg. The next morning bright and early started again. Had proceeded but a short distance when the opening guns of that momentous conflict fell upon the ear. On arrival were deployed in line of battle in a skirt of woods. The enemy at once began to shell us. General Daniel ordered the brigade to lie down until ready to advance. While he and I were standing just in front of the Second Battalion holding our horses, a shell exploded in a few feet of the left killing and wounding nine men. Probably no one missile occasioned more loss to life during the war. A little later the men were ordered to rise and advance. The enemy were some five or six hundred yards in front, and results showed had set a most deadly trap for us. When half way between our starting point and their line, were ordered to lie down whilst our guns in the rear played on their ranks. Then rose and charged to the brink of the deep cut of the railroad, beyond which at some hundred paces the enemy were drawn up in line.

The men in their ardor slid down the almost precipitous bank and attempted to scale the opposite, but to no effect. An enfilading battery to our right then opened sweeping "the cut" with terrible effect. Suggesting to Colonel Brabble, the senior officer, to face to the left and clear the gap, I scrambled to the top and got one shot at the advancing foe with a

musket taken from a sick boy at the start, with whom my horse was left. Believe it was with effect, as it caused a pause in the line behind and delayed a down pouring fire until we got out of that horrible hole. As soon as it was done the men who had behaved like veterans so far, became temporarily demoralized. Then it was that the soldier loomed up and plucked the flower safety out of the nettle danger, Junius Daniel is the man referred to.

In his stentorian tones audible in command a quarter of a mile or more away, he ordered the men to halt and reform on him. This they did without regard to company or regimental formation almost to a man, advanced at once and inflicted a loss on the enemy, from all accounts greater than that which they had just sustained. A sublime picture of heroism that, on the part of commander and command. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews was killed and Major Hancock wounded while gallantly leading their men and during the remainder of the actions at Gettysburg the battalion was commanded by Captain Van Brown, of Company H.

Just then I was knocked down by a wound in the head and had to go back to the field hospital. Here the scene was sickening in the extreme. By sundown, hundreds of wounded had arrived, and the horrid work of amputation was going briskly on. Here I pause to pay brief tribute to an unpretentious hero who did his duty as grandly as any other on that bloody field although his only weapons were scalpel, saw and bandage. Though Daniel's Brigade had the largest wounded list of any other at Gettysburg, the surgical staff was something short that day. But there was one who was a host in himself. For three days and nights with coat off and sleeves rolled up, I do not think Dr. Frank Patterson, my old surgeon, then brigade surgeon, relaxed in his bloody work of mercy half an hour at a time. If he closed his eyes in sleep during that dread ordeal, it escaped my observation, although in thirty feet and full view of the operating table.

"The Glorious Fourth" was a fateful day, not only for that glorious army, but for the cause, for far away Vicksburg, the key of the Mississippi, had fallen.

The retreat began in regular order on that day. Lieutenant

Wm. R. Bond, of General Daniel's staff, now of Scotland Neck, likewise wounded, and myself, were assigned to a one-horse wagon driven by Guilford. The wounded train was tacked on to a part of the ordnance. That night having to pass through a long defile, it was subjected to an annoying fire from above, Kilpatrick's Division having ridden ahead and taken position on each bank of the road. This doughty hero should have been cashiered for not capturing that entire train, for it was only guarded by two squadrons of cavalry. As it was, he only took some thirty or forty ambulances and ordnance wagons.

CAPTURED.

Shortly after getting through the deep cut of the road our little mounted escort broke and went to the head of the train. An ordnance wagon loaded with old guns, took off one of our rear wheels in trying to pass, and before Bond and I could pick ourselves up, a dozen revolvers were bearing on us. It was then that volubility told. Guilford with a flow of words unparalleled in his speech before or since convinced the gentlemen on horseback that, "we surrender, we are prisoners, for God's sake don't shoot." Believing that the entire ordnance train was lost and all lost with it, it is within bounds to say that his impromptu eloquence elicited but scant thanks from either of the two "prisoners."

Thence were carried to the hospital at Frederick, from there to Fort McHenry, thence to Fort Delaware for a while and from there to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, which continued to be the residence of most of the officers until near the surrender. My cartel was, I believe, the last one antecedent thereto. Many projects for wholesale escape had been formed during our imprisonment, but were always frustrated by some secret spy or cowardly informer.

But to return to the Second North Carolina Battalion at Gettysburg. It fell short of a full regiment, and yet it is doubtful whether any full regiment in that matchless army sustained the loss in killed and wounded that it did. One hundred and fifty-three is authenticated record. Perhaps

it is better to give an excerpt from a letter received from H. A. London:

"* * * The Second Battalion at Gettysburg had more men killed and wounded than any full regiment in Pickett's Division. Its killed was twenty-nine (including its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews), and wounded 124. The Fifty-seventh Virginia regiment had 26 killed and 95 wounded, which was the heaviest mortality of any of Pickett's regiments. Major James Iredell, of the Fifty-third, who took command at Orange Court House (Major Hancock having been captured at Gettysburg), was killed at Spottsylvania, where the battalion was nearly all captured, killed or wounded. I do not think any field officer commanded the battalion after Iredell's death. It remained with Daniel's Brigade until the end, but I do not know its number at Appomattox—a mere handful, however. It was a noble band and shared fully in all the glory of Daniel's (afterwards Grimes') Brigade. * * *

Yours truly,

"H. A. LONDON."

ADDENDA.

The following addenda is from the pen of a gallant soldier of the same brigade, Sergeant Cyrus B. Watson, of the Forty-fifth North Carolina, now one of the most distinguished lawyers of our State. He says:

"From September, 1862, the date given by Colonel Green when the Second North Carolina Battalion became a part of Daniel's Brigade till 9 April, 1865, it fought along side of my regiment, the Forty-fifth.

"Four companies of the battalion were from the counties of Randolph, Forsyth, Stokes and Surry, and the men composing them had many acquaintances in our regiment, from which there existed a friendly feeling between the men of the two commands. After the battle of Gettysburg, this sentiment grew stronger, from the fact that the two commands were together in the dreadful conflict in and about the railroad cut that cost both so many lives.

WILDERNESS.

"Again on 10 May, 1864, the Forty-fifth Regiment felt the touch of the Second Battalion, while holding the line to the left of the break caused by the crushing of Doles' Brigade by the massed forces of the enemy In each of these engagements the battalion lost a commander.

"On the latter occasion the companies on the right of the battalion were doubled back on those of the left, and in this position fought almost hand-to-hand with the enemy until nearly annihilated.

"The morning after this conflict, the dead of the Maine Regiment which led the assault on the Second Battalion and the Forty-fifth Regiment were scattered thickly and indiscriminately over the field.

"This Second Battalion had a number of commanders beside the two noble men, Andrews and Iredell, who lost their lives, and these changes had the effect to some extent of interfering with discipline. General Daniel would some times call it "my little mob," but its fighting and staying qualities were never questioned. No regiment of the brigade ever complained that it lagged in a charge or faltered in the line.

"I personally knew many of its officers and men. Most of them who survived the war have since passed away. The officers living as far as I can recall are C. F. Robinson, A. Q. M., of Farmington, N. C ; Captain W H. Wheeler, of Winston, N C., and Lieutenant Dempsey S. Brown, of Company G (written "Boon" in the Roster), now living in Missouri.

"And I am reminded just here that one evening just before Christmas, 1862, two young lieutenants of the battalion invited me over to their camp to help devour a roasted wild (?) turkey that "some of the boys" had found the night before perched upon an old loom in an out house in the neighborhood the night before. It was argued that the old gobbler had no pass and was subject to arrest.

"I have said that the battalion was not noted for its discipline, and this is true, but it is no less true that no body of men belonging to the army of General Lee sustained a better reputation for heroic devotion to duty in the hour of battle than the Second North Carolina Battalion."

This is high praise from a high source. The career of the battalion is largely told in the histories in this work of the Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-third North Carolina Regiments which were in the same brigade and in the sketch of the "Daniel-Grimes" Brigade by Captain W. L. London, A. A. G. The handful of the battalion left surrendered with the brigade on that bright Sunday morning at Appomattox.

WHARTON J GREEN.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

THIRD BATTALION.

(LIGHT ARTILLERY.)

By JOHN W. MOORE, Major.

This command went into camp near Raleigh in February, 1862, and was mustered into service on the 27th of that month. General McClellan soon after that began the transfer of the great army that had for months previously been held for the defense of Washington and commenced his movement for the capture of Richmond by way of the peninsula, which lies between the James and York rivers. The batatlion while yet awaiting its guns and horses, was ordered to the Confederate Capital, to take part in its defense. The field and staff officers at that time and with small change until the end of the war consisted of—

John W Moore, of Hertford county, Major.
Augustus M. Moore, of Chowan, Adjutant.
Henry G. Trader, of Hertford, Quartermaster.
W. A. B. Norcum, of Chowan, Assistant Surgeon.
Exum B. Clark, Sergeant Major.
Oliver T. Gilbert, Commissary Sergeant.
J. F. Julich, Chief Bugler.

There were in the battalion three batteries. Company A was recruited in Northampton county. Andrew J. Ellis, Captain; W. J Rogers, First Lieutenant; J N. Ramsey, First Lieutenant; and John M. Webb, Second Lieutenant.

Company B was formed of men enlisted mostly in Chowan and Tyrrell counties. Its officers were William Badham, Captain, of Chowan; First Lieutenant, Nelson McCleese,

Note.—There was another Third Battalion (Reserves) commanded by Major Hooks which was merged into the Seventy-Eighth Regiment, (Eighth Reserves) and later another Third Battalion, also Reserves, which was commanded by Maj. J. T. Littlejohn and whose services are told herein under the heading "Twenty-Third Battalion."—Ed.

Tyrrell; First Lieutenant, John M. Jones, Chowan; Second Lieutenant, David J Gaskins, Chowan.

Company C consisted of men who chiefly were reared and enlisted in Hertford. Its officers were then, Julian G. Moore, Captain; John M. Sutton, First Lieutenant; Alfred M. Darden, First Lieutenant; John R. Powell, Second Lieutenant. Lieutenants Sutton and Powell were Bertie men.

AROUND RICHMOND.

The battalion having been sent to the front before getting its equipment of light artillery when General McClellan drew near Richmond with his immense army the command was ordered from the camp of instruction and did its first service by occupying Battery No. 7 This was an extensive earthwork which was near the York River Railroad, and commanded the highway leading from Mechanicsville, which was only six miles away and was the nearest point of approach made by the United States Army. There General McClellan had strongly protected the right flank of his forces and several bloody conflicts occurred before the seven days' of battle resulted in the defeat and withdrawal of the Federal forces.

The Third Battalion remained near Richmond for some time afterwards and in September, 1862, was ordered to proceed to the Valley of Virginia and report to General R. E. Lee. The battle of Sharpsburg had just been fought and we met the Army of Northern Virginia in its cantonments around Martinsburg. Having reported to Brigadier-General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery, the Third Battalion was received into his corps and served therein until early in December when General Burnside began his famous race for the capture of Fredericksburg. We were in camp at Culpepper Court House one dreary winter evening when an orderly brought orders for our instant departure for Fredericksburg. The discomforts and haste of that movement exceeded anything of the kind we saw during war. After pressing on for two miserable days through the terrible roads crossing Southwestern Mountains and reaching a point fifteen miles from Fredericksburg, orders came for the battalion to proceed to a

railroad bridge some miles south of Fredericksburg, where defenses had been constructed for the security of the bridge. We were sorely disappointed in not being permitted to take part in the great battle fought a few days later, so near us, but it was all important that no raiding party of the enemy should be allowed to burn the bridge over which nearly all the supplies for General Lee's army had then to pass. We remained at the bridge until Burnside's defeat and in a few days were ordered to the defense of our own State.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

When the Third Battalion had reached Wilmington, that is the main body of the men, we had more than a week of waiting apparently before us, before our horses could reach us by the long march overland from Richmond, Va. But on Sunday morning after our arrival, General Whiting notified Major Moore that his horses had arrived at Goldsboro and that enough of them were in such condition that one of his batteries could be properly horsed. He was ordered, therefore, to take the men and guns of one battery and to reach Kinston as soon as possible and report to General French. Two days before General Foster had left New Bern with twenty thousand Federal troops and had been steadily driving back the Confederate forces, but was as yet unable to cross from the south side of Neuse river.

MOSELY HALL, N. C.

By reason of a defective engine, we were nearly all day making the run to Mosely Hall, where we found General French and our battery horses. Troops from Virginia and other points were pouring in and the enemy was reported close at hand across the river. Just before night, by General French's order, Lieutenant Nelson McCleese was sent with the right section of Badham's battery to the defense of the bridge at White Hall, on Neuse river. These two guns were supported by the Eleventh Regiment, the Thirty-first, Colonel Evans' Sixty-third (Fifth Cavalry), and Colonel Ferebee's Fifty-ninth (Fourth Cavalry) Regiment. At an early hour Monday morning Foster drove in the Confederate picket

across the river and attempted, by a tremendous infantry and artillery fire, to so drive off the men on our side, that he could pontoon and cross the river. More than a dozen pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon the point where Lieutenant McCleese and his men were so bravely holding their ground. From early in the morning until well past midnight this unequal struggle went on. McCleese lost but two men and two horses, but his right gun was, after being struck repeatedly, finally disabled by a shell that broke the axle and struck down five of his cannoneers. After such creditable service, Lieutenant McCleese was relieved by Lieutenant J G. Moore, who brought a fresh section into action. The enemy, however, soon ceased firing and moved for another bridge a few miles higher up the stream. At that place on the next day Lieutenant John M. Jones, with the centre section of Battery B, did also most effective service.

It is proper to say here that the battalion at this time contained only two batteries. It was found so difficult in the fall of 1862 to procure enough cavalry and artillery horses that many artillery and cavalry companies were induced to change themselves into infantry. Then, too, many four-gun batteries were by orders of the Secretary of War, formed into large six-gun batteries by uniting the men of both companies and allowing them to elect officers for the new command thus formed. When the order for distributing inchoate commands reached Major Moore in Camp Lee, near Richmond, in 1862, the Third Battalion contained five companies. There were in addition to the three already mentioned, two others, commanded by Captains Thomas Capehart and Solomon White. The latter of these two gave up its artillery organization and joined a regiment of infantry.

Batteries A and D were combined under the command of Captain Ellis, while Company C was added to Battery B under Captain Badham and Captain Julian G. Moore became First Lieutenant in the same until in March, 1863, by another order from Richmond, Company C was reorganized under the officers as mentioned above.

WILMINGTON.

After the battle of Goldsboro, the Third Battalion was ordered to reunite by Company B marching across the country to rejoin the other half of the command at Wilmington. During the whole year of 1863, the enemy left the Cape Fear region unassailed, so there were only the ordinary incidents of a life in camp so far as the Third Battalion was concerned. About 1 November, 1863, General Whiting relieved Colonel George Jackson of his command at Kenansville, to assume charge of the intrenched camp then being constructed above Fort Fisher. Major J. W Moore, with Battery A, under Captain Ellis, went to his new post of duty and found a little army embracing all three branches of military service represented. Two squadrons of cavalry were kept on outpost duty and a battalion of heavy artillery doing infantry duty were camped in close proximity to Battery A. This force was kept for the security of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad; and also to secure Froelich's sword factory at Kenansville, that had been burned by a raiding party some time before and was then making sabres for the Confederate Government.

At the same time Battery C, under Captain J. G. Moore, was assigned duty at Fort Caswell, while Battery B, under Captain William Badham, was assigned for duty on Smith's Island or Bald Head. The new year of 1864 was inaugurated by an important military movement in North Carolina.

NEW BERN.

General George Pickett was sent by General Lee with five brigades of his veteran troops, against the United States forces then holding the city of New Bern. Brigadier-General Martin, with two regiments of infantry, three squadrons of South Carolina Cavalry and two batteries of Light Artillery was sent by way of Smith's Mills across White Oak river, to cut railroad connections from Morehead City. The Third North Carolina Battalion was represented in the movement by Battery A, under the immediate command of Captain A. J Ellis. He and his command did noble service in

the battle at Newport barracks. The enemy with a force about equal to that of General Martin, was driven from its positions on both sides of the road, and besides considerable loss in killed and wounded left about two hundred prisoners. The same battery had by its splendid practice against a block house earlier in the day so dismayed the garrison that it was captured without loss to the assailants, who came charging upon it across an open plain.

CHARGE BY ARTILLERY.

Adjutant (since Judge) Aug. M. Moore contributes the following incident:

"When Pickett was sent to attack New Bern in the winter of 1864, a small detachment of about 1,500 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery under General Martin was sent to capture Morehead, and the large army supplies collected at that point. Pickett failed to do anything, and in a few days withdrew his forces, but the expedition under Martin was partially successful, and had it not been for the withdrawal of Pickett's forces, we would in a few hours have captured Morehead.

After two sharp skirmishes, the entire force of Martin, Seventeenth North Carolina, Forty-second North Carolina, Ellis' Battery A of Moore's Battalion, and about 250 men under Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Jeffords, Fifth South Carolina cavalry, engaged the enemy in the afternoon about two miles from Newport. The enemy, as well as our infantry, was on each side of the straight road leading to Newport, near the town, and to the left and rear of the enemy was their fort, a strong earthwork, mounting several guns.

The writer was sitting on his horse on and near the left of the road, watching the effect of shells firing from a small brass field piece over the heads of the Seventeenth North Carolina, as that gallant regiment was advancing and engaging the enemy. Occasionally a shell came screaming from a rifled field piece of the enemy, stationed about two thousand yards down the road and in full view of Ellis and others of us. For a little while it seemed as if the enemy was to have all that fun to themselves, when a sudden and sharp

command from Captain Ellis attracted my attention and, looking around, I saw him straighten himself in his saddle, and with his gun dash down the narrow road towards the enemy Every once in a while he would wheel into position, his lead horses sometimes falling in the deep and wide ditch, go into battery, fire a few well-directed shots, and then he was again leading his gun at a gallop, only to go into battery and again fire.

We were warm personal friends, and anxious to know what had become of him and his gallant men, the writer dashed down the road to learn what he could. So rapid had been Ellis' charge with his artillery, that two of his seven men were wounded along the road by the enemy's skirmishers. The gallant officer and men had passed the line of our advancing troops, and when I found him, the enemy was fleeing, and Ellis, with the glee of a boy was standing in the road patting the fine gun he had captured, and laughing with his little gun crew that followed him in that wild, dashing charge. They had run the enemy's cannoneers with their horses from their gun, and whilst their infantry support had not fled.

I have seen and read of many desperate and gallant acts during the Civil War, but of none that ever surpassed, if in fact equalled the one I have attempted to describe.

That was more than thirty-six years ago, and some of the brave boys "who charged artillery with artillery" have doubtless passed away. Captain Ellis, however, is still alive, and residing at Garysburg, where as an accomplished and successful physician, he has filled a useful life full of gentle acts, and crowned it with the esteem and affection of the people of that section."

DEFENCE OF WILMINGTON.

After General Pickett's failure before New Bern, there were no more movements of importance involving the Third North Carolina Battalion until about 1 November, 1864. Major J. W Moore was ordered to leave his post at Kenansville, in Duplin county, and with Battery A, to report to Brigadier-General Louis Hebert, then commanding the defences at the mouth of Cape Fear river. The battalion was thus once

more all assembled in the same locality. Battery A being posted at Smithville, Company B on Bald Head, and Company C in Fort Caswell. It had been evident for some time to Major-General Whiting that a great movement was to be made for the capture of Wilmington. It was the only post of importance through which the Confederate Government could secure foreign supplies. The immense superiority of the naval forces of the United States had either captured or blockaded all other Southern ports so that on Wilmington alone hung the hope of our further continuing the long and bloody struggle. But as the year of our Lord 1864 drew to its close, just as the hearts of all Christendom grew glad at the approach of the Christmas festivities, a great fleet bearing many thousands of soldiers, appeared in the offing before Fort Fisher and at daybreak began to bombard that great work, while hundreds of boats were bearing the soldiers from the ships to the land between Fisher and the intrenched camp, four miles above at Sugar Loaf. As we had no troops at the latter point but a small battalion under Colonel George Jackson, very little resistance could be made against the landing.

General Bragg having assumed command, ordered Major Moore to report to General R. F. Hoke at Sugar Loaf. Battery B. remained on Bald Head and Company C went to swell the garrison of Fort Fisher, where the greater part of it was captured in the second attack 14-15 January, 1865, after having lost heavily in defending the doomed fort. The remainder of the battery under Lieutenant A. M. Darden, with the other two batteries, all reported for duty at Fort Anderson 10 February, 1865. *99 Official Records Union and Confederate Armies,* p. 1155.

After the fall of Fisher, Battery A had the honor of covering the perilous retreat to Wilmington and afterwards had quite a lively experience in checking the Federal pursuit when the Southern army was crossing Northeast river at the Hermitage Battery B, under Captain William Badham, on the fall of Fort Fisher and the abandonment of the lower forts, did similar service for the troops retreating under General Hebert.

Lieutenant J M. Jones, at Old Town, won high mention

for the desperate defence he made of his post and only retired when further resistance became impossible. It only remains to be told that Battery A once more did glorious service at the battle of Bentonville, and along with Battery B, and such part of Battery C as had not been carried from Fort Fisher as prisoners of war were surrendered at Greensboro by General J. E. Johnston.

JOHN W MOORE.

POWELLSVILLE, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

FOURTH BATTALION.

(WRIGHT'S BATTALION.)

By THE EDITOR.

The battalion called the *Fourth Battalion* during the war was commanded by Major Clement G. Wright and rendered efficient service in Eastern North Carolina, mostly near Wilmington, the details of which would be of interest, but they are now almost irrecoverable. Wright's (Fourth), Nethercutt's (Eighth), and Whitford's (Eleventh) Battalions and indeed Evans' (later Sixty-third Regiment) were all at first styled *Partisan Rangers.* In May, 1863, Wright's Battalion reported 300 men present for duty. *92* (Serial Vol.) *Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1074.* August 3, 1863, it was combined with the Eighth Battalion (Nethercutt's) which had rendered stirring service mostly in the New Bern section. The two battalions with the addition of some independent companies formed the Sixty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, of which A. D. Moore became Colonel and which was assigned to Martin's, later Kirkland's, Brigade. The history of that regiment is told by its Adjutant, George M. Rose, in Vol. 3 of this work.

The battalion which is numbered *Fourth* in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 241-247, was officially known as the *Twelfth Battalion,* under which head its services are narrated further on.

There was also a Fourth Battalion (Junior Reserves) commanded by Major John M. Reece, and which was in January, 1865, merged into the Seventy-second Regiment (Third Junior Reserves.)

FIFTH BATTALION.

(CAVALRY.)

BY VIRGIL S. LUSK, CAPTAIN COMPANY A.

The Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry was organized during the winter of 1862 at Jacksboro, Tennessee, by the election of A. H. Baird, of Madison County, as Major, who was at that time Captain of a cavalry company, theretofore organized in Madison County, and on outpost duty at Clinton Tennessee.

The battalion was composed of the following five companies: Captain V. S. Lusk's company, of Madison County, theretofore Captain Baird's company; Captain Hardin's company, from Ashe County; Captain English's company, from Mitchell County; Captain Gillespie's company, from Transylvania County; and Captain Tate's company, from Burke County. Captain Jno. B. Nelson, of Marshall, N. C., was Commissary, Captain Donald McKenzie, of Morganton, Quartermaster, and L. H. Smith, of Burnsville, was Adjutant.

At the time of the organization, all the companies mentioned were on outpost duty along the Cumberland Mountains, extending from Cumberland Gap to Huntsville, in Scott County. While they were in camp south of the Cumberland Mountains, it was not unfrequent for them to do scout duty along the border of Kentucky as far north as Barboursville, Pineville, Whitley and Monticello, and the territory south of the Cumberland river. At this time this section of Kentucky was badly disputed territory. One day it was occupied by the Federal outpost, and the next day it was occupied by the Confederate forces. When we wanted a little amusement in the way of a fight we would go into the dis-

NOTE.—There was another Fifth Battalion (Reserves) in 1864, Beasley's, which later was merged into the Seventy-First Regiment (Second Junior Reserves.) The Fifth Battalion in Moore's Roster was always known as, and was officially styled, the *Thirteenth* Battalion.—ED.

puted territory and challenge the Federal outpost for a fight, and generally got what we went after and sometimes more than we contracted for. In addition to this kind of warfare, the country was infested with bands of irregular troops known to the army as "bushwhackers," and the most dangerous enemy with which we were confronted. We had to be constantly on the lookout for this irregular force, and exercising all the diligence and precaution possible, we were often fired upon and sometimes lost a brave soldier killed or wounded.

It does not require a great degree of personal bravery to go into battle when one is confronted by an open foe, but to be constantly expecting to be shot from a thicket or from the top of every hill one passes, is a condition that tries the nerve of the bravest soldier. This is the kind of duty the Fifth Battalion was called upon to do during the winter of 1862-'63 and so continued up to July, 1863, and to give some idea of the hardships of such service, I will add that while we had a commissary and quartermaster's department, we seldom had a ration of bacon or saw a sack of flour, a blanket or a pair of shoes, except such as we furnished ourselves. We were often fifty miles from headquarters in a section of country where it was impossible to carry army supplies in any other way than in a haversack and that was not always supplied with the necessaries of life. Sometimes we had something to eat and sometimes we did not have anything to eat. Sometimes we had a shelter over us and then sometimes our shelter was the blue sky or the lowering clouds. Sometimes we slept under a blanket and sometimes that blanket was the driven snow. Many was the time that the command went into winter quarters under an oil cloth in the jamb of the fence with a chunk for a pillow, and awoke in the morning to find the earth covered with snow.

Company A (Lusk's company) was ordered forward from Knoxville sometime in November, 1862, and from that time on never saw a tent or had a day's rest. The entire command remained on detached duty and was never together under one commander until some time in June, 1863, on the occasion of the Saunder's raid into East Tennessee, at which time the several companies were hurriedly called in from outpost

duty and joined in the pursuit of the invaders under the command of Major A. H. Baird. At this time the cavalry force in the Department of East Tennessee was very light, scattered from Bristol to Chattanooga, principally guarding the several gaps of the Cumberland Mountains. The enemy was known to be in force north of the Cumberland river and a close watch was kept up all along the line.

Company A, of the Fifth Battalion, was stationed at Winter's Gap and being the only cavalry command between Big Creek Gap and Kingston, was taxed beyond its capacity in doing outpost duty along the south of the Cumberland river, covering a territory extending from Barboursville to Monticello. Being thus scattered, the cavalry force found themselves in bad condition to resist a well organized force of the enemy of several thousand strong, consisting of cavalry, mounted infantry and artillery. A detachment of Company A (Lusk's), Fifth Battalion, was the first to encounter the enemy at Huntsville, on the south fork of the Cumberland river. The outposts were called in as rapidly as possible and couriers dispatched to headquarters at Knoxville, notifying the General in command of the approach of the enemy by way of Wortburgh and the Emory river road going in the direction of Kingston. It was thought then that the object was the destruction of the railroad bridge at Loudon.

RAID BY THE ENEMY.

Camp at Winter's Gap was abandoned by the company and a vigorous pursuit of the raiding column was begun. The company at that time numbered about one hundred fighting men. We harrassed the rear and left flank of the enemy during the entire night, retarding his progress all that it was possible to do with the force under my command. It soon became apparent that Knoxville was the objective point of the enemy's attack instead of the Loudon Bridge. The raiding force forded Clinch river below Clinton, swung around by Lenoir Station on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, drew up on the north side of Knoxville and opened a bombardment of the city. There were no defences to the city, and the enemy took up a position north of the railroad

and commenced bombarding the city at close range. The other companies of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion had joined Company A and together with the First Louisiana Regiment under Colonel Scott, attacked and drove off the enemy before much damage was inflicted by the bombardment; meanwhile, a detachment of the enemy had been sent forward to destroy the railroad bridge across the Holston river at Strawberry Plains. The enemy then commenced a rapid retreat towards Cumberland Mountains, when a running fight was kept up during the entire day. It was evident that the raiding column was making for Big Creek Gap with the hope to reach Kentucky by way of Pine Mountain road. During the day several bloody encounters took place in which the Fifth Battalion participated, notably a fight that took place in the vicinity of Maynardsville. The enemy was sorely pressed and it looked like surrender was about the only thing possible for them to do. It was certain that they could not hold out if daylight continued, and in order to kill time they took up a strong position at the end of a long lane, commanding the only approach to the stronghold, and awaited the approach of the Confederates. A detachment of the Fifth Battalion led by Major Baird, and a similar detachment from the First Louisiana under Captain Scott, charged and drove the enemy from their selected position. In this charge the brave Captain Scott, of the First Louisiana, was killed, while Major Baird's horse was killed under him. The writer did not see the gallant charge, being detailed with his company to support a battery in another part of the field, but those who did witness it spoke of it in the highest terms.

Night was coming on and the enemy was making heroic efforts to reach Cumberland Mountains. Clinch Mountain had been crossed and the enemy driven across Clinch river. Orders were issued to press forward with all possible speed and use extra exertions to overtake the enemy before night—with the enemy it was night, the Cumberland Mountains or certain capture. Company A, of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion, was ordered to the front and commanded to charge the enemy. The order was obeyed and the charge was successful. The enemy was routed, scattered in every direction

and abandoned a battery of artillery, horses, guns, blankets and everything else that retarded their escape across Powell's river to the trackless wilds of the Cumberland Mountains. We followed them next morning across the mountains, but they had made good their escape, and we only found here and there an abandoned horse or a straggling soldier.

The raiding force having been driven across the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky, we returned to Powell's Valley and went into camp near Big Creek Gap to recuperate our jaded horses and rest the exhausted men. This, I think, was the first time the battalion had all been together in camp during the organization. This much-needed rest was, however, of short duration. The battalion was destined to participate soon in more serious and bloody warfare than it had been engaged in during the whole of its military career.

Just at this time General Morgan had invaded Indiana and Ohio, and it very soon developed that the result would probably be the capture of his entire force unless something was done to relieve him of the embarrassing position by which he was surrounded. What I am about to state on this subject is information derived from Colonel Scott. Seeing the position of General Morgan in Ohio, it was determined to organize a movement from East Tennessee for his relief, and to that end a cavalry force from Chattanooga, another force from the Cumberland Gap section and a third force from Bristol were to be pushed forward into Kentucky with all possible speed to the relief of Morgan, unite the three columns at Lexington, and if necessary to relieve General Morgan, to make a descent upon Cincinnati. The Fifth North Carolina Battalion was brigaded with the First Louisiana, Tenth Confederate (Alabama) and the Fifth Tennessee, all under the command of Colonel Scott, of the First Louisiana Cavalry. Unfortunately, Major A. H. Baird was stricken down with a very severe attack of typhoid fever and was unable to be moved, much less accompany the battalion on a long and onerous expedition, and had to be left in the hospital at Fincastle.

INTO KENTUCKY.

The battalion was placed under command of Captain Lusk,

Captain of Company A. After the column started and had gotten well on its mission towards Lexington, news of the capture of General Morgan's command was received at headquarters and couriers sent to recall the expedition. The courier sent with the dispatch for Scott's Brigade never reached his destination, being either killed or captured by the "bushwhackers." In perfect ignorance of the capture of Morgan's command in Ohio, we pressed on towards Lexington with all possible speed. The columns from upper and lower East Tennessee being recalled, left the central column without any support whatever. We encountered a force of the enemy at Richmond, Kentucky, strongly posted on the road south of the town. A sharp and spirited engagement ensued lasting from early in the morning until noon, in which the whole brigade was engaged. The enemy was finally routed, many being captured and killed. The Fifth Battalion was actively engaged in this battle, maintaining an important position on the left flank of our line and finally participating in the charge that routed the enemy from their strong position and drove them through the town and across the Kentucky river. Without halting to take needed rest or reckon the casualties of battle, we pushed on in the direction of Lexington, frequently coming in collision with detachments of the enemy, expecting every hour to hear from the Chattanooga column at the common rendezvous. Just before reaching the city we observed a great cloud of rising dust, such as is generally produced by a moving squadron of cavalry, and thought full surely it was the expected column, and every moment looked for the arrival of a courier with a dispatch announcing the approach of the expected reinforcements. Just at this time we were fired upon by a detachment of the enemy's outposts. Shots were exchanged, and the horse of the vedette killed and himself captured. We afterwards found in the soldier's pocket a Cincinnati newspaper containing a full account of the capture of General Morgan and his command. This was the first information we had received of the surrender of Morgan, but this was not the worst news we received from the captured vedette. We were told by him that we were confronted by 12,000 Federal

cavalry and mounted infantry, and in proof of his statement he pointed to the great cloud of rising dust plainly visible on the horizon off to our left flank. This was a condition not to be envied; our force did not exceed 1,500 all told—tired men and jaded horses; two hundred miles from our lines in an enemy's country, confronted by a force many times as strong as our own and a force of unknown proportions lurking in our rear ready to assail us at the first opportunity, with the certain knowledge that no succor was available, the surrounding prospects were anything but pleasing. To engage such a force in open conflict was like sheer nonsense, and would certainly have resulted in the annihilation of the entire command, then and there. True, we might have enriched the world's history by a display of heroic splendor commensurate with that of Leonidas and his invincible band of three hundred Spartans who facing Xerxes' army of a million of Persian soldiers, yielded up their lives in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ rather than retreat, or by emulating the charge of the "Light Brigade" that rode down into the "Valley of Death" at Balaklava. The result would have been the same. Leonidas' display at Thermopylæ has enriched the pages of the world's history with an act of unparalleled heroism and bravery, and still the Persian army invaded Greece. The world of modern chivalry applauds the bravery of the "Six Hundred" who boldly rode "into the jaws of death" at Balaklava, and yet the Crimean war did not end a day sooner. That little band of tired and hungry Confederate soldiers drawn up in line of battle along the Lexington and Winchester pike possessed all the courage and bravery necessary to have made that "dark and bloody ground" as memorable in the history of the world as that of Thermopylæ or Balaklava. They had the courage to do and die—they were Confederate soldiers. Discretion is said to be the better part of valor, and it seemed to prevail on this occasion. To risk a battle with a force ten times the strength of our own would have been inexcusable folly. We might have hurled our tired and exhausted squadron of 1,500 famished soldiers and jaded horses against the cohorts of the enemy, but it would have been to us what the sunken-road of Ohain was to the French

cuirassiers at Waterloo—a burial ground. While we might have covered ourselves with glory, still the cause for which we fought would not have been advanced in the least. Observations of military men of modern education is that one live soldier is worth a whole battalion of dead ones.

"For he that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again."

RETREAT.

We knew the struggle must come sooner or later; that the enemy flushed with victory and outnumbering us ten to one, would not suffer us to retreat unmolested. Our horses had subsisted on little more than green fodder for three days, while the men had had nothing to eat but green corn snatched from the stalks and hastily roasted. Night was coming on and we hoped during that time to find some sheltered position where the jaded horses and tired soldiers might find the much needed rest and refreshment. Retreat was inevitable, if in fact, it were possible.

The Fifth Battalion under command of Captain Lusk, was ordered to the rear to cover the retreat, and the head of the column turned in direction of Winchester. Before reaching Winchester, the advance of the enemy was firing on the rear guard, while the main force was plainly visible pressing forward with great vigor and in force. We passed through the town under a sharp fire from the enemy just as night settled down. A fight was inevitable. The Fifth Battalion and the Tenth Confederate were thrown across the country road east of the town and took up a position on top of a hill, the North Carolinians holding the right of the line and the Tenth Confederate the left, with orders to check the advance of the enemy.

In front of the Fifth Battalion was a cultivated field from which the rye had recently been cut and stood thick in large shocks on the ground. The men had been dismounted and ordered to take shelter behind these rye shocks which offered a kind of breastworks. We did not have long to wait. The enemy very soon appeared in the field below our position and

opened a vigorous fire, which was returned all along our line. By this time it was very dark and impossible to locate the enemy except by the flash of their guns, or to ascertain how numerous the force was in front of us. The enemy was doing a vast amount of shooting, but owing to the fact that our horses were beyond the top of the hill and the men protected behind the rye shocks, very little, if any damage, was being done. Owing to the darkness, it was impossible to ascertain the effects of our resistance. The fighting was kept up into the night and the enemy made no attempt to force our position from the front, but we discovered a flank movement on our right which we were unable to check. This forced us to abandon our position in the rye field and fall back on the road in the direction of Irvine. The night was intensely dark and to add hardships and discomfort to the already almost insufferable condition, a heavy rainstorm set in and continued throughout the entire night. Owing to the darkness and storm it was for a time supposed that the enemy would be content to remain under shelter in Winchester until morning. The expectation was not realized. Notwithstanding the intense darkness of the night and the steady downpour of rain, the enemy pressed vigorously on our rear guard, keeping up a desultory fire all night long. Owing to the darkness, it was impossible to preserve anything like a military organization of the forces composing the rear guard; one could not know who was before or behind; when to advance or when to fall back; whether your file leader was an officer or a private; whether you were firing on a friend or a foe, or whether the shot intended for the enemy might not kill a friend. There was a general mix-up of commands—friends and foes, Federals and Confederates. Occasionally forces got so badly mixed that it was impossible to tell of a certainty whether one was with his own command or whether he was with the Yankees.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation, some amusing incidents occurred which might have been funny under more favorable circumstances, one of which will serve to illustrate the situation. The enemy had just fired a volley, seemingly at close range. A soldier at my side railed

out an oath to quit such foolishness; that they were shooting their own men. "What command is this?" he inquired, and being informed that it was the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of cavalry exclaimed: "By ———, boys, I'm in the wrong command," broke ranks and sped away. As he dashed away he left a pressing invitation to return the visit. Those of us who lived through the scenes of that awful night will never live long enough to blot it from their memory. The raging storm, the blackness of the night, the crashing thunder, the flashing lightning, the drenching rain, the roaring artillery, the bursting shells and the constant rattle of the enemy's small arms, the heroic efforts of the brave, tired, famished and drenched soldiers to beat back the aggressive enemy, will never pass from the memory of those who lived through it all. The horses of many of the soldiers had either been killed or disabled, while many others had given out by sheer exhaustion, and the brave riders, nothing daunting, were with the column trudging along the muddy road on foot always in line to face the enemy The slain were left where they fell, while those of the wounded who could ride were mounted, and those who could not were thrust into a stuffy ambulance and sent forward, some to die, and others to fall into the hands of the enemy This was war—cruel, heartless, relentless war, that crushes all love of humanity and sympathy out of the hearts of men. War, that mad game the world so loves to play Daylight dawned upon us somewhere on the road midway between Winchester and Irvine after an all-night's fight, without a morsel to eat, either for man or beast, as wet as a driving storm could make us, not a dry thread on us, and confronted by an enemy seemingly as vigilant as they were the preceding night. I had notified the Colonel commanding that I must have reinforcements, that my command had been fighting all night, and was so exhausted that it was impossible for them to hold the enemy in check much longer. In response I received as reinforcements a detachment of the Fifth Tennessee and two pieces of artillery with orders to hold the enemy in check at all hazards. I subsequently ascertained that during the night the enemy had succeeded in throwing a force in our rear south of the Kentucky river in

the hope of cutting off our retreat at Irvine. This force had to be disposed of before the main force of the enemy reached that point. This force was successfully attacked and defeated, losing eighty prisoners, a battery and many horses. The Fifth Battalion was not in this engagement, being otherwise engaged with the enemy on the main road leading to Winchester. We had taken up a position on a hill close to a church, while the battery was stationed on another hill in our rear and on the opposite bank of a creek with high banks. The creek or river or whatever it might be called, was swollen and out of banks. The stream was crossed by a wooden bridge, floored with loose planks. Our position seemingly was impregnable. Our line was formed along the top of a hill behind a rail fence, which the soldiers had torn down and constructed into hasty breastworks. The horses had been removed to a sheltered position on the other side of the creek. The enemy soon attacked us both with artillery and musketry Our battery replied while our men behind the rail pile greeted them with a well directed volley from their rifles. The fight lasted from early in the morning until the middle of the forenoon, when we were ordered to fall back to avoid a flank movement by the enemy on our left. We tore up the plank on the bridge and threw it into the stream and fell back on the main road in the direction of Irvine.

BATTLE NEAR IRVINE.

The topography of the country lying between the place where we had the last fight at the creek and Irvine is uneven, rough and mountainous. North of Irvine (just how far is not known) a range of mountains run at right angles to the main road along which we were falling back. The main road followed a narrow valley for quite a distance with cleared fields on both sides of the road extending up on the sides of the mountains. This valley culminated at a low gap in the mountain through which the main road passes to Irvine, flanked by a high mountain on both sides of the gap. The valley is also flanked by high mountains on both sides. While there were cleared fields on both sides of the valley, extending well up on the sides of the mountains, a lane fence constructed

with heavy rails and staked and ridered extended for a considerable distance north from the low gap. The Tenth Confederate had been ordered to the front and its place supplied by the Fifth Tennessee, and with the exchange of forces ordered to hold this low gap. The Fifth North Carolina was posted on the right and the Tennesseeans on the left. A short distance north of the apex of the gap and on the right of the road a deep ravine or hollow extended down the mountain to the lane, and inside of the high fence. This ravine afforded an excellent protection for the men and horses. The fence was torn down and the battalion filed into the mouth of the ravine, dismounted and took position along the top of the elevation in front. The Tennesseeans were not so well protected, however, but owing to obstructions in their front, the position was thought to be almost impregnable insomuch as the high mountains on our flanks made it impossible for the enemy to force us back by a flank movement, as they had been doing all the preceding night and morning. By the time we got well into position the enemy was in sight down the valley. This was the first time we had had an opportunity to see the enemy in force. From our elevated position we could see for some considerable distance down the valley It was a scene not to be forgotten especially by that little handful of half starved and bedraggled Confederate soldiers posted along the top of that hill awaiting the coming struggle. The storm of the night had passed and the bright sun shed its loving rays upon friend and foe. The enemy had discovered our position and like a gathering storm wheeled into line. To the soldier the evolution was a premonition of the coming struggle, a precursor of battle; to the scholar, it was a suggestion of the hosts of Sennacherib "Like the leaves of the forest when the summer is green."

Soon a battery of artillery got into position and opened a vigorous shelling on our position, directed principally against the position occupied by the Fifth Tennessee on the left of our line. The cannonading continued for an hour or more, and so far as doing any damage to us might have continued until the close of the war—our position was bomb-proof. This fact the enemy soon discovered and made preparations for

another and more aggressive attack. Our artillery had been sent to the front to assist in clearing the pass at Irvine, and up to this time we had not fired a shot, not being in rifle range. The enemy's battery ceased firing and a heavy cavalry force was thrown forward and commenced a rapid movement up the valley. It was clear they were making preparations to charge our position. The enormous squadrons began a rapid move. Then was witnessed a fearful sight. All this vast host of cavalry with sabers drawn that flashed in the early sunlight of the morning like shafts of light on the polished sky, banners waving, bugles sounding that well known note that has sent dismay into the ranks since men learned the art of war, there was no mistaking the meaning of the movement. It was clear to every one that the little handful of Confederates could not withstand the mighty onset of that vast host. But what was to be done? We had been ordered to hold this position, and every one who has served as a soldier knows what this meant. I tried to take in the awful situation. To stand still was certain death or capture. There are times in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to change the soldier into a statue and all his flesh becomes as granite. This condition seemed to have come to the men who stood along that hill-top with their rifles firmly grasped awaiting the onslaught. Not a murmur fell from a single lip; not a hand trembled, and not a cheek blanched. There were no weak souls or cowards there. Not a man flinched from the pending suicide. The road was full far as we could see. The cleared fields on both sides of the lane fence were crowded with the enemy's cavalry pressing forward. When in range each man rose up and discharged his rifle full in the face of the charging squadron. On they came unchecked by the effort of the brave men in front. In front of the North Carolinians was an abrupt rise on the surface running down to the main road. This obstruction forced a right oblique movement into the main road at the terminus of the ravine.

DEFEAT AND DISASTER.

Our line was broken and the position of the Tennesseeans on the left of the road was completely enveloped by the enemy.

If we had ever had an idea of abandoning our position this movement made it utterly impossible. The road at the mouth of the ravine was closed by a compact mass of the enemy, on our right was a high mountain, while the open space to our left and the road to our rear was all in the possession of the enemy in great force. The situation presented three possibilities—surrender, stand up and be shot down by an enfilading fire, or cut our way through the mass of the enemy in our rear. It may have been foolhardy, but we chose the latter. Only a moment and every trooper was in the saddle. I shall never forget to the day of my death the scene of that moment. Each soldier seemed to be impressed with the momentousness of the task before him and rose to the sublimity of a hero. Owing to the narrowness of the gorge, it was impossible to charge in line of battle, and the column was formed by left wheel into column of fours. Forward! Trot!! Gallop!!! Charge!!!! Down that narrow gorge dashed the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry, riding at full speed to attack an enemy ten to one, riding right into the jaws of death. We had to pass out of the mouth of the gorge through that broken down fence. On dashed the squadron over loose stones in the bottom of the gorge, the clash and clang of the empty scabbards, the mighty force behind that forced forward the front ranks. The head of the column struck the broken gap in the fence and scattered the heavy rails right and left like a great projectile impelled by some mighty force. The head of the column struck the left flank of the enemy It was a sudden plunge into a vortex of gleaming sabres and glittering carbines; a hand-to-hand struggle; a scene never to be forgotten when this fiery mass of living valor rolled upon the unyielding foe; rider and horse, friend and foe went down together like stubble before a consuming fire I never knew how many of the battalion were killed and captured in this unequal contest. I know that the company (A) that I commanded went into the fight with 110 strong, and only 13 answered at roll-call the following night. I was mounted on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse, said to have been the horse ridden by General Zollicoffer at the battle of Fishing Creek. He was a horse of wonderful

strength, speed and intelligence. The report of firearms and the smell of gunpowder made him furious. How to avoid capture was the absorbing question. I knew that unless they could overcome the power of my horse they could not get me; and I left him free to take care of himself. Men and horses went down before him as if struck by an avalanche. I have often wondered why I was not killed nor my horse. The forces were so mixed that firearms could not be used without danger of killing friend instead of foe is the only solution. I reached the main top of the hill and as I turned down on the other side, a horse had been shot and fallen across the road, and just as my horse made an effort to leap over the prostrate horse, it made an effort to rise and tripped my horse. We both went down into the soft mud together. Just then Lieutenant Keebler came up and seeing my condition, exclaimed, "My God! Captain Lusk is killed." But I was not, though it looked very much like it. I pulled myself out of the mud, assisted by horse to rise, remounted amid a shower of minie balls and rode away solitary and alone to rejoin the command at Irvine.

This disaster annihilated for the time the entire rear guard. I do not know just how far it was from the battle ground to the Kentucky river, but I do know that from the place where my horse fell in the road to just before reaching the river I never saw a single soldier except the ones who were shooting at me. Just before reaching the river I was met by a detachment of the First Louisiana Regiment, together with a number of soldiers from other commands, posted in the road north of the river. Having met no resistance since the fight at the Gap of the mountain, the enemy was recklessly pressing forward, deeming it unnecessary to respect the small detachment stationed in the road and never halting a moment to ascertain whether it was convenient for us to move out of the way or whether it was more prudent for them to return, but charged pell-mell right in among us. The forces engaged were small, but the fighting was desperate. A thought of this fight in after years always brings with it a reflection of sadness. I never during the whole war with cool deliberation shot one of my fellow men. If I ever killed a man during

the war I am ignorant of the fact. On this occasion, however, I came nearer doing so than at any time during my whole experience as a soldier. One of the enemy, a cavalryman, with deliberate aim, had just shot down right by my side one of the Louisiana cavalry. I saw the blood gush from his mouth. He fell forward on his horse and with a groan fell to the ground. Some how the sight so affected me that I lost sight of the fact that the same man was in close proximity with a deadly revolver in his hand bent on a mission of death to others. I raised my eyes to look right into the muzzle of a gleaming pistol barrel. His horse plunged forward and he missed his intended victim. I was next at the score with a Colt's navy If the poor man is not dead he certainly is a pensioner on account of wounds received in battle. I have always regretted this episode in my war experience, but I console my feelings when I reflect that he had made it necessary for one of us to conclude our military operations for a time at least. It was a fight to the death. Those of the enemy who were left alive discovered their mistake and beat a quick retreat to the main body of the enemy. By the time we got across the river close by, the enemy fairly swarmed on the opposite bank. The enemy was on one side of the river and we were on the other. We had a battery of four guns, two howitzers and two rifle pieces, captured from the enemy in Powell's Valley. Our battery took up a position on an eminence south of the town, while the enemy occupied a position on the north of the river. An artillery duel was kept up until the middle of the afternoon, the enemy occupying one bank of the river and our force occupying the other bank. Our force was finally withdrawn in order to avoid a flanking column on our right and fell back in the direction of Lancaster. We saw no more of the enemy until about midnight, when we were again attacked in force, and a fight kept up all the remainder of the night. The next morning about sun up, it became necessary to check the enemy and a stand was made at a place somewhere between Lancaster and Mt. Vernon, Ky.

CAPTURED.

Just at what place the fight took place, or what was the

final result of the fight, I never knew. I had rallied the remnant of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion, which together with detachments from other commands, constituted the rear guard. Just at daylight the rear guard was charged by an overwhelming force of the enemy and my horse shot dead under me. In the fall one of my feet was pinned down and before I was able to extricate myself, I was surrounded and captured. Here my connection with the Fifth Battalion ceased. I was never with the command afterwards, as I remained in prison until the close of the war, during which time (two years) I was imprisoned in six common jails and one penitentiary. The principal part of the imprisonment, however, was on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, off Sandusky, Ohio. The incidents connected with the two years of imprisonment during the war would form an interesting chapter in this narrative, but as I am dealing with the history of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry, the narrative must stop here so far as I am concerned.*

ESCAPE OF FIFTEEN MEN.

From C. T. Garrett, of Hot Springs, N C., First Lieutenant of Company A, who took command of the battalion as senior officer after my capture in Kentucky, and remained with the battalion until after the consolidation, I have learned the following facts connected with the history of the remnant of the battalion that survived the Kentucky expedition. Preceding the fight at Mt. Vernon, and subsequent to the capture of Captain Lusk, Lieutenant Garrett rallied the survivors of the battalion, amounting in all to fifteen men, and was assigned to the command of the rear guard, as the senior officer of the battalion. The enemy fairly swarmed in all directions. Every converging road seemed to be held by a strong force of the enemy. Driven back on one road, they would appear in force on the flank. Thus the fight was kept up for some time against a greatly superior force, until finally a strong force of the enemy succeeded in getting between Lieu-

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*Colonel John S. Scott's interesting report will be found in *34 Off. Rec Union and Confed. Armies 839—842* wherein he names Captain Virgil S. Lusk among those he thanks for "most gallant conduct."—ED.

tenant Garrett and the main column of the Confederates, thus severing the rear guard completely from the main command. Not being of sufficient force to cut their way through the enemy's lines, they were forced to withdraw to the side of a steep mountain to escape capture. An effort was made to flank the enemy and make their way to the command, then engaged with the enemy in what appeared to be a bloody battle somewhere in the vicinity of Crab Orchard. This effort was found to be impossible, as the whole country was overrun with the enemy in all directions. Our forces were driven back in the direction of Rockcastle river, and all hope of regaining the command was, therefore, made impossible. A hurried counsel was held. One of two alternatives was inevitable: either surrender or fight their way back to our lines along the Cumberland Mountain, fifty miles away and through an enemy's country. Viewed in any light the situation was a desperate one. Between them and the brigade was the whole force of the enemy, while between them and the Cumberland Mountains was a foe more dangerous than an army with banners—that irregular force known to the army as "bushwhackers"—always on the alert, and doubly so on this occasion. It was known that the brigade had passed through this section only a few days previous, and the whole country was aroused and on the lookout for our return. This section of Kentucky was intensely union in sentiment, and nearly every man in it was either a regular soldier, or a self-constituted soldier, ready for battle at a minute's notice. They were thoroughly organized, and while they were not always a compact organization in a body, the discharge of a gun, the blast of a horn, or the flash of a rocket in the sky at night, would bring together a military force, armed with the deadly Kentucky rifle, ten times the strength of the little band grouped on the mountain side discussing what was best to be done. While they talked in whispers they saw the enemy hurrying by along the country road, in the valley below, "and swiftly forming in the ranks of war," while in the distance could be heard the boom of the cannon as the battle raged on the distant plain. When the vote was taken not a single voice was heard for surrender, but all were unanimous in the resolve

to fight their way to our lines south of the Cumberland Mountains. With this resolve firmly fixed in their minds they started on their perilous journey. Famished soldiers, and broken down horses, their retreat was necessarily slow—slow because they were physically unable to make it rapid; slow because the safety of the detachment made it necessary to examine every defile and turn in the road to make sure it did not conceal a deadly enemy. Learning that the crossing of the Cumberland river was guarded by the enemy, the detachment effected a crossing below the town of Barboursville, and after three days ceaseless toil and constant vigils, the detachment reached our lines at Big Creek Gap. Just one week previous the same men had marched through this narrow defile with buoyant hopes and animated expectations. Now behold the return; starved and emaciated soldiers, with torn and soiled uniforms, hatless, coatless, and blanketless. Some of the detachment were mounted on impoverished horses that limped along the mountain defile, with flopping ears and drooping head, while others were so famished that they were unable to carry the tired soldier on their festering backs, and were allowed to stagger along as best they could, panting beneath the scorching rays of a July sun, while the hungry owner trudged along the weary way footsore and tired. Such was the return of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry, fifteen strong, all told, which one week previous had marched out over the same roads with five full companies, as fine looking a body of soldiers as could be found in any command of the army. Thus terminated one of the hardest, and for the numbers engaged, one of the bloodiest campaigns of the war. I never knew how many we lost in this campaign. I read an account in a Cincinnati paper which purported to give an account of the several engagements, and that fixed the killed and captured at seven hundred. I do not intend to convey the idea that fifteen men were all that was left of the battalion after the return of the brigade from Kentucky. It is presumed that some of the men clung to the main force, and in this way returned to their several companies; while others were sick in the hospital or on detail, while still others, were

absent on leave and detached service. Judging from the depleted ranks of Company A, it will be safe to say, that less than fifty men of the battalion returned from the expedition. The battalion halted at Big Creek Gap only long enough to feed and rest their tired and starving horses, and refresh the men with something to sustain the inner man, to which they had been strangers for the last full week, then pushed on rapidly as possible and reported to General Pegram at Maryville, south of Tennessee river, and was ordered to Concord to recuperate. The recuperation was of short duration. It was apparent at this time that the enemy was preparing a forward movement into East Tennessee, as well as all along the front, bordering the Kentucky line, and it became necessary to utilize all the cavalry force at the command of the army to watch the movements of the enemy along the Cumberland river and the eastern Cumberland Mountain range. The fragment of the Fifth Battalion slightly increased by this time in numerical strength, under Lieutenant Garrett was ordered to the front to do outpost duty along the border of Kentucky; to watch the enemy in that vicinity, and keep the General in command of the Department of East Tennessee posted as to their movement. The Battalion did not have long to wait.

JACKSBORO.

The enemy threw a strong force across the Cumberland Mountain at Big Creek Gap. The battalion hastened across the mountain and intercepted the enemy at Jacksboro, and together with the Tenth Confederate Regiment and a Tennessee Regiment attacked the enemy on the road between Jacksboro and Clinton. A sharp engagement ensued. The enemy greatly outnumbered the Confederate forces, and the latter fell back in the direction of Kingston. The Federal forces crossed Clinch river above Clinton and went in the direction of Knoxville, while the Confederates crossed the Clinch below Clinton and fell back on Kingston, where a junction was formed with the remainder of the brigade, which continued to fall back on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad. This movement brought on a fight, which was kept up until

the brigade crossed the Tennessee river at Loudon and destroyed the bridge at that place. The Confederates were on one side of the river and the Federals were posted on the other side. A fine opportunity was afforded for an artillery duel across the river which lasted for several hours. The Fifth Battalion was under fire during the entire cannonading. Here Major Baird, who had been down with a severe attack of typhoid fever, appeared and took command of the battalion, which continued to fall back in the direction of Chickamauga. A stand was made at Pea Ridge, and a fierce fight took place between Scott's Brigade and a brigade of the enemy's mounted infantry, which lasted all the afternoon and into the night, when the enemy retreated in confusion. The Fifth Battalion participated in this battle and displayed great courage and bravery

ORGANIZATION OF SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Here I must take leave of the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry, as it goes off the roster as a separate organization in the military service of the Confederate Army, being merged into the Sixth Regiment of Cavalry on 3 August, 1863, by the consolidation of the Fifth Battalion with Lieutenant-Colonel Folk's Seventh Battalion. I was not content to leave the reputation of the brave officers and private soldiers who fought by my side during the trying scenes of that bloody struggle and shared with me the hardships of the campaigns of the late war, to the pen of any one who knew not of the brave deeds and heroic bearing of the men composing the Fifth Battalion of Cavalry As a part of the Sixty-fifth North Carolina (Sixth Cavalry), the Fifth Battalion participated in the great battle of Chickamauga under the command of Colonel Folk, and bore themselves with becoming bravery and soldierly bearing through the thickest of the battle. After that battle the regiment was dispatched to the assistance of General Longstreet in his campaign against Knoxville.

PHILADELPHIA, TENN.

At Philadelphia, Tenn., a bloody encounter took place between the Sixty-fifth and the enemy's forces under com-

mand of General Wolford. Lieutenant Garrett, in command of what used to be Company A of the Fifth Battalion, with a detachment from other companies composing the old Fifth Battalion, was sent forward to locate the enemy, supposed to be posted on a different road than that along which the main column was marching. It was soon discovered that the enemy was posted on the main route in front of the Confederate forces. The Confederates immediately charged and routed the enemy which made an effort to escape by the other road, and in so doing got between Lieutenant Garrett's detachment and the Confederate column. Upon discovering the situation the little detachment turned upon the enemy when a bloody fight ensued in which many were killed and wounded on both sides. In this fight Lieutenant Garrett's horse was killed and himself captured. He remained in prison on Johnson's Island until the close of the war. What was left of the old Fifth Battalion followed the Sixty-fifth Regiment into Eastern North Carolina, where they remained until disbanded at the close of the war. In concluding this narrative of the battalion it is a source of regret that I am not able to award to each officer and private soldier his full meed of merit, but I will say that no braver band of soldiers ever bestrode a steed or drew a saber on any battlefield in any cause, than those who fought in the Fifth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry.

VIRGIL S. LUSK.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

SIXTH BATTALION.

(ARMORY GUARDS.)

By M. P TAYLOR, Major.

The Sixth Battalion or "Armory Guard," was stationed at the Fayetteville arsenal and armory during the war between the States. It consisted of seven companies.

THE ARSENAL.

It may be well to give a brief sketch of the Fayetteville arsenal and armory as a matter of historical record, touching the construction of the various buildings, as there is not a vestige of them left, having been totally destroyed by General Sherman on his famous march through the Carolinas. The Fayetteville arsenal and armory were located on what is known as "Haymount," which overlooks the historic old city of Fayetteville. They were constructed by the United States Government previous to the war, under the immediate supervision of Mr. William Bell as architect, but in charge of various army officers of high distinction as commandants of the post. It was one of the loveliest spots anywhere in the South, and was very often visited by strangers from various States and greatly admired. Conspicuous octagonal high brick and stone towers were located at the four corners of the enclosure, while symmetrical walls and massive iron railing and heavy iron gates surrounded the premises. Handsome two-story brick and stone buildings for officers' quarters and the accommodation of the troops adorned the front and sides, while in the centre, rear and both sides were large, commodious buildings used for the storing of small arms, fixed ammunition, commissary and quartermaster supplies. In the centre

Note.—This Battalion though numbered "Sixth" in Moore's Roster was never thus officially designated, but was styled the "Armory Guards." There was a Battalion officially designated as the *Sixth* Battalion which was increased and became the Sixtieth Regiment. There was another Sixth Battalion (Reserves) which became part of the Seventieth Regiment —Ed.

of the enclosure were the gun carriage and machine shops—the former with Mr. T. S. Barrett as superintendent, who had served the United States Government formerly at "Old Point Comfort" for a number of years before the war, while in the rear part of this enclosure was a large rifle factory, containing all of the rifle works brought from Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and handsome frame dwellings for various officers' quarters. With the exception of these last, all the buildings were constructed of brick, trimmed with stone. Mr. Bell continued during the entire war as architect of all buildings, and was a Scotchman of national reputation.

Some one hundred yards from the rifle factory, were two large brick magazines for storage of powder and fixed ammunition.

Captain J. A. J Bradford, U. S. A., was in command at the opening of hostilities. He resigned from the United States Army and was made Colonel of the Tenth North Carolina Regiment (First Artillery). In 1863, I think it was, he was taken desperately ill and died, and was buried with military honors by the battalion in the rear of the arsenal buildings at his particular request. I had the honor of commanding the escort.

ITS SURRENDER.

There was stationed at the post, under command of Lieutenant J A. DeLagnel, a company of United States artillery, who held the post up to the day, when by order of Governor John W Ellis, General Walter Draughon in command of the State militia was ordered to take possession of the arsenal. General Draughon gathered his forces, consisting of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry company, under command of Major Wright Huske; the LaFayette Light Infantry, under command of Captain Joseph B. Starr, and organized other companies from "Cross Creek," "Flea Hill," "Rockfish" and "Quewhiffle" districts, representing branches of the artillery, cavalry and infantry service, numbering in all about 500 men. General Draughon ascended the hill and halted his command just outside of the arsenal enclosure, and made a formal demand for the surrender of this property in

the name of His Excellency John W Ellis, Governor of the State.

Lieutenant DeLagnel accompanied General Draughon where he could make an inspection of his command, when the following conversation took place between himself and the famous old "Captain Bulla:" Lieutenant DeLagnel halted in front of Captain Bulla's command and remarked to the Captain that he seemed to have arms but no ammunition, whereupon Captain Bulla ran his hands in both pockets of his pants, pulling out buckshot and powder horns and exhibited them to him. Said Lieutenant DeLagnel: "Are these all the men you have to capture my battery and the arsenal?" "No," said Captain Bulla, "the woods is full of them."

Lieutenant DeLagnel having satisfied himself that any effort on his part of resistance would be fruitless, surrendered without the firing of a gun, except the salute by his battery on hauling down the United States flag. Lieutenant DeLagnel with his command, marched out of the enclosure with their small arms and equipments, and the State troops marched in and took possession. The State troops were kept on guard until the Confederate States' forces took charge.

Lieutenant DeLagnel took the steamer for Wilmington and shipped by vessel for New York, where he gave up his command and resigned his United States commission. Returning South he joined the Confederate Army, and was one of the most distinguished and gallant officers in the service. He was severely wounded, I think, at the battle of "Rich Mountain," in Virginia, and for two days and nights remained in the woods within the enemy's lines for fear of being taken a prisoner and without any attention of a surgeon to look after his wound, and it was in mid-winter, which caused him great suffering.

Major John C Booth was placed in command of the arsenal. He was also an old United States Army man, and thoroughly versed in ordnance duties, and was selected for the position on that account. The task of organizing, enlarging the buildings and adding an armory of construction, was a gigantic undertaking. Captain Booth worked incessantly, never considering that every day his bodily strength was

growing weaker, until he was forced to take his bed, and in a few short months he died. He was buried with military honors by the battalion. He was an officer of marked ability, a splendid executive officer, and was *universally* loved by the entire armory force. He was promoted to the rank of Major during his illness. On his death Captain Charles P Bolles assumed command until Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. DeLagnel was placed in command, which was, I think, about three weeks, and who only remained at the post about six months, when he returned to the field again in Virginia. He was relieved at the arsenal by Lieutenant-Colonel F L. Childs, who continued in command until the close of the war.

SIXTH BATTALION ARMORY GUARDS.

The companies composing this command were the ordnance corps of fifty men and three artificers, Joseph D. Gurley, Neill L. Monroe and Alexander McDonald. Thomas Stevens, an old United States army Sergeant, was appointed by Major Booth as Ordnance Sergeant and Commissary and Quartermaster Sergeant of the post.

The special duty of the Ordnance Corps was to perform guard duty. It was Company A, of the battalion. Captain, Charles P Bolles; First Lieutenant, Samuel A. Ashe.

COMPANY B—Captain, Armand L. DeRosset; First Lieutenant, David J. Ray; Second Lieutenant, Malcolm N Monroe; Junior Second Lieutenant, John T. Ritter.

This command was organized and drilled at this post, and constituted a part of this battalion until they were ordered to report at Wilmington to Major-General Whiting. Captain DeRosset left Fayetteville with 118 rank and file.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W Decker; First Lieutenant, Charles R. Banks; Second Lieutenant, Charles E. Roberts; Junior Second Lieutenant, Alonzo Garrison. Rank and file, 60 men.

COMPANY D—Captain, William P Wemyss; First Lieutenant, James F. Woodward; Second Lieutenant, Samuel J. Walton; Junior Second Lieutenant, Malcom McInnis. Rank and file, 73 men.

COMPANY E—Captain, Martin VanBuren Talley; First Lieutenant, Robert F Epps; Second Lieutenant, William T. Battley; Junior Second Lieutenant, James A. Ahearn. Rank and file, 61 men.

COMPANY F, CAVALRY—Captain, James W Strange; First Lieutenant, R. H. Holliday; Second Lieutenant, Christopher C. McMurray. Rank and file, 69 men.

This command only remained for a few months, and was transferred to more active service, doing duty in Eastern North Carolina from Weldon to Wilmington. Captain Strange had commanded Company D, Nineteenth North Carolina Regiment (Second Cavalry).

COMPANY G—Captain, James D. Buie; First Lieutenant, Lauchlin W Currie; Second Lieutenant, George W Gates. Rank and file, 61 men.

Francis L. Childs was Lieutenant-Colonel of the battalion, and Matthew P Taylor Major.

The total rank and file of this battalion was 509 men.

The battalion was as well drilled and as thoroughly disciplined as any command in the Confederate service.

When General Butler made his famous attack on Fort Fisher and attempted to land his troops, all work at the arsenal and armory was suspended and this entire command was sent to report to Major-General Whiting. The command remained several days near Fort Fisher, and finding General Butler had abandoned his purpose, this command was ordered back to Fayetteville and work again resumed in the various departments. The large majority of this battalion had been in many a hard-fought battle with Lee and Jackson, but being skilled artisans and mechanics of a high order, they were detailed from their commands for this most important duty at the arsenal and armory, but they were always ready to obey the summons to the field.

The Confederate Government moved the Harper's Ferry machinery from the rifle factory there to the Fayetteville arsenal and armory, together with thirty-five men with their families, with Mr. Phillip Burkhart as master armorer. The services of these skilled workmen were highly appre-

ciated, as the work turned out by them was greatly needed by the troops in the field. About 500 splendid rifles were turned out monthly, with any amount of small arms ammunition and numbers of heavy-size gun carriages for sea coast defenses and many light artillery gun carriages and caissons.

As this is a matter of history, as I understand it, it will not be amiss to give the names of these pioneers from Harper's Ferry who left their homes and followed the Southern flag and cast their lot with the Southern cause. They were patriots worthy of their names, and a roll of them should be preserved. There were six Englismen whose names I have been unable to get who also deserve especial mention at my hands for similar service.

HARPER'S FERRY MEN.

James Merrick, John Hewett, Otho Hewett, Wm. Martin, Wm. Copeland, Phillip Schayman, Wm. Nicholson, Tollect Duke, Louis Keyser, Joe Keyser, John Schilling, John Price, Timothy Harrington, Phillip Burkhart, Joe Burkhart, McCloud Lewis, Jesse Graham, John Cord, Levi Decker, Thos. Boswell, Joe Boswell, V Talley, J. E. P Daingerfield, Jacob Sponcellor, Richard Clowe, Hamson Clowe, John Claspy, Wm. Hewitt, Geo. W Decker, Adam Brown, Jeremiah Fuss, Geo. Fuss, Allan Fuss, Hiram Herrington, Herbert Herrington, Frank Herrington, Orrie Herrington, Phillip Burkhart, Jr., George Burkhart, Archibald Kitzmiller, John H. Clowe, W H. Clowe, Rees H. Butler, Jas. Clasby, Geo. Clasby, Benj. Price, Balden Johnson.

Sergeant Stephens deserves special mention at my hands. He was an old United States Sergeant, and joined the Southern Army at great peril. He was one of the most methodical and accurate accountants I ever knew—wrote a beautiful hand writing, was never sick or lost a day during the four years he was in our service

When Lieutenant-Colonel DeLagnel was returned to the field the command of the arsenal and armory devolved upon me for about two months, until the arrival of Major F L. Childs.

Captain Bolles had been employed on the coast survey by

the United States Government for many years previous to the war, and was a man of marked ability. Since the close of hostilities he has been employed by the United States Government in the Bureau of Hydrography at Washington, D. C. Lieutenant Samuel A. Ashe was the assistant to Lieutenant-Colonel Childs in the laboratory and had particular supervision of the magazines, testing powders and making fireworks and ammunition. Dr. Benjamin Robinson was Surgeon of post; T. J. Robinson, was appointed superintendent of laboratory by reason of his long experience in that branch of business in Washington, D. C. Captain J. E. P Daingerfield was made military storekeeper and paymaster by Major Booth because of long experience at the arsenal and armory at Harper's Ferry

Thomas C. DeRosset acted as secretary in Colonel Child's office, Mr. Robert Johnson was chief clerk, and E. P Powers assistant to Johnson. In the military storekeeper's office was William J. Woodward, who was placed in the ordnance department by Major Booth and General J Gorgas, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Richmond, and he was one of the most efficient officers at the post. On the approach of General Sherman's army, all work was, of course, suspended, and the entire command after removing all the machinery possible, together with the large amount of supplies, were ordered to camp at the Gulf in Moore County, and remained there until the surrender at Greensboro, and were included in General Johnston's surrender.

HISTORY OF THE ARSENAL.

Since writing the above, I have received some very valuable suggestions relative to the "Old Arsenal" before the war, and very cheerfully give them, that my report may be full and complete in regard to this grand old place. My sketch above written was gathered from the best information I could obtain from those resident at Fayetteville previous to the war.

The ante bellum commandants should be in the following order: Captain Bradford was the first commandant. The building of the arsenal was begun in 1835 under his command. He was many years in command, and was succeeded

by Captain A. B. Dyer about 1853, who remained until about 1857 Captain Bradford was then returned, and, after a brief stay, was succeeded by Captain Chas. P Kingsbury. Captain Kingsbury remained perhaps half a year, and was succeeded by Major T. T. S. Laidley, who remained until a short time before the outbreak of the war, when Captain Bradford was again restored; and, the place being turned into a military post, a company of artillery was added under command of Brevet Major Samuel Anderson, J A. DeLagnel being First Lieutenant.

Dyer, Kingsbury and Laidley remained on Northern side, though Dyer and Laidley were Virginians, Kingsbury was a Northern man by birth, though appointed as from North Carolina. Dyer became Major-General and Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army during the war. Kingsbury was Brigadier-General and Chief of General McClellan's Staff when McClellan had supreme command. Laidley became Colonel of Ordnance, and missed becoming the head of the department by a turn of favoritism.

On the Southern side Anderson became Chief of Artillery on General Huger's Staff, and afterwards Chief of General R. H. Anderson's Staff. DeLagnel, who was a veritable hero, after the exciting and somewhat romantic career already alluded to, became Assistant Chief of Ordnance of the Confederacy under General J Gorgas. DeLagnel was the son of a San Domingo refugee, a gentleman (perhaps a soldier) of high position, who came to this country with Colonel DeRussy, who settled in Louisiana. Mrs. DeLagnel was of Petersburg, Va. Bradford, Dyer, Kingsbury and Laidley were men of a high order of ability and of high standing as professional soldiers. They were officers of the Ordnance Department, which ranked next to the Engineer Department, and were therefore necessarily men who had stood near the head, if not at the head of their classes at West Point.

MATTHEW P TAYLOR.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

SEVENTH BATTALION.

(CAVALRY.)

By THE EDITOR.

Captain George N Folk, after serving a year as Captain of Company D, Ninth North Carolina Regiment, resigned 9 May, 1862. On reaching home he immediately raised a battalion of six companies of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and which was officially styled the *Seventh Battalion.* In the fall of 1862 it was sent to East Tennessee and was actively engaged in the duties of a cavalry command of that much perturbed section. Many incidents of its career can not now be recalled. On 20 November, it reported 486 present. Vol. 30 (Serial) *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 412.* In December, 1862, it was on service in Carter County, Tenn. In July, 1863, it was on the raid into Kentucky, *Vol. 34, p. 830.* The Spring of 1863 it was moving about in East Tennessee and in April was reported "on scouting and outpost duty" attached to Colonel John S. Scott's Brigade. (Serial) *Vol. 35, p. 793,* and in July was in Pegram's Brigade, same Vol., p. 946. On 3 August, 1863, this battalion was combined with the Fifth Battalion commanded by Major A. H. Baird. The regiment thus formed became the Sixty-fifth North Carolina (Sixth Cavalry) of which Folk became Colonel and Baird Lieutenant-Colonel. The history of that regiment is given in Vol. 3 of this work. The account of the Fifth Battalion up to the date of its consolidation is printed in this volume and it is to be regretted that some one of the command could not do the same for the Seventh Battalion.

There was another Seventh Battalion (Reserves) commanded by Major W Foster French, which was later merged into the Seventy-second North Carolina. The battalion numbered Seventh in Moore's Roster was not so styled during the war, and was doubtless part of Mallett's (or Hahr's) Battalion, herein styled *Nineteenth* Battalion.

EIGHTH BATTALION

(NETHERCUTT'S PARTISAN RANGERS.)

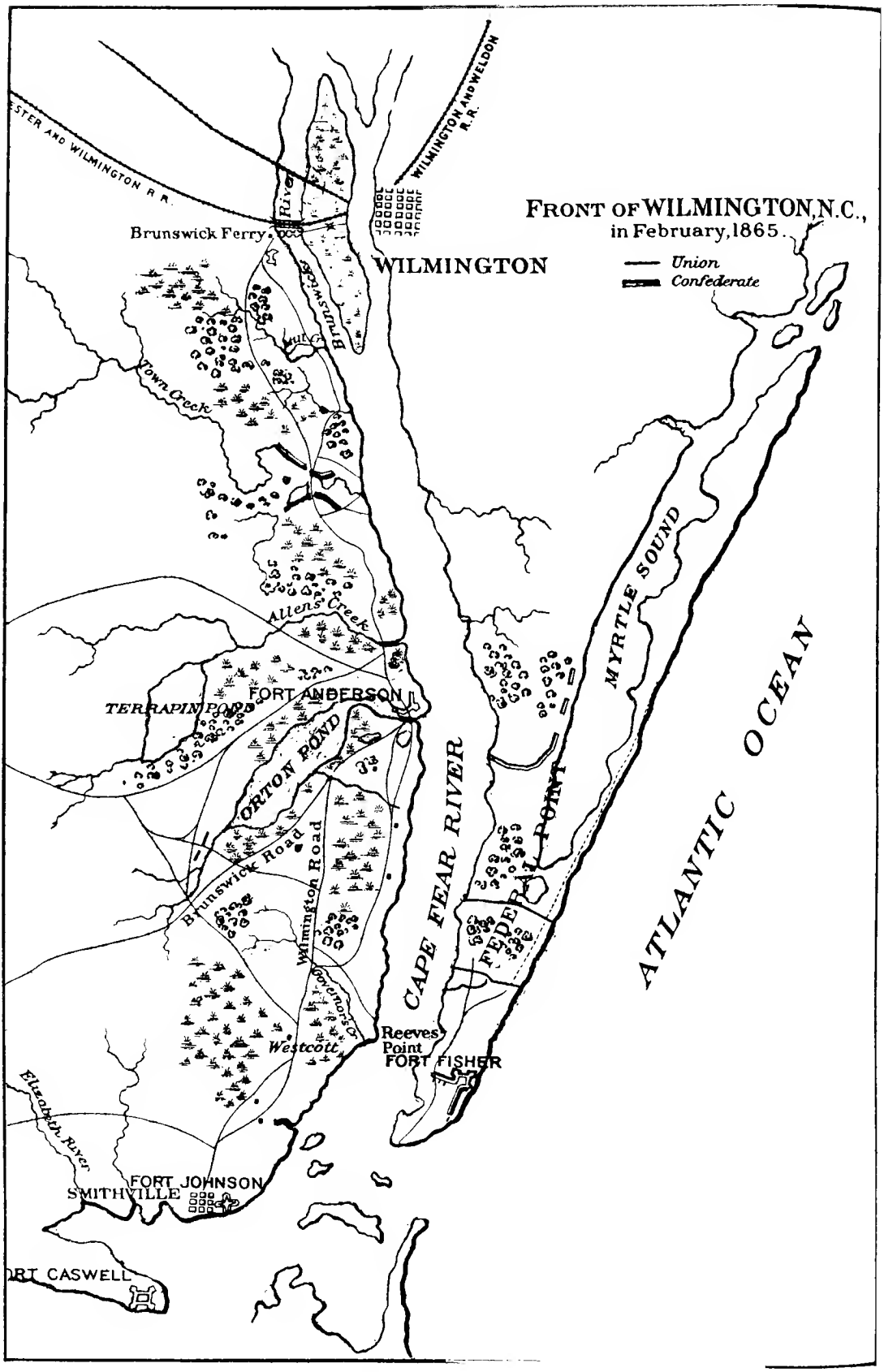
BY THE EDITOR.

This battalion began as a company of Partisan Rangers under Captain Jno. H. Nethercutt *9 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 473,* but was soon increased to a battalion. Its commander, Major John H. Nethercutt, was a blunt, but brave and enterprising officer, and his command rendered service principally in the New Bern section. If all the stirring incidents of its career could be told it would be a most interesting narrative. On 20 April, 1863, it was in a hot skirmish at Sandy Ridge, *26* (Serial) *Vol. 255.* On 27 May he had 500 men, same Vol., 1074.

In August, 1863, this battalion was combined with the Fourth (Wright's) Battalion and some independent companies and formed the Sixty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, of which Major Nethercutt was made Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment was assigned to Martin's, afterwards Kirkland's, Brigade, and its story, told by Adjutant George M. Rose, appears in Vol. 3 of this work. On the death of Colonel A. D. Moore, in front of Petersburg, Nethercutt became Colonel and 15 March, 1865, was assigned to the command of the brigade of Junior Reserves which he held at Bentonville and up to the surrender of Johnston's army. Colonel Nethercutt was assassinated at his home in Jones County after the war while sitting at supper with his family by some traitor who wished to avenge punishment received during the war. He was a most gallant, capable officer.

There was another Eighth Battalion (Reserves) commanded by Major J B. Ellington, which in January, 1865, was merged into the Seventy-second North Carolina (Third Junior Reserves.)

The battalion given as the *Eighth* in Moore's Roster (Vol. 4, pp. 359-372) was officially known during the war as the *Tenth* Battalion and as such its history is herein given.


FRONT OF WILMINGTON, N.C.,
in February, 1865.
Union
Confederate
WILMINGTON
WILMINGTON AND WELDON R.R.
Brunswick Ferry
Brunswick River
Town Creek
Allens Creek
TERRAPIN POND
FORT ANDERSON
ORTON POND
Brunswick Road
Wilmington Road
Governors Creek
Westcott
Reeves Point
FORT FISHER
CAPE FEAR RIVER
MYRTLE SOUND
FEDERAL POINT
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Elizabeth River
FORT JOHNSON
SMITHVILLE
RT CASWELL

NINTH BATTALION

(FIRST HEAVY ARTILLERY.)

By T. A. McNEILL, Sergeant Company D.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war in 1861, the Legislature of North Carolina, co-operating with the Confederate Government in defending the entrance to the Cape Fear river and the harbor of Wilmington, passed an act authorizing the formation of a battalion of heavy artillery, to be composed of three companies, to man the defences then being and afterwards that might be, constructed for the protection of the coast and shores close to the Cape Fear bar at either the Fort Caswell or New Inlet entrance.

One of the companies was raised by Captain, afterwards Major Alexander McRae, of Wilmington, composed largely of men from New Hanover, Columbus, Bladen and Robeson counties; and its officers, at its organization, were Alexander McRae, Captain; W H. Brown, —. —. Ryan, A. S. Hartsfield, and afterwards John A. Gilchrist, John J. Bright and R. P Allen, Lieutenants. This became Company C. The second company was organized by Captain Charles D, Ellis, and its members were mainly from Brunswick, Duplin and other counties near New Hanover. Its officers were Charles D. Ellis, Captain, who resigned 2 October, 1862, and Jacob W Taylor, promoted to be Captain in the same month, with Z. Ellis, B. C. Bourden and Henry C. Evans, Lieutenants, and was Company B. The other company was raised by Captain Robert G. Rankin, of Wilmington, was recruited mainly in New Hanover, Duplin, Cumberland and Robeson

Note.—This Battalion was known officially as the First Battalion Heavy Artillery. It is here numbered as the Ninth merely as a convenience. There was a battalion which was officially known as the Ninth (Reserves), commanded by Major D. T. Millard but when the other battalions of Juniors were organized into regiments it became the *First* Battalion of Reserves whose story is told herein under the head of "Twentieth Battalion."

Counties. On its organization Robert G. Rankin, of Wilmington, was Captain, and E. S. Martin, G. W. Kidder, Wm. Harris, David G. Robeson and A. J Galloway were Lieutenants, and in the battalion it was Company A.

The three companies were at first attached to other commands, particularly the Thirty-sixth and Fortieth Regiments (First and Second Artillery), from about April or May, 1862, and served at Wilmington or its vicinity, especially Captain Rankin's company McRae's company was from May or April, 1862, at Fort Fisher, and Captain Ellis' command was on duty about Smithville, and to the south of Fort Caswell and in that vicinity from the time of its enrollment in the spring of 1862, until some time in 1863, being under the immediate command of Colonel John D. Taylor, Thirty-sixth North Carolina, at Fort Campbell. Captain McRae's command while on duty at Fort Fisher, was attached to the Thirty-sixth Regiment under Colonel Lamb, and engaged there in ordinary garrison duty, instructed in infantry tactics, but specially exercised in the heavy artillery manual. It often participated in artillery duels with the blockading squadron lying off the fort, and also often engaged in exciting combats with the enemy in their efforts to intercept the daring blockade runners bringing in great cargoes of artillery, small arms, ammunition, provisions, and all manner of warlike stores, seeking the cover of the guns of the fort to enter the Cape Fear river through New Inlet.

A similar service was being performed at the same time by Captain Ellis' command at Fort Campbell, on the beach below Fort Caswell, commanding the entrance to the western bar. Captain McRae's company was on duty in Wilmington at its organization; afterwards was sent to Fort Anderson and remained in garrison there for some time, being drilled and carefully exercised in the artillery manual. The government early saw the importance of strengthening to the utmost the approaches to the Cape Fear river by way of New Inlet and the main bar at Fort Caswell, and in 1862 Colonel William Lamb was put in command at Fort Fisher. This fort at that time consisted of new and hastily constructed earth works, unfitted in size and depth to resist powerful artillery, and

this officer ordered Captain McRae's command, along with several others, to Fort Fisher. From that time until December, 1863, under Lamb's intelligent supervision, the company, with others, was engaged in garrison duty, drilling mainly in the heavy artillery manual, constructing magazines, bomb-proofs, traverses, curtains, casemates and in every way aiding their efficient commander, until Fort Fisher was almost entirely rebuilt. Powerful batteries, traverses, palisades, covered ways and gun chambers were erected, many of these latter mounting rifled guns of English pattern, and of great calibre, with Columbiads from the Confederate gun works. These took the place of what a few months before were straggling redoubts connected by inefficient curtains, and mounting guns of old pattern and small calibre, many of them mounted on ship carriages. It may be here said that it is difficult to realize the full value of the services rendered the Confederacy by Colonel William Lamb and the handful of artillerists under his command in keeping open, one might almost say, the last breathing hole of the South, after the fall of New Orleans and the closing of the Southern and Gulf ports by the rigid blockade of the United States Navy. The amount of military stores, clothing, arms, artillery, medicines, and often purely domestic supplies, that came through New Inlet and over the Caswell bar into the beleaguered Confederacy was simply immense, and how far this aided the doubtful struggle we may not fully know, nor to what extent it helped the people to clothe themselves and the troops, can not be estimated.

Under orders from General Whiting, then in command of the Cape Fear Department, detachments from Rankin's, McRae's and Taylor's companies proceeded to Smithville, N. C., the men leaving the old companies of their own volition, and there organized Company D, with James L. McCormick, Captain; H. C. Evans, John T. Rankin and T. M. Argo, Lieutenants. The new company at once went on duty at Smithville, detachments from it manning the guns at Reeve's Point, an earthwork on the south side of Cape Fear, opposite New Inlet, and also swelling the garrison at Fort Anderson, some miles higher up on the same side of the river. Company B,

Captain Brown, remained at Fort Fisher until late in 1864, when it was ordered to Fort Caswell, then under Colonel Jones, where Rankin's company was then also on duty.

In 1863, the three companies were organized into a battalion, with Alexander McRae Major, the companies being known as Companies A, B, C and D, the last one commanded by James L. McCormick, being formed after McRae was appointed Major, and were mustered regularly into the Confederate service, and known thereafter as the "First Battalion of Heavy Artillery."

This, with the Thirty-sixth and Fortieth North Carolina Regiments, and attached companies, formed Hebert's Brigade. The officers of the battalion were Alexander McRae, of Wilmington, Major; William Calder, Adjutant; Asa A. Hartsfield, Quartermaster, and R. B. Jewett, Sergeant-Major.

Company C, at this time commanded by Captain John W Taylor, was stationed at Fort Campbell, being detached and acting with the Thirty-sixth North Carolina Regiment under Colonel John D. Taylor, and remained on garrison duty there until the fall of Fort Fisher in January, 1865, doing all the while ordinary guard and picket duty, and engaged in frequent combats with the enemy off the fort.

FIRST ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

On the morning of 24 December, 1864, the huge Federal fleet composed of iron-clads, the new *Ironsides* and a large number of frigates and gun boats, accompanied by transports, was seen in crescent-shaped order of battle off Fort Fisher, and soon thereafter orders came directing Captain Jas. L. McCormick to move Company D, First Battalion Heavy Artillery, to Fort Fisher. Boarding the transport at Fort Caswell wharf and taking on other troops at Smithville, the men landed late in the afternoon of the same day at Craig's Landing, about one mile above Fort Fisher. There they were formed and marched towards the fort, then being heavily bombarded, till within a few hundred yards of the works and under fire, the command was ordered under cover of a sand bank till nightfall. They then entered the works and at once

were put on guard and picket duty, mounting guns and replacing carriages dismounted or destroyed during the day.

Early on the morning of 25 December, Bowles' and Rollins' Batteries on the sea face of the fort or curtain extending towards Battery Buchanan, at the extreme point on the river, which, with the "Mound Battery," and others guarded the entrance to New Inlet bar, were manned by Company D. On the resumption of Porter's attack this day the guns were served well and steadily, with coolness and precision, by the detachments under the terrific fire to which they were subjected, the enemy, under the rain of shot and shell, desiring to take soundings of the bar and run the batteries to gain the river if possible. Late in the evening, while the pieces were being served, the company was ordered to the left, to repel an attack of infantry advanced on the fort by General Butler, in command of the land forces, and took position in the palisading in the marsh to the right of Shepherd's Battery, and opened upon the enemy's sharpshooters till they retired. Afterwards, with two other companies under Major Reilly, they marched to the Point as infantry to resist a supposed landing of the enemy, but no landing had been made. The loss of the company was slight, only a few of the men being dangerously wounded in this action, and none killed. The men were complimented by Colonel Lamb for their coolness and gallantry under fire, and Lieutenant Rankin was specially mentioned for gallantry. General Whiting, who in the midst of the hottest fire passed the guns, spoke words of commendation to the detachments. In a few days the company was ordered into garrison at Fort Caswell. Fort Fisher was erected to prevent the United States navy from passing the New Inlet into the river. It was built on a sand spit, or peninsula, so to speak, lying between the ocean beach on the east side, and Cape Fear river on the west, the shape of the land being triangular, and at the inlet between Bald Head or Smith's Island and the Point, it was narrow, Battery Buchanan being located at the extremity. Some distance to the east was the noted "Mound Battery," nearer the New Inlet bar, and above this were redoubts and curtain, extending up to, and itself forming a part of, the main fort, and facing the sea. From

the Point to the land face of the fort was a mile and a half, and along this curtain were placed the channel batteries, protected by traverses, with the necessary bomb-proofs, magazines, etc. The land face of the work extended from the terminus of this sea face west and across the spit or peninsula, nearly to the river. A sallyport was located at the west end of the land face, into which from above, a road led into the fort, there being a slough and bridge near the entrance. From this sally-port to the river was a breast work, protected by a palisade, the stakes pierced for infantry fire, sand bags also being used along this extension. The main land face and angle at the sea face and for some distance towards Bowles' Battery, was a powerful earthwork, about sixty feet at the base and some twenty feet or more wide at the elevation, with chambers for guns at the proper intervals, protected by immense traverses, with magazines and bomb-proofs, the fort and batteries having forty-four guns, and two mortars, the best the Confederacy could afford, some of late English pattern. General Grant, disappointed at the failure of December, now sent General Terry with about 8,500 men, supported by a formidable fleet with more than 600 heavy guns under Admiral Porter, to reduce this place and both appeared near Fort Fisher about 11 or 12 January, 1865.

SECOND ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

On this being known Company D, of the first battalion, then in garrison at Fort Caswell, was ordered to Fisher on 13 January, the bombardment beginning on that day. At once boarding the transport it landed near Battery Buchanan after dark that night and was ordered by Colonel Lamb to move at once to the land face to meet an expected assault. It double-quicked to its position near the west end of the land face, but the enemy did not then approach.

On the 14th, men of this company under a heavy fire, manned guns on the land face, unflinching amid the accurate aim of the monitors and iron-clads. The 15-inch shells landed often on the guns, knocking off trunnions, breaking off great pieces of the Columbiad muzzles, wrecking gun carriages, and often bespattering the walls of the gun chambers

with the blood and brains of the men of the detachments, yet the gunners coolly adjusted the degrees. The men obeyed every order till in turn relieved, often mounting the parapet amid a storm of exploding shells when necessary to sponge a gun, the flannel bursting into flame as soon as out of the muzzle, and continuing in this way the contest throughout the day At night one-half of the picket ordered on the beach on the land face was composed of men of this company Advancing until the enemy's pickets were discovered, they fought by the light of the enemy's guns on the line until near midnight, when they were drawn in close to the fort.

On the morning of 15 January, the attack was renewed with unabated fury and daylight, as near as the writer recalls, showed only two guns on the land face in condition for service, and one of these was manned by detachments from Company D, and the other by a detachment from the navy. A line of rifle pits having now been established by the enemy within range, the men at the guns were shot as they attempted to serve them, but this fire was returned from the parapets with effect.

With the exception of some detachments at the guns, which participated gallantly in the repulse of the naval brigade in the assault on the land face, Company D was stationed on this day at a sallyport about midway the land face of the fort, until between 1 and 2 o'clock p. m., when Colonel Lamb ordered the company to the extreme left, with instructions to keep cover as well as possible under the fort until the enemy, now apparently massing for an assault, should approach within the range of musketry, and then, rushing to the palisades, man them and contest their nearer approach. Instantly the company cleared the gallery and bomb-proof, the fleet at this time turning their whole fire on the land face to cover the assault and drive the men to shelter, Captain McCormick moving at the base of the works. All the land face now looked as if wrapped in flame and smoke—the screaming, exploding shells tearing the earthwork, making holes in the traverses, and in all the history of war it is doubtful if a more infernal fire ever fell upon a fort. The company reaching the sallyport at the extreme end of the work next the river,

halted under cover, when in a few minutes there was a sudden cessation of the fire, and on the instant the vidette reported the advance of the enemy's column. The men of this company rushed to the palisades, and a section of a battery at the sallyport at once opened fire on the enemy, and a destructive fire was kept up by the battery and Company D on the enemy now within a short distance of the slough, and this was kept up until the enemy veered, or could not be seen from the palisades at all. In this time, after a few rounds from the battery, the detachments, two or three in succession, were all shot down at their guns, apparently by sharpshooters, and the pieces were not after this served. In a very short time the enemy again showed himself in our front. This time the column advanced to the right of this company's position, under a heavy fire poured on it from the palisades between the sallyport and the river's edge, moving as if to effect a lodgment on the fort to the right of the position held by Company D, but to some extent exposed to its fire now being delivered in volleys. In the midst of this fire, it was found that the enemy were inside the palisades, to the right of Company D, and then a desperate struggle succeeded almost hand-to-hand, some of Company D to the left of the sallyport clubbing their muskets and fighting with the width of the palisade only between them and the enemy. But to the right of the sallyport and on that angle of the fort, the enemy in this assault got possession of the exterior slope, a lodgment was effected, the parapet gained, and the men were surrounded. A large number of the company were taken at the palisade, a few retreated down the lines of the fort, others to slight entrenchments near the river at right angles to the land face, and there fought and held possession until overpowered. Those who retreated joined the other commands in resisting the enemy from the traverses to the west of the middle sallyport, the enemy's line now enveloping the land face on both sides. At length the enemy reached a traverse defended by detachments of Company D, which had been left serving the guns when the company went to the left. Here these men made a deadly struggle with the foe for the traverses, the enemy and they firing into each other's faces at a few paces

distance. Our men yielded the traverse only when all or nearly so, were killed or disabled. Some of the men joined Colonel Lamb, who conducted the charge on the enemy shortly afterwards, and were close to that gallant officer when he was shot down, and continued to resist until the works were occupied.

In the assault on the palisading on the extreme left extending from left angle of the fort to the river's edge, Company D, together with the section of a light battery, repelled the enemy, their line on the second rush apparently obliquing to the right of this position, moving over the Wilmington road, and from a redoubt above the fort. General Whiting in referring to the assault in a dispatch after the battle and while a prisoner, said: "A portion of the troops on the left had also repelled the first rush to the left of the works." This Company D, of the First Heavy Artillery Battalion, carried into the action seventy to seventy-five men, and in the three days' fight lost forty men in killed and wounded, and those left were taken prisoners. It is not here intended in any way to say that other commands in this action did not act as gallantly in this terrible fight, but only to state the facts in connection with the part borne in it by one of the companies of the First Battalion. After the fall of Fisher all the prisoners were sent North, the works at Bald Head, Fort Caswell and Fort Campbell were blown up or abandoned, and Companies A, B and C, together with some men from Company D, who were not captured because on detached duty at other points, were placed under command of Colonel John D. Taylor, of the Thirty-sixth North Carolina. At Fort Anderson, or in that vicinity, they participated in the defence of that place and of other places on the west side of the Cape Fear river, when pressed by the enemy, now advancing from Smithville. At Town Creek Lieutenant John T. Rankin, in charge of a light battery, greatly distinguished himself, fighting his guns until shot down and his section and men surrounded and captured by the enemy.

SOUTH WEST CREEK AND BENTONVILLE.

The battalion was on duty on the retreat from Anderson, and after the evacuation of Wilmington in February, marched

with the army to Kinston, N C., being attached to Hagood's Brigade after the fall of Fort Fisher. At the battle of "Southwest Creek" (or "Wise's Fork"), below Kinston, 8-10 March, 1865, the battalion was engaged slightly with a portion of Schofield's Corps, suffering some loss. It was in the retreat to Smithfield and thence marched to Bentonville. In that battle 19-21 March, the battalion was on the extreme right of Hagood's Brigade, which formed the left of Johnston's Army. In the assault on the enemy's works Sunday evening, 19 March, the battalion captured the first line of the enemy's works in their front, their supports getting to the work but falling back. The supports consisted of Hagood's and Colquitt's Brigades, but the battalion held the works taken for about an hour. The troops on the right and left falling back, the battalion then retired.

In this charge Colonel John D. Taylor was wounded, Captain Rankin mortally wounded, Captain Taylor killed, all the Lieutenants except Allen wounded, and the command was now brought off in charge of Lieutenant J A. Gilchrist, himself wounded, the command falling back under fire. In this last desperate charge in the last battle of Johnston's army, in the last battle on North Carolina soil, Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Taylor carried the First Battalion in 257 strong, and it lost on the field in killed and wounded 152 men, or 57 per cent. of its strength.

IN REAR OF SHERMAN.

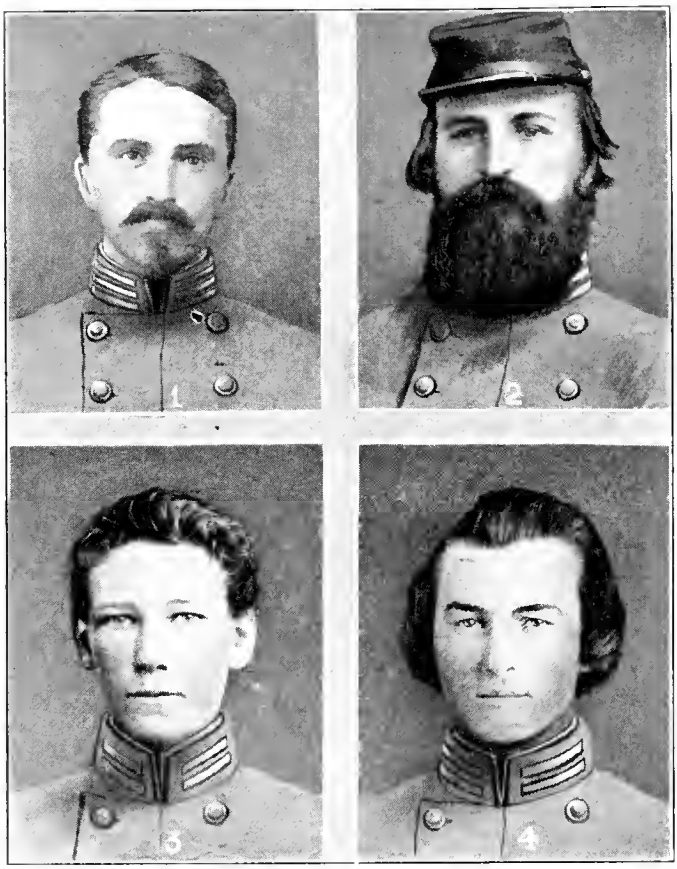
On the second day after the action, and in the night, the position of the battalion was flanked, and it was moved forward to the left, and the works held until Wednesday morning after the battle. The battalion was then attached to Whitford's command and ordered to Tarboro. The command remained there about a week. From there it was ordered to a point on the railroad below Weldon, checking an advance of the enemy in that quarter. From there it was ordered to Elizabethtown, in Bladen County, for outpost duty on the upper Cape Fear, when the surrender of General Johnston was reported. It was one of the organizations that was never formally surrendered, and upon the receipt of this news

the commanding officer disbanded the battalion and the men were sent to their homes with their arms. Major McRae and Adjutant William Calder went to Wilmington, and were paroled in May, 1865.

The above is an imperfect narrative of this command. It was not on the fields of carnage and glory in Virginia, it was not at Gettysburg nor at Chancellorsville, nor in the deadly tangles of the Wilderness; but in garrison services which stayed the Confederacy, in coolness when it stood for battle, in courage when it met the enemy's onset, and in gallantry when it stormed his works and forced his lines, its members may claim a place well up in the record of North Carolina in the "heroic period," as men who equaled in valor their comrades of any other arm, in faithful service to the State and in loyal devotion to the South.

T. A. MCNEILL.

LUMBERTON, N. C.,
2 May, 1901.



TENTH BATTALION.

1. Woodbury Wheeler, Captain, Co. D.
2. H. M. Barnes, Captain, Co. B.
3. C. S Powell, Adjutant and 1st Lieut.
4. F. C. Frazier, 1st Lieut., Co. A.

TENTH BATTALION.

(SECOND BATTALION HEAVY ARTILLERY.)

BY WOODBURY WHEELER,* CAPTAIN COMPANY D.

This sketch is written in pursuance of the following letter, a copy of which I learn was sent to all the historians, about 100 in number, selected for these volumes:

RALEIGH, N. C., 19 November, 1894.

Captain Woodbury Wheeler,
My Comrade:

At the last meeting of the Confederate Veterans' Association, I was appointed a committee to secure one soldier from each regiment and battalion to write a brief history of his command with a view to publication by the State. I have selected you for your command, and respectfully, but earnestly request that you acept the duty thus imposed on you at the instance of your surviving comrades. The length and tenor of the sketch is left to your judgment; but an average of thirty pages for each regiment, will give us four volumes of 750 pages each of very valuable matter which in a few years would otherwise be lost to the world. You are very busy, and that is one reason you are selected. Only busy men have the energy and the talent to do work. You have doubtless forgotten much, but you can get access to the *Official Records Union and Confederate Armies,* published by the United States Government, and *Moore's Roster,* printed by our State. You can also refresh your memory by correspondence with those of your command who are fortunately still living. Your record as a soldier satisfies me you will not de-

*The author of this sketch was a son of the late Jno. H. Wheeler, author of a history of North Carolina. His MSS. of Reminiscencies of Eminent North Carolinians were printed by this son after the death of the author. Born in Lincoln, N. C., the writer of this sketch, at the age of 19, entered the service of North Carolina and served four years. He died like several others, who are authors of sketches herein, pending the delay of the Legislature to authorize the publication of these volumes.—ED

cline this post of duty. Send me the manuscript if possible by 1 March, next.

I respectfully request that you write the history of the North Carolina Battalion in which you served in the war.

Please acknowledge your acceptance of this assignment to duty, the last which the Confederate soldiers can ask of you, that I may enter your name on the list to be filed with the Veterans' Association. Believe me to be, with highest regard and esteem, Fraternally yours,

WALTER CLARK.

The above courteous request of Comrade Walter Clark to prepare this sketch would be equivalent to an order from headquarters that must be obeyed. Moore in his "Roster" of North Carolina troops, who served in the armies of the Confederacy, calls this the Eighth Battalion, (IV, 359) and gave our number to the battalion of men detailed as artisans (395); how the error occurred in the War Department Records, he does not explain. But from the foundation of the battalion, in May, 1865, it was always known and mustered as the "Tenth Battalion of North Carolina Artillery."

The engineer officers of the Confederate Army were probably as fine a body of experts as ever existed; whenever they projected lines of defence around any important point we might rest assured that these had been planned and completed according to the most approved system. At the entrances of the Cape Fear river and also around the City of Wilmington, every point was made as impregnable as possible. When these entrenchments were finished several artillery regiments were formed for the special garrison of the same; as President Davis remarked, he had sent his most skillful officers to the defence of the place—referring then more especially to that knightly soldier, General W H. C Whiting, who died 21 January, 1865, from wounds received at the second attack upon Fort Fisher.

To this necessity of creating a force for the defence of Wilmington does the Tenth Battalion owe its formation. In February, 1862, we find the first enlistments were made for the battalion, and on 13 May of that year, the Major (Wil-

ton L. Young, of Wake County), was commissioned to command the three companies then comprising the organization. Subsequently, in April, 1863, Company D was formed and Woodbury Wheeler made its Captain. Captain Wheeler had served during the first six months of the war as Adjutant of the Sixteenth Regiment, under General Robert E. Lee, in the campaign around Cheat Mountain, Virginia. The men were nearly all from the Western counties of our State. The duties of this battalion at that time were important, but not brilliant; in the summer season they were ordered out of the city either to the forts at the mouth of the Cape Fear or to the "Sound," to prevent any inroads from that direction.

A DARING DEED.

It was whilst the battalion was stationed at Fort Caswell that a raid was made by the enemy, from their fleet to the headquarters of our General at Smithville, which for daring could hardly be surpassed. Following the channel, which was necessarily left open to admit our English friends, in their blockade-running steamers, these raiders, commanded by the same Lieutenant Wm. B. Cushing, who afterwards destroyed the ironclad "Albemarle," with equal intrepidity, came within pistol shot of our sentries; passed batteries that could have hurled tons of shot and shell upon them, and landing at the Smithville wharf, went immediately to General Hebert's quarters. He fortunately was at Wilmington on that night; but when his chief of staff raised the window to find out the cause of the commotion on the porch, the front end of a revolver was thrust in his face with a demand for his surrender The result of this raid was the capture of that officer only. The alarm was promptly given, all the batteries opened fire on the channel-way—dark as Erebus although it was. Cushing fled to his gunboat, lying in as near as she could to the fort, and then putting on a full head of steam, turned his vessel seaward. In his great haste he ran into another gunboat, the "Peterhoff," and she sank in less than ten minutes.

The next day one of the fleet came in near the fort again, but its white flag at the peak was not observed. Our Whit-

worth gun was unlimbered and made ready for action; the command to fire was on the lips of the Lieutenant in charge, when the vessel stopped and turned her broadside towards the fort, and not until then was the flag of truce at her masthead spread out by the breeze so we could see it. A small boat came ashore for the captured officer's personal effects and brought a note of adieu from him to his late comrades. We never saw him again.

Since the war the writer has been told by Federal officers who were on the fleet that lay off Fort Caswell, doing blockade duty, that our "Whitworth" would shoot clear through their vessels when they came in range. One of its projectiles cut the throat of a quartermaster as clean as if done by a razor, the shot doing no other damage.

They said Lieutenant Cushing frequently spent days in ambush on the banks of the Cape Fear and would often capture our army couriers passing from Wilmington to Smithville; he would compel them to exchange clothes with one of his men, whom he would send into Smithville after dark, on horseback, to get the correspondence ready to be returned to Wilmington.

The old line officers on the fleet looked with contempt on all such raids as guerrilla warfare and frowned upon such as eccentricities of Cushing.

The spirit of this brave young officer chafed under the restraints enforced by a return to peace, and he ended his days within the walls of "St. Elizabeth," the United States hospital for the insane of the army and navy, near Washington City, a raving maniac. War's dread alarm alone had charms for him.

The Whitworth gun mentioned was a terror to the enemy; its range was immense, its accuracy that of a sharpshooter. The blockading fleet was by it compelled to keep so far from the fort that the English steamers easily made the port. Our great war governor, Zebulon B. Vance, appreciated the importance and necessity of using these English-built steamers to supply his brave troops with the sinews of war, as well as subsistence.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

It had been the policy of President Davis to put an embargo on cotton and thus make the great powers of Europe raise the Federal blockade to obtain a supply of this great product of the South; so the inland cities of the South had about this time great rows of cotton bales, making cumbersome curb-lines for their streets, awaiting this raising of the blockade of the enemy. The Governor of North Carolina did not believe in this policy and determined to supply his men with what they needed as soldiers, and by exchanging cotton for meat and bread so help them and their families. One of the largest vessels which ran the blockade at this point was purchased by our State, and she was christened the "Ad-Vance." By her many cargoes of the priceless necessities of life were brought to Wilmington, and the North Carolina troops heaped blessings on their Governor's name for this evidence of his care and tender regard.

The "Sumter," the great Admiral Semmes' first ship, once came into this port and brought on that trip two "Blakeley" guns, of such great size, that they were stood on their end in the forward part of the vessel and around their muzzles some of the larger ropes of the ship were wound. These guns were put on the battery at Charleston, an interior line, and although costing many thousands of dollars, never had the opportunity of firing a shot at the enemy.

In the winter the lines of entrenchment around the City of Wilmington were picketed by this battalion; so long were these lines, the duty was most arduous. During the winter the battalion also became the provost guard of the city. Wilmington was the last port held by the Confederacy, and the fleet of English blockade runners on the river front became very numerous, with them came many Northern spies. The city was patrolled constantly, every "suspect" was hunted down and brought in with a file of soldiers at his back, and the rough element, male and female, adventurers of every class, were kept in subjection as far as possible. The duties of a provost-guard whilst most necessary are nevertheless irksome.

ORDERED SOUTH.

The battalion, however, had work enough from December 1864, to the end of the war to satisfy the most ambitious soldier, and during the next five months there was hardly a day "which they could call their own." General Sherman had "cut loose" from his base of supplies. The plan to divert his raid across Georgia was frustrated by the repulse of Hood's army at Franklin, Tenn., and Federal forces moved across the State of Georgia with comparatively little opposition. So soon as Savannah was found to be the "objective point" of Sherman's march, its defence was assigned to Lieutenant-General W J Hardee, a most gallant officer of world-wide reputation, and this battalion was put into the trenches around that city. The writer was in hospital suffering from rheumatism, when the command left Wilmington. The lines of entrenchment around Wilmington which the command had picketed for so many days and nights and guarded so zealously, were to be left by them to other hands to defend when assaulted by the enemy. The writer came with the command to Augusta, Georgia, and there all soldiers who had already seen service at the front, but were now doing "post duty," once more volunteered to return to the field and defend the State. The enthusiasm was intense and the writer, although in hospital, reported for such duty as he might be able to perform.

SAVANNAH.

The Tenth Battalion went into Savannah just as Sherman appeared before that city, and here for nearly twenty days it was almost continuously under fire.

The army commanded by General Sherman was well nigh invincible, rude and truculent though it seemed at times, but made up as it was of the brawn and muscle of the great Northwest, it became a "scourge of God," a dire punishment to the South.

For days and days of that cold December (1864) Sherman's men would form in skirmish line, on the edge of the woods, and move across the "opening" right up to the range of our canister and grape shot before they could be driven

back to cover. During the weeks of siege, our General found out that the coil was being tightened around his devoted command. Fighting for "home and fatherland," his small force was doing all that could be done to save the lovely city entrusted to them, and yet we all began to think that before the winter closed we would be in prison at Fort Delaware or on Johnson Island; still we stood to our guns and did our duty.

A DANGEROUS CONSPIRACY.

Inside of these lines there was an infantry battalion whose officers were some of our best young men, noble in heart and in spirit, cadets of some of the oldest families in the Carolinas, but the rank and file were made up of men who had been captured by our armies in various battles. These we called "galvanized Yankees." True they were nearly all foreigners, mostly Irishmen, who cared for neither side especially, but had been first regularly enlisted in the Federal army. If captured, they knew they would be tried for desertion, for they now "wore the gray." Amongst them was a young Sergeant, a native of Delaware, he came with the battalion, thus made up. They soon "took in the situation," and almost felt like the rope was around their necks. Who could blame them for their desire to escape such a fate?

One night a gigantic Irish Corporal in this command, because he had become so devoted to one of the Confederate officers over him, revealed a plot which had been formed to spike the guns of our main battery, kill or capture the officers near by and go over into Sherman's lines. The young Delaware Sergeant was the originator of the plot. Several regiments from another portion of our line surrounded this unhappy band and their guns were speedily taken from them. A drum-head court-martial was held, and in less than an hour our young Delaware Sergeant and six others, at the hour of midnight, were duly executed by sentence of this court; the residue of the command was passed through our lines to the rear. Our General was tried after the war under orders of the War Department at Washington for the execution of these conspirators, but of course he was acquitted.

EVACUATION.

The end of the siege came at last; one evening, long into the dark, we shelled the woods in front of our batteries, and kept the enemy from having any fires at all, but when our headquarter's band finally struck up "Dixie," they all yelled at us, "Played out! Played out!" For some cause or other they did not return our fire on that night at all, and it was about 11 o'clock when we silently marched down the City road, lined by the great live oak trees, with their long festoons of waving moss and vines which swung backward and forward, in the pale moonlight, and seemed to be ghosts of our departed hopes. We passed through the city and just as the clocks in the steeples struck "one!" our command had reached the centre of the dikes in the rice fields, which border the Carolina side of the Savannah river.

No pursuit of us was attempted. The enemy was perfectly willing to "play quits" after weeks of constant duelling.

At our first halt the Georgia troops being "Home Guards" insisted that they should be returned to their State. And as a legitimate operation of the doctrine of State's rights, they were returned. This forced General Hardee to uncover Charleston and that great citadel fell.

Then came the campaign of the Carolinas, under the command of General Jos. E. Johnston. It was on 19-21 March, 1865, that there occurred the three days' contest at Bentonville, which for fierceness and vigor might be well honored with the title of one of the greatest battles of the war. It was the last fought in the eastern portion of the Confederacy.

General Johnston finding that the wings of Sherman's army were widely separated, precipitated his whole command on the Federal corps commanded by General Slocum at Averasboro 16 March, and gave that distinguished officer a pretty thorough scare; with about 14,000 men, he captured three guns, many prisoners and drove the enemy back several miles. He certainly taught the commander of that wing that our shot and shell were not yet all gone; but the other portion of Sherman's army coming up, we fell back to Bentonville where for three days with less than 20,000 men, we held at bay Sherman's united command of near 70,000 men.

THE RETREAT.

The retreat across our own native State next followed. The only hope we had was to make a junction with General Lee's army and make a combined assault on either one of the armies of the enemy. That hope was not realized, and so on 1 May, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C., the writer was duly paroled with the battalion and became once more a civilian, "in accordance with the terms of the Military Convention, entered into on 26 April, 1865, between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Major-General W T. Sherman, commanding the United States Army in North Carolina, and he was permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as he observed this obligation and obeyed the laws in force where he may reside." This parole is signed by T. B. Roy, A. A. General, C S. A., Commissioner, and Wm. Hartsuff, Brev. Brigadier-General and A. I. G., U. S. A., Special Commissioner.

WOODBURY WHEELER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
26 APRIL, 1898.

ADDITIONAL SKETCH TENTH BATTALION.

By F. C. FRAZIER, First Lieutenant Company A.

The Tenth Battalion, after its organization, was encamped some three months at Salisbury in the early part of 1862. Company A was mostly from Randolph County. The writer of this sketch, was first a member of Company I, Tenth North Carolina (First Artillery), and was in the battles around Kinston and Goldsboro, at the time of General Foster's raid on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad in 1862. The North Carolina troops at that juncture had nearly all been sent to aid General Lee in Virginia, who was hourly expecting an attack by Burnside at Fredericksburg. The same time was selected by General Foster to make his attack in the eastern part of the State that Burnside made his assault on Lee's forces. His force numbered some 20,000 men and 36 pieces of artillery. All day the 12 December Colonel Pool, commanding six companies of the Sixty-first Regiment, Bunting's Battery, and Starr's, fought and held them in check between Southwest creek and the Kinston bridge across the Neuse river, assisted late in the evening by a part of General Evans' Brigade. On 15 December, General Evans' Brigade, with Mallett's Battalion and the troops engaged the day before, formed a semi-circle around the bridge on the south side of the Neuse and held them back until 1 p. m., when a great part of the ammunition being exhausted and no prospect of any more reinforcements, our forces attempted to recross the bridge and burn it, partial arrangements having been made for that purpose, but the enemy got near the bridge before our troops could get over. Only a part being over when it was set on fire, some men ran through the fire, some fell in the river and some six hundred were captured. Two guns of our battery were lost at the bridge. Our forces fell back to the rear of town, to Washington's Hill. The Federals next morning recrossed the river and marched up the river on the south side. The 15th they

fought the Eleventh Regiment at White Hall across the river, the bridge being burned down. The 16th they fought our forces on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad south of Goldsboro and south of the Neuse river, burning the railroad bridge. At the same time a part of their forces fought Bunting's Battery and the Forty-fourth Regiment, Major Stedman commanding, across the river at Spring Bank. Bunting's Battery in the three days' fighting, lost nineteen men killed and wounded; at the writer's gun, of six cannoneers, one was killed and two badly wounded; three horses out of four at the gun shot—no men captured. General Foster paroled all his prisoners. He was formerly Superintendent of the Fentress copper mine in Guilford County, N. C.

In February, 1863, the writer was transferred to the Engineer Corps with rank of Lieutenant, soon thereafter was elected Lieutenant in Company A, Tenth Battalion (Second Heavy Artillery), and reported for duty in April, 1863, at Wilmington.

Malarial fever prevailed around the city; yellow fever in 1862. Company A buried twenty-nine of her men at and near Wilmington. When a cavalry regiment of Federals from New Bern made a raid on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, burning the depot at Burgaw, the Tenth Battalion pursued down below Richlands—heavy artillery pursuing cavalry—the cavalry came in on the "home stretch" by all odds ahead.

The battalion was at Fort Caswell some months in 1863. While there the "Ad-Vance," State blockade runner, grounded on the bar, off the fort one and a half miles. The writer, Sergeant Harris and fifteen men were sent aboard to keep the Federal gun boats off; a storm coming up we were not relieved for three days. The steamer was loaded down with stores for our North Carolina soldiers; we did not know for some time whether we were going to Hart's Island or "Davy Jones' locker." While out there a blockade runner passed by and entered the Cape Fear at 10 a. m. Governor Vance presented the writer with a suit of English grey, a small fortune at that time.

There being yellow fever in Bermuda, in the fall of 1864,

Company A was detailed to do quarantine duty at Fort Anderson; all blockade runners having yellow fever on them were unloaded there; the officers had to go aboard and examine their manifest. No soldier was allowed to leave the fort on furlough during this time.

In November, 1864, the battalion, with half of the Fortieth Regiment (Third Artillery), was ordered to Augusta, Ga., which Sherman was then threatening on his march from Atlanta to Savannah. We remained only a few days; he did not come nearer than Millen. The Confederate powder mill was being torn up and moved to Columbia, S. C. The writer was placed in command of Battery No. 4, near the mill. Then the battalion was moved to Charleston, thence to Savannah and up the Central Railroad forty-five miles towards Macon, was engaged with Sherman's advance at Jenks' bridge, had a few men wounded and the writer and twenty-four men captured; part of Company A was placed two miles out to watch the Ogeechee river, fearing the Federals would cross on pontoons to our rear, and were not ordered in until the rest of the command had gotten on the train and moved back to Savannah; was at Fort McAlister soon after it fell.

There mines had been made and powder placed which did execution when the fort was charged. Was then sent with other prisoners to Hilton Head, there was confined two months with 160 Confederate officers on "retaliation"—one pint of corn meal a day and some pickles, no meat, no fire in the buildings, meal old and bitter, bran and bugs in it. One-third of the officers could not walk when moved north to Fort Delaware.

Little has been said about that "retaliation," but it will never be forgotten by those who suffered at Hilton Head.

This battalion kept to the rear for two years, faithfully obeyed all orders, guarded millions of dollars worth of stores for the army at the front, and with sleepless vigilance watched and kept the enemy back at the mouth of the Cape Fear (when for a long time it was the only port a blockade runner could enter) so rations and munitions of war could be brought in for Lee's brave men. No better guards were in our army; nothing was taken or lost, though often short of rations and

clothes themselves, and when placed in front of Sherman's victorious army in Georgia, they fought and moved back stubbornly at Jenks' bridge, Savannah, through South Carolina to middle North Carolina, doing their whole duty, and when the whole army could see the cause was lost, ready to do their duty as well-drilled soldiers, regardless of results, they went into the last battle, 19-21 March, 1865, at Bentonville, with the same dash and rebel yell as Stonewall Jackson's and Jeb Stuart's men, flushed with victory, did in 1862. Company A was paroled at Bush Hill, N. C., 2 May, 1865, each man and each officer being paid $1.25 in silver for faithful service for three years.

F. C. FRAZIER.

TRINITY, N. C.
26 April, 1901.

ADDITIONAL SKETCH TENTH BATTALION.

(SECOND BATTALION HEAVY ARTILLERY.)

By C. S. POWELL, Adjutant.

The Tenth North Carolina Battalion was known as Heavy Artillery, and were drilled and skilled in the use of both artillery and small arms. The officers, non-commissioned officers, and many privates, could name the nomenclature of a Columbiad or Whitworth from knob to tompion, could cut fuses for blank or point blank range, understood the uses of the quadrant and sextant, and drilled with muskets until the index finger of the right hand crooked like a hawk claw while the barbette carriages on the parapets, and the mounted field pieces were as play things for them to handle. While they did not see so much carnage and bloodshed as many others in the main armies, their services were nevertheless dangerous, arduous, necessary and important and helped to make the record of the grandest army that ever mustered on this earth.

This battalion was organized some time in 1862 at Wilmington, N. C., and consisted of four companies, A, B, C and D, and was commanded by Major Wilton L. Young, of Wake County, with T. W Bickett, of Union County, Adjutant; Simpson Russ, of New Orleans, La., Surgeon; W. G. Toomer, Mobile, Ala., Quartermaster; B. S. Traywick, of Union County, Sergeant-Major; T. G. Cureton, of Union County, Ordnance Sergeant.

Company A was commanded by Captain H. J Harriss, of Randolph County; S. A. Young of Wake County, F C. Frazier (the best gunner in the army), and N. L. McCoin, of Randolph County, being the Lieutenants.

Company B by Captain H. M. Barnes, of Harnett County; W L. Hockaday of Harnett, Y J. Lawhorn and C. S. Powell of Johnston, Lieutenants.

Note.—This battalion was officially known always as the *Tenth* Battalion. It is erroneously given in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 359–372 as the Eighth Battalion.—Ed.

COMPANY C by Captain C. M. T. McCauley, of Union County; J. A. Grady, T. W. Bickett and S. S. McCauley, of Union County, Lieutenants.

COMPANY D by Captain Woodbury Wheeler, of Lincoln; E. B. Goelet, of Wayne County; J. M. Terrell and Calvin Dickinson (county not known) Lieutenants.

There were over one hundred men in each company, and about all the mechanics, carpenters and skilled workmen in these companies were almost continually on detailed, detached extra work without extra pay.

This was substantially the formation of the battalion when I joined it in 1863. There were subsequent changes, among which was the promotion of Adjutant Bickett to Assistant Surgeon in some North Carolina Regiment; C. S. Powell to Adjutant; B. S. Traywick to Assistant Surgeon; D. A. Young to Sergeant-Major, and many minor changes among the non-commissioned officers and privates. This battalion operated mostly in and around the city of Wilmington, at the forts below, and on the Cape Fear river at the inlets.

WILMINGTON AND VICINITY.

A semi-circle of three or more miles around the city was entrenched and protected by skilfully erected dams across water courses, entrenchments and traverses in the intervals and high places, surmounted by heavy ordnance. In the city itself, on the bluffs on the river, were batteries of ten-inch Columbiads and magazines stored with ordnance supplies. Along the river front were immense sheds with government supplies stored for shipment to the various armies in the field. These guns, magazines, dams, government stores and line of entrenchments were constantly guarded, day and night, with a new guard every day, commanded by a mounted commissioned officer of the day whose duty was to inspect every point twice in twenty-four hours and make written report of the same to headquarters on being relieved. This arduous duty coupled with the exposure to the malarial swamps of the ponds made by the dams, and marshy borders of the river, the yellow fever, the smallpox scourge of 1862-'63, the sand flies, mosquitoes and bad water was about as serious and

mortal as shrieking shells and the inquisitive minie balls. This duty lasted two long years and many noble men went down to rise no more till resurrection day. We had one little picnic excursion up to Kenansville, Duplin County, to intercept a Yankee raid from somewhere on the coast. They did not come, and the boys got fat on good country grub sent to camp by the blessed ladies of the town and country. I turned a plumb fool about then and went back there after the war and fooled one of them off home with me and she is sitting in eight feet of me now.

Ten days ended our picnic and our same beat was filled again until one other little outing of a couple of weeks to the sound, eight miles off, to protect some salt works that was being annoyed by the Yankee gunboats. A few shots from a Whitworth gun stood them off and they gave no more trouble. The fall of 1864 we were sent to the forts on the river below Wilmington. A short time at Fort Anderson, which was mostly a quarantine station for incoming vessels, and then to Fort Caswell and later to Campbell.

It may be of interest to some to say that Wilmington is on the Cape Fear river, thirty miles from its entrance into the ocean, which was then through two outlets or channels. Fort Fisher guarded one and Caswell the other, with Campbell two miles down the beach on the right flank. These forts were manned by heavy guns and commanded the inlets, and were the principal defences for the city.

The inlets were besieged by a number of Yankee gun boats forming a semi-circle four or five miles out at sea. Their object was to prevent vessels passing in or out, but many, called blockade runners (not the moonshine, hillside fellows), did do so, bringing valuable stores of clothing, rations, munitions of war and medical supplies as well as an occasional calico dress for the ladies Sunday wear, etc., and so on, on their return carrying out cotton which was sold at fabulous prices. The ships could pass only on dark nights, and signal lights at the forts, to point out the bar, were kept constantly burning.

Our great and noble Governor Vance caused one of these vessels, the Ad-Vance, to be bought and operated by the

State. She made many successful and valuable trips for Confederate and North Carolina soldiers, but was finally captured. A well equipped Whitworth gun of tremendous range and great accuracy of shot, patrolled the beach from Campbell to Lockwood's Folly, some twenty miles below, and was a terror to the gun boats if they ventured too near. Its sudden appearance from behind a sand hill would instantly make them show their heels. This gun was operated with as much promptness and speed as our modern city fire engines.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

One of these blockade runners, the steamship Spunkie, in coming in, got among the gunboats and her officers got so rattled that they ran her ashore right under fort Campbell, after the danger had all been passed. The Captain and every man deserted the ship and came ashore. Instantly Lieutenants Dickinson, Goelet, Terrell and Powell took a boat and boarded her through the rough waves several feet high, green as we were, but young and vigorous with a desire for excitement and adventure and without orders or any particular object in view. We found everything good to eat and drink—rum, brandy, champagne, canned goods, cheese, "shore 'nuff coffee," tropical fruits, cigars and many more good things. We had a royal time for three hours, then Colonel Jones, commander of the post, had his say next. But we cared little. The vessel soon went to pieces and the cargo was greatly damaged. Many wrecks were long after to be seen on the coast from the same cause.

While at Fort Campbell a detail of five men, with a row boat was sent out to supply the post with oysters that abounded in the sound near by. This crew deserted and rowed out to the gun boats and the next night a squad of Yankees came through the channel in a row boat and went to Smithville (now Southport), two miles in rear of Fort Caswell, evidently piloted by one of the deserters, to the General's headquarters and quietly took the Adjutant-General out of bed to the gun boats. A flag of truce next day explained all. The General happened to be off.

A NICE FIRE-DOG.

This boat crew used a 42-pound shell for an anchor while gathering oysters, and left it at their boat landing. Thinking it would make a nice fire-dog (it being apparently empty) I put it in my fireplace and in about six hours she went to pieces. It knocked the chimney down, turned a six-foot table legs upwards, opened what windows were shut and closed those already open, see-sawed the doors until they would neither open or shut, knocked brick dust into Reuben Stuart's, my Orderly's hand, and turned me heels upward flat of my back in the sand in a dazed condition. The long roll was sounded, the parapets were instantly manned and when called upon to explain, I felt like the boy that fell out of the hind part of the cart. That thing had the right name.

IN GEORGIA.

In November, 1864, news reached that region that *something* had "broke loose in Georgia." We bid those old Barbette carriages and Columbiads, so grimly pointing at those old black hulks on the ocean, good-bye. Same at dear old Wilmington. We did not have a band, but the boys sang as they boarded the train "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and in due time we landed at Augusta, Ga., and at once commenced entrenching on the western suburbs, but were soon ordered to Savannah as Sherman and his bummers were steering, stealing and burning on a line for that city. We went via Charleston, S. C., and somewhere between there and Savannah, either at Coosawhatchie, Salkehatchie, Pocotaligo, Honey Hill (or some other hill), we were taken off the train and in about twenty minutes beat the stuffing out of a small force of Yankees (negroes, I think), that had landed and were approaching the railroad. They re-embarked and were soon in the dim distance. Our casualties were slight and theirs unknown. They were surprised and awfully frightened. This being our first cartridge biting, I saw a few "Goo-Goo" eyes among our boys.

On our arrival at Savannah we were sent up the Central Railroad to the 45-mile post, and there deployed as skirmishers across the railroad and the county road leading to the

Ogeechee river bridge, made temporary rifle pits and in two days, the dark, blue lines showed up and the business proceeded. We were soon brushed away by a line of battle, not, however, until that said crooked finger got in some work. What their loss was we never knew. We lost several, among them Sergeant-Major Daniel Young, a brother of the Major. Captain McCauley was in command of the skirmishers and afterwards remarked that according to tactics he took position eighty paces in rear and got behind a big stump (as the tactics said cover when convenient), when the firing commenced he looked out on one side and zip! came a ball; pretty soon he looked on the other side and zip! came another, as the firing increased he thought he would look over and see what the boys were doing and he thinks there came three or four baskets full of bullets all around and over him. About that time he saw the boys coming back right lively and not desiring to go contrary to the tactics, maintained his distance pretty well. The Yanks did not push fast, but just came gradually and moved us a little every day clear back to near Savannah, which was nicely entrenched on an old canal. Here commenced a siege which was kept up for several days, and a head could not show above the works without danger. The boys soon got used to it and were soon old veterans. We were here brigaded with the Fiftieth North Carolina Regiment, a part of the Thirty-sixth or Fortieth (they also were heavy artillery from Wilmington), some Georgia Reserves and the Seventh Regiment North Carolina Senior Reserves (or Seventy-seventh North Carolina), and commanded by Colonel Wash. Hardy, of the Sixtieth North Carolina, who had been (I think) captured in some of the up Georgia battles and exchanged. We all learned to love him for his bravery and kind-heartedness. He always called us his "people." He appointed on his staff Lieutenants W. H. Borden and J. W. Edmonson, of the Fiftieth Regiment, and occasionally I had the honor of so serving. I do not think he knew what fear was.

This organization was maintained, practically, to the surrender at Greensboro. Some changes were made at the re-

organization of the army by Johnston, at or near Smithfield, N. C.

THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.

About 22 December, 1864, Savannah was, in the night time, quietly evacuated undisturbed. We crossed Savannah river on a long, shaky pontoon bridge that felt dangerous, and I think some unruly horses and cannon went overboard. The next morning found us among the great rice fields of South Carolina on our retreat, to be followed by the withering and devastating tramp of Sherman and his bummers and robbing camp followers. The courses of his three corps could be distinguished by the columns of dark smoke from burning dwellings and other property by day and weird lights from the same by night. The glorious Palmetto State was in the coils of the Python. Her citizens were insulted and outraged and their homes destroyed. Her beautiful capital, Columbia, the pride of the State, was laid in ashes and its charred remains and silent chimneys left to mark the destroyer's vengeance. This is war, and Sherman said war was hell and it was such, *with him*. There was little fighting on this mighty retreat. When Johnston made a stand, Sherman just came up, sat down with part of his army and just simply outstretched us on one side or the other and we had to fall back or be surrounded.

At Salkehatchie bridge 3 February, 1865, we were so closely pressed that we failed to set fire to the kindling to burn it. A hot fire was kept up by the Yankees and General McLaws asked for two volunteers from the Tenth Battalion to burn the bridge. Sergeant J. E. Harriss, of Company A, and Private H. M. Underwood, of Company D, promptly stepped out and said "Here we are." The General gave them orders, and at the same time ordered a battery to "shell the woods." These men walked as straight to that bridge and fired it, as they would to a dinner table. On their return they were cheered and General McLaws complimented them and presented them with a thirty days' furlough with transportation attached, on the spot. They went home and returned in time for the battle of Bentonville where both were wounded in my

presence. This retreat was through a swampy region and our thinly clad and almost barefooted men suffered untold misery from wading and cold. We slowly retreated across the State of South Carolina and not until we reached Averasboro, N. C., did we have much skirmishing and no pitched battle. At many plantations on the route peanuts by the cotton basketful were placed for us along by the side of the road by order of the ladies up at the "big house."

AVERASBORO AND BENTONVILLE.

At Averasboro 16 March, 1865, the fight was short and hot. We did not fool with them long and they did not try to keep us from going on. At Bentonville in the three days' fight, 19-21 March, we got pretty badly mixed. We got after the Yankees and they just fired and fell back; we chased them on Sunday evening until after dark. I think we went in twenty feet of one of their lines, when they suddenly fired a volley, broke and ran. If the fire had been well directed not a man of us could have escaped. The sheet of fire was blinding. Many were wounded and a few killed on our side. There was a mighty rattling of canteens and tin cups in those woods when the enemy fell back in haste. This battalion had thirty-eight men killed and wounded, every officer in the battalion was wounded save Captain Barnes and myself. I carried a spade in this fight and held it right in front of my "cracker box." After two days in the trenches amidst constant picket firing and occasionally a shelling frolic, we again, unmolested, evacuated, falling back in the direction of Smithfield and Sherman going to Goldsboro, neither troubling the other, one going up Neuse river, the other down. After two weeks' rest at or near Smithfield and a reorganization of the army, we were again in trim for fighting or retreating, which last we did up to near Greensboro, when on 26 April, the end came. We were paroled 2 May, 1865, each man being paid $1.25 in silver.

I have met many of these old comrades at our annual reunions since, and some times I think we get our war stories a little mixed and rather shaky. Now in conclusion, I desire to say to the survivors of this battalion, that this imperfect

sketch has been written by request and on short notice. I know it is not a complete record, but I have had only my own personal recollections and "Moore's Roster of North Carolina Troops" to draw from. Not a single member of the battalion has been consulted since I undertook this task, but I have given it my best consideration after a lapse of thirty-six years or an ordinary life time. I may and most likely have, left out much that should appear, but nothing has been overdrawn.

If I have failed to give due credit in any shape to any member, it was an unintentional oversight. Every member was my friend and I had naught but the highest regard for them all, those we buried by the wayside as well as those living today.

C. S. POWELL.

SMITHFIELD, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

ELEVENTH BATTALION

(WHITFORD'S BATTALION.)

BY THE EDITOR.

The origin of this battalion was a company of Heavy Artillery raised for the defence of New Bern. After its fall, this company and three others (Mayo's, Leecraft's and Herring's) in like predicament, were organized into a temporary battalion under Captain John N. Whitford 17 March, 1862, *9 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 448.* He soon raised a permanent battalion and General Pettigrew 17 March, 1863, complimented the men and especially their commander as "a gallant and efficient officer." Vol. 26, p. 194. In May, 1863, he was at Coward's Bridge with 400 men, same Vol., p. 1074. The battalion was commanded by him as Major, and did efficient and daring service in scouting and in driving back predatory expeditions of the enemy. In *48 (Serial) Vol. Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies,* General Peck reports that on 25 November, 1863, his men had surprised two of Whitford's companies, capturing 52 men (killing some) and 100 horse and arms, etc., but we do not know how true this was, but in Vol. 49, at p. 856, it is reported Confederate authority as a loss of "twenty men captured at Haddock's Mills, near Greenville." In 1863 the battalion was recruited to six companies, of which Major Whitford became Lieutenant-Colonel, and was at Kinston December, 1863, with 627 present, *49 (Serial) Vol.* of same work, *p. 906.* On 18 January, 1864, it was raised to a full regiment, the Sixty-seventh, of which he was made Colonel and whose history has already been told in Vol. 3 of this work.

TWELFTH BATTALION

(CAVALRY.)

By THE EDITOR.

This battalion is given in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 241-247, as the Fourth Battalion, but it was always styled officially the *Twelfth Battalion.* It consisted of three companies of cavalry, two from Northampton and one from Bertie and Hertford. It was raised for duty in the peninsula between the Roanoke and the Chowan and its service consisted mostly of picketing on the Chowan. All three companies had been raised in 1862 and had been serving as independent companies.

On 3 May, 1863, they were organized into a battalion by electing

Samuel J. Wheeler, Major.

William A. Pugh was appointed Adjutant.

Company A—*Northampton*—Captain, H. E. Hoggard; First Lieutenant, James V Sauls; Second Lieutenants, G. W Joyner and William Vann.

Company B—*Bertie and Hertford*—Captains, Joseph O. Cherry, Geo. D. Ward; First Lieutenant, Geo. D. Ward; Second Lieutenants, David C. Arthur and C C. Lovejoy. The latter of Wake County.

Company C—*Northampton*—Captain, E. A. Martin; First Lieutenant, J B. Boon; Second Lieutenants, Jesse T. Britton and James D. Odom.

The battalion come in collision with the enemy 2 July, 1863, on their advance to Boon's Mills and they report some captures from the battalion, *44* (Serial Vol.) *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 892.* It was sent to Kinston, but was ordered to Garysburg early in January, 1864, *60* (*Serial*) *Vol. Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1083.* It continued the duty of picketing the Chowan with occasional skir-

mishes with the enemy until 11 July, 1864, at which date by orders from Richmond Companies A and B were transferred to the Fifty-ninth North Carolina (Fourth Cavalry), and Company C to the Sixteenth North Carolina Battalion which was afterwards the Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiment. *82* (Serial Vol.) *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 763,* thus terminating the existence of the Twelfth Battalion.

THIRTEENTH BATTALION—STARR'S.

1. J. B. Starr, Lieut.-Colonel.
2. Lewis H. Webb, Captain, Co. A.
3. J. D. Cumming, Captain, Co. C.
4. Halcott P. Jones, 1st Lieut., Co. E.
5. T. C. Fuller, 1st Lieut., Co. B.
6. John Henry Curtis, Sergeant, Co. E.
7. A. B. Stronach, Private, Co. B.

THIRTEENTH BATTALION.

(STARR'S BATTALION OF ARTILLERY.)

BY J. H. MYROVER, FIRST LIEUTENANT COMPANY B.

The *Thirteenth Battalion* was organized 1 December, 1863. It was composed of six batteries of light artillery, *i. e.*:

COMPANY A—*Cumberland, Richmond and Perquimans*—Captain, Lewis H. Webb.

COMPANY B—*Cumberland*—Captain, Joseph B. Starr.

COMPANY C—*New Hanover*—Captain, Jas. D. Cumming.

COMPANY D—*Beaufort*—Captain, Z. T. Adams.

COMPANY E—*Orange*—Captain, Wm. Cameron.

COMPANY F—*Craven, Beaufort, Wake*—Captain, Alex. C. Latham.

JOSEPH B. STARR, of Company B, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. He had been Captain of Company F, "Bethel" Regiment, and in September, 1861, had been promoted to be its Lieutenant-Colonel.

CAPTAIN COLUMBUS L. CHESTNUTT, of Sampson, was appointed A. Q. M.

JNO. C. MOBLEY, Surgeon.

G. A. NICOLLASSON, Assistant Surgeon.

The companies composing the battalion had each been raised nearly two years before, serving in different assignments to duty, and in fact the battalion, as a whole, at no time served together. In Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 248-268, this command is styled the Fifth Battalion, but that was (as the note thereto states) merely for convenience, for it was always known, and styled officially, the *Thirteenth Battalion.*

Owing to the detached services of the several companies, I am able to give details of Company B only.

COMPANY B.

This battery was formed on Company F (the LaFayette Light Infantry) of the First North Carolina Volunteers (the Bethel Regiment) as a nucleus, which had returned to its

home in Fayetteville after six months service on the Peninsula at Yorktown. The work of enlistment began almost immediately, and it was made up of members of that company with the addition of sturdy farmers from Robeson, Cumberland and Harnett.

In January, 1862, the following officers were chosen: Jos. B. Starr, Captain; Thomas C Fuller, First Lieutenant; John Whitmore, Second Lieutenant, and Benjamin Rush, Junior Second Lieutenant. The roll of non-commissioned officers and privates will be found in Vol. 4, Moore's Roster, pp. 252, 255.

On account of the difficulty experienced by the Confederate authorities at Richmond in fitting out the companies of light artillery with field pieces, Starr's Artillery was ordered to Fort Fisher for its first service, and on 21 January, 1862, took the steamer for Wilmington. There the men were equipped in uniforms and other furnishings for camp life, arriving at Fort Fisher on the day following, where Captain Starr reported for duty to Major John J Hedrick, commanding the post.

At this post, afterwards so celebrated in the stirring events of the Civil War, Starr's Battery faithfully performed the duties devolving upon it in manning the heavy guns of the fort, guarding the shore batteries, mounting guard, etc., through the remainder of the winter, the spring and part of summer. It was while here that T. R. Wardell, then acting as Sergeant-Major of the post, mysteriously disappeared one night during a very heavy storm. The fact that Wardell was a Northern man by birth, and that he had been for some time despondent of the success of the Southern cause, availed to give circulation to the report that he had deserted, and found means to reach the blockading vessels of the Federal fleet lying off the coast. But no credence was given to this nefarious rumor by his comrades in arms; and information from his family after the war disproved this theory, and the mystery of his fate remains unsolved.

In those days there was little to enliven the monotony of camp life at Fort Fisher save the lazy turn of some leviathan Union gun-boat forming the blockading squadron, and then a

puff of smoke, with a hurtling, shrieking shell over the casemates. This would call the men to the guns, and the fire would be returned. But this was heavy artillery play of a harmless kind, which caused not a head to "duck" or a pulse to take an extra beat.

An event later on put it into the power of a part of Starr's Battery to show their mettle as soldiers and their skill as marksmen. "The Modern Greece" (whose skeleton hulk, inbedded in the sands, can still be seen to-day) a blockader, superbly furnished in stores of a varied and extensive kind, making up a costly cargo of medicines, fine liquors, shoes, clothing, etc., finding herself hard run by her Yankee foes, while attempting to make the port of Wilmington, was beached under shelter of the guns of Fort Fisher, and the greater part of her valuable freight was landed by boats.

In the "Modern Greece" was a battery of Whitworth guns, superb breech-loading, rifled steel pieces, carrying a long conical ball, and endowed with a reach and precision of fire in action little short of marvelous. Two of these guns were assigned to Starr's Battery, were mounted, and sent, under charge of a Sergeant, to Fort Caswell at the mouth of the river—a little bunch of fosse, rampart and casemate, badly served with old time siege pieces, which the Federal blockading cordon daily insulted with its superior armament.

During the night masked batteries were skilfully prepared, and by sunrise the detachments were ready for work with their Whitworth guns. All that day and the next there was an intensely exciting duel between the sea and land forces, the latter spitting forth its terrible volley of conical projectiles from two clumps of bushes. Again and again the blockaders shifted their position—only to find it apparently impossible to get beyond that deadly range. Northern papers, coming into the hands of the men a few days afterwards, gave them a gratifying triumph in the information that the Whitworth guns had wrought havoc—the Miantanomah having been so badly crippled as to require towing out of the line of fire, while another gun-boat was struck no less than three times.

The next most exciting incident in the few months of ser-

vice at Fort Fisher, was the animated chase of a Confederate blockade-runner by the ever vigilant ships of the enemy. The vessel, commanded by the late Captain John N Maffitt, was saved only by the skill and bravery of this famous commander, and a detail from Starr's Battery was sent off in boats to aid in taking off part of the cargo, that Captain Maffitt might proceed up the river.

About this time Colonel Wm. Lamb, now of Norfolk, succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Hedrick in the command of Fort Fisher, and a short time afterwards Starr's company went into camp outside the walls of Fort Fisher, a short distance up the beach.

Throughout the whole of the late summer and early fall of 1862, the yellow fever raged with unabated violence in the city of Wilmington; so that when, in September, orders were received by Captain Starr to report immediately with his command to the commanding officer at Kinston, N C., it was necessary to make a detour of the plague-stricken city, and to march overland to North East, a station on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, to take the train for Kinston.

But the men made the long march through oppressive heat and heavy sands with cheerfulness, nay, alacrity. They were going into active light artillery service for which they had enlisted, and their zeal was intense. And here the historian deems it but just to say that while Starr's Light Artillery was condemned to service throughout the war to the eastern part of North Carolina, it over and over asked to be transferred to the sphere of action in Virginia. It rests content with having done its duty where its country called for the exercise of its self-denial and patriotism.

At Kinston the company found a battery of six-pounders, with a full complement of excellent horses, and went into camp, taking quarters in what was known as "The Old Castle," a huge ruinous, half dismantled building in the southern part of the town.

On 17 December, 1862, took place the battle of Neuse river bridge, a short distance below Goldsboro, General G. W Smith commanding the Confederate forces. About sunrise the enemy were reported by scouts to be advancing in heavy

force from the direction of Kinston on the county road, and Colonel Marshall, of the Fifty-second Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, was ordered by General Clingman to proceed with his command to the railroad bridge, and hold it at all hazards. Immediately on taking position this regiment was attacked by the enemy in such heavy force, by two simultaneously approaching columns, that our left was hurled back and doubled up on itself, while the Federal infantry rushed on, and applied the torch to the railroad bridge. The Fifty-second Regiment was then moved rapidly up the bank of the river in the direction of the county bridge, half a mile above, where Starr's Battery was in line a short distance from the county road. Just before reaching this point the gallant Fifty-second, which had fought so bravely, was fired into by a company of the Fifty-first North Carolina Infantry, who mistook their comrades for the enemy

The Union troops, having effected the destruction of the railroad bridge, fell back to a position on a commanding hill on the east side of the railroad, about 600 yards above the bridge. This position, during the afternoon, was assailed by General Clingman with a column of the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Regiments, under the immediate command of Colonel Marshall, while those in reserve in the skirt of woods were subjected to a galling artillery fire from a Federal battery of four guns.

At about 4 o'clock General Clingman ordered two pieces of Starr's Battery to proceed on the right, supported by Colonel Shaw's Eighth Regiment, down the county road, and attack the enemy in flank, while Colonel Marshall was instructed to advance at a charge on the enemy's right as soon as Starr's artillery should open fire. In the meantime, the enemy's artillery on the hill had been reinforced by four other guns, making in all eight pieces, which raked the road along which our section of the battery was advancing, making the fire so heavy that the gun under the immediate command of Lieutenant Rush did not advance, that officer halting it some distance from the scene of action.

In the meantime, General Evans, of South Carolina, had ridden up on the left of our line; and, seeing that part of

Clingman's Brigade which had been halted in the skirts of the woods, resting on their arms, ordered an immediate charge, notwithstanding the explanation given to him of General Clingman's plan of attack; and, as he was the ranking officer, the command was obeyed with disastrous results to the brigade. While the infantry was attacking on the left Lieutenant Thos. C. Fuller brought one piece of Starr's Battery into position just where the county road crosses the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and went into action under the heavy fire of the enemy's eight guns. The fight at this point was short but bloody. Andrew Weir was killed at the piece by a ball through the head, and his comrade, Linebery, stepped over his dead body and took his place. Sergeant Myrover received a scalp wound from a piece of shell, Corporal McLean, and Privates D. J Harrell, W H. Pearce and McLauchlin were wounded; indeed, so great were the casualties in this engagement to the small detachment about this one devoted piece of artillery, that Lieutenant Fuller himself served the gun, bringing ammunition, cutting fuse, etc.

At sunset the fight was over, the enemy's fire slackened, and finally ceased, but Colonel Shaw's Eighth Regiment and Lieutenant Fuller's piece of artillery held the position until a late hour in the night, when orders were given to fall back to the county bridge. During this time General Thos. L. Clingman passed down the line, and warmly complimented Lieutenant Fuller and his men for the excellent work which they had performed, in sustaining a fight against odds so tremendous. On the approach of Lieutenant Rush, who had by this time come up—the reception accorded to him by the General was very different.

GUM SWAMP.

In May, 1863, couriers brought the news to Kinston that a large force of the enemy was approaching by the road at Wise's Fork, and the Confederates, under General D. H. Hill, with General Robert Ransom second in command, took a position on the borders of Gum Swamp, eleven miles below Kinston. A piece of Starr's Battery, with a detachment, commanded by Lieutenant Whitmore, was placed in position on the right center of the line, supported by a part of the Fif-

ty-sixth North Carolina Regiment of infantry and other troops.

During the previous night either through the treachery of disaffected citizens living in the neighborhood, or through the vigilance of the scouts in making the discovery, the enemy found a way through a part of the swamp, up to that time deemed impassable, and a volley of musketry poured into their ranks gave to the Confederates the first startling intimation that they were surrounded—trapped in a veritable *cul de sac*.

This unfortunate affair, which may charitably be placed among the accidents of the war, cost the life, among others, of the gallant Jarvis B. Lutterloh, of the Fifty-sixth, and the capture, together with a part of the infantry, of Lieutenant Whitmore and the artillery detachment under his command. The men were exchanged in a few days, but the officer never returned. It must be remembered that Lieutenant Whitmore was a non-commissioned officer of the Union forces which surrendered with the arsenal at Fayetteville in April, 1861, under Major Bradford and Lieutenant D'Lagnel; that, concealing himself in the suburbs of the city, he failed to depart with his command, and enlisted in the Confederate Army. He was of course, recognized immediately after his capture at Gum Swamp, and he stood before his captors guilty of a most serious offence. He could doubtless make peace, and save himself from grave punishment, only by recantation, and the historian must deal leniently with him, in consideration of the critical peril in which he stood. He was a man of limited intelligence, but a superb drill master, a machine who knew naught but obedience to the orders of a superior officer—a Dugald Dalgetty on a reduced scale.

Lieutenant Whitmore's military apostacy—when some time made it certain that it could be considered naught else—left a vacancy among the commissioned officers which was filled by the election of Sergeant G. B. Atkins to the position of Second Lieutenant, whose merits were to make themselves felt with his continuance in office.

The election of Lieutenant Thos. C. Fuller to the Confederate Congress in 1863 was followed by the appointment of

Orderly Sergeant J. H. Myrover to the position of Second Lieutenant. Mr. Fuller quit the service and the field to enter upon that public career which his matchless abilities rendered a succession of brilliant triumphs nearly up to the close of his life a few days ago, as judge of the Court of Claims. He was a good private soldier and a still better officer. He loved danger for danger's sake; he was the friend and confidant of his men, while he enforced discipline; and, though the soldiers crowded about the ballot box to vote his political preferment eagerly, they bade him farewell from the mess table and the tent with sorrow

The company bore an honorable and conspicuous part in the several engagements around Kinston, up to the final abandonment of that position by our forces. In the second fight at that place, where the battery held the left of the line, and aided in successfully repelling repeated charges of the enemy, two Parrott guns had been placed in the hands of the company, which so badly crushed the shells that many of our own men, in their advance upon the enemy, were wounded by the broken pieces of the flying missiles. In this battle the Napoleon field piece served by Sergeant Hall and his detachment wrought fearful execution on the enemy, as was admitted in their subsequent reports.

For some time in the summer of 1863 the battery was stationed at Fort Hamilton, in Martin County It will thus be seen that its field of duty extended from Goldsboro eastward of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and embraced a large area of territory In truth, though the sorely pressed Confederate government could spare but a handful of men for Eastern North Carolina, its retention was of prime importance to us, for it was one of the granaries whence were drawn the supplies for the Southern armies. Quartermasters J. B. Smith, John McRae and Charles R. Arey penetrated away into Hyde and other extreme eastern counties with their wagons, bringing away great quantities of corn and forage, and on every expedition they were imminently exposed to incursions of the enemy as well as to the treachery of the "Buffaloes." On 27 November the battery reported 137 present, *49 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 851.*

On 1 December, 1863, Captain Joseph B. Starr was promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Thirteenth Battalion, North Carolina Troops (Light Artillery), and the command of the company devolved on Lieutenant Benj. Rush as the senior commissioned officer. The affection of the men led them to feel no little gratification at the well-merited honor tendered to Captain Starr, but this feeling filled their hearts, also, with genuine grief at his departure as their commanding officer. Generous in heart, devoted to the welfare of those who had so long served with him, concealing under an occasionally brusque manner warm sympathies, endowed with unflinching courage and inflexible firmness, his soldiers trusted him implicitly and loved him cordially.

The vacancy on the commissioned staff of the battery was filled by the election of Sergeant J. D. McLean to the Second Lieutenancy, a gallant soldier of irreproachable standing among his comrades, ever faithful to his duties both in the camp and on the field.

At Greenville, in the winter of 1863, Colonel Roger Moore, commanding the post with a small force of cavalry and Starr's Battery, was informed that the enemy, consisting of a squadron of cavalry, had made a reconnoissance from Washington. At 7 o'clock at night 30 December, he sent one company of cavalry and a piece of artillery from Starr's Battery, under command of Lieutenant Myrover, down the Washington road to find the enemy—which they did, marching into a cleverly planned ambuscade where the road led through a swamp, and was fringed by dense undergrowth. The surprise was complete, a heavy volley from the cavalry carbines of the enemy apprising us of the trap into which we had walked. The Confederates, utterly bewildered, ignorant of the size of the force pouring its fire into them, retreated, and the gun—though Private John H. Dobbin even then made great efforts to fire it—fell into the hands of the enemy, together with a great part of the detachment, among whom were Cannoneers Douglass Sandford, J. A. Brown, Garvin Wightman, James and Isaac Dodd, the brave Southern soldier now in the Home at Raleigh. The Federal account of this event will be found in *48 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 495.*

Starr's Battery took part in the investment of Washington, N. C., under command of General D. H. Hill, and, after the evacuation of that place by the Federals, formed part of its garrison, with Lieutenant-Colonel John C Vanhook, of the Fiftieth Regiment, commanding the post. During that time a disastrous fire, which broke out about midday, destroyed nearly one-half of the beautiful town.

For the last year of its service Starr's Battery (Company B) was under the admirable command of Captain G. B. Atkins—for part of the time before he received his captain's commission, Captain Benj. Rush was suspended of his command, kept under arrest in camp, and finally deprived of his commission. The vacancy thus caused in the commissioned staff was filled by the promotion of Sergeant Isaac Jessup to the Second Lieutenancy. In September, 1864, the battery was at Wilmington. *88 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1225.*

At the last battle of Kinston, 8 March, 1865, one part of the battery was stationed on the banks of the Neuse river below the town, while the other held a position southwest of the place, across the river, on the brow of the hill, where the brunt of the Federal attack was made in overwhelming force. Here Private George Gee was killed, and his body was borne from the field, on the ammunition chest of the gun, in the arms of Sergeant Jessup. Gee was one of "the bravest of the brave."

The Federals poured into Kinston on the very heels of the retreating Confederates, and in a few moments fires were burning in the streets in the destruction of cotton and other government stores. The forces holding the left of our line, including part of Starr's Battery, under command of Colonel Stephen D. Pool, retreated to Goldsboro, destroying the bridges behind them as they advanced.

BENTONVILLE.

On 17 March, 1865, the battery reached Smithfield, N. C., as part of Hoke's Division, and on the 18th that command formed a junction with that part of General Joseph E. Johnston's army under General Hardee, which was marching from Fayetteville. Sherman was moving from the latter

place towards Goldsboro in two sections of his numerous and finely appointed army, the columns about a day's march apart, and General Johnston's plan was to attack Sherman's left wing, separated from the right. On the 19th Hoke's Division reached Bentonville, Johnston County, and took position on the left of a large and deserted old plantation, heavily wooded on each side, through which one main road ran, and along which the division was stationed, with a part of Lieutenant-General Hardee's Corps. Starr's Light Artillery, after remaining in column in the road for some time—during which the gallant John Murphy was struck down by one of the enemy's shells, and one arm torn to pieces, he afterwards dying in hospital—took the right center of the line on the edge of the field, supported on the right by Colonel John W Hinsdale's Junior Reserves, the whole Junior Brigade being under command of Colonel J H. Nethercutt. The battery was commanded by Captain George B. Atkins, as brave a soldier as ever entered the Confederate service, who, although in fearfully bad health and always racked by physical suffering, was ever at his post of duty. This officer, finding a wooden house in front of a North Carolina Regiment serving as a shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters, dislodged them by a few well-directed shots from two Napoleons, and they were seen hurrying out from the building, amid the cheers of the Confederates. During the afternoon of the 19th the enemy repeatedly charged our line, where it was held by Hoke's Division, but was as often repulsed, though the never ceasing artillery fire was causing many casualties in our ranks.

On the morning of the 20th, couriers brought the news that the two wings of the Federal army had been united, and that the left, once driven back, was coming up heavily reinforced, on Hoke's Division. This necessitated a change of position, and that officer reformed his line, parallel to the county road, to which he had before been aligned at right angles. From 11:30 to 4:00 o'clock the whole united columns of Sherman made attack after attack upon this part of the line, composed of 6,200 men, with only such intrenchments as could be thrown up with the bayonet, but were driven back with seri-

ous loss. Throughout the 21st the skirmishing was very heavy, and late in the afternoon a large force of the Federal Seventeenth Army Corps, by a superhuman effort, broke through our line on the extreme left, and hurled it back in dire confusion. The moment was critical; the loss of the bridge over the creek in our rear would deprive Johnston's army of its only line of retreat. A section of Starr's Battery, under command of Lieutenant J D. McLean, was rushed from the right of the line to the scene of the contest, and, supported by General Wade Hampton with the force of cavalry and infantry massed to strengthen the threatened point, galloped to a position on the field. The enemy's stubborn effort was foiled, and one division of the Seventeenth Union Corps especially suffered heavily.

In the battle of Bentonville the Confederate losses were nearly 2,100, while those of the enemy could not have been less than 5,000. General Wade Hampton has said of this engagement that, as it was almost the last, it was one of the most remarkable of the Civil War, and that its conception and conduct by General Joseph E. Johnston was a masterly stroke of military genius—where less than 15,000 men under three commands successfully held the field against 60,000 of the finest equipped troops in the world.

From the 22d of March Starr's Battery remained in camp near Smithfield for some days, during which there was a general review of the troops, and a notable event of camp life was a visit, 6 April, from Governor Vance, with one of his wonderful speeches to the veteran soldiers.

Starr's Battery marched from Bentonville, via Raleigh, in the hospital of which John Murphy died, arrived at Haw River on 18 April, and thence proceeded to a point near old Centre Meeting House in Randolph County While in camp Lieutenant-General Hardee's Quartermaster-General divided equally among the Confederate soldiers there assembled a quantity of silver sent from Greensboro, which gave to each one, officers and men alike, $1.25. At that time the battery was attached to Hoke's Division in a temporary battalion commanded by Major Basil C. Manly. *100 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 733.*

On 26 April, General Joseph E. Johnston formally surrendered to Sherman and on the 29th the officers and men of Starr's Battery, mournfully leaving guns and caissons in park, betook themselves to their desolated and impoverished homes, most of them taking the route over the old Western Plank Road to Fayetteville, and carrying with them many an old war-horse, afterwards condemned to ignoble toil at the plough in the corn and cotton fields of Cumberland and Robeson counties.

COMPANY D.

Was raised originally in Beaufort County by Rev. Charles P Jones, who became Captain. After a few months service the battery was reorganized 21 April, 1862, by electing Z. T. Adams, Captain; C H. Latham and Samuel H. Forbes, First Lieutenants; Jos. B. Bryan and Geo. W Bryan, Second Lieutenants.

The battery was at Tarboro in March, 1862, and thenceforward served in Eastern North Carolina, taking part in the various expeditions against Washington and New Bern and aiding to repel the raids made by the enemy in return. In July, 1863, it was ordered to Wilmington and served in that vicinity. On 26 June, 1864, it was permanently assigned to Starr's Battalion and in September, 1864, it was at Kinston. *88 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 8224.*

The company was at Batteries Purdie and Bolles near Fort Fisher in the first attack 24 and 25 December, 1864. In the second attack by General Terry 15 January, 1865, most of the company and all their guns and horses were captured at the fall of Fisher. The few men left were attached to Hagood's Brigade and fought as artillerymen at Bentonville and surrendered with Johnston's army.

COMPANY E.

This company was raised in Orange County, in the early Spring of 1862. William Cameron was Captain; James F. Cain and Alex. M. Kirkland, First Lieutenants; Henry Dick-

son and John Malone, Second Lieutenants. The battery was ordered to Eastern North Carolina and for a while garrisoned Fort Branch near Hamilton. In April, 1863, the battery reorganized with Henry Dickson, Captain; Halcott P Jones and John C Webb, First Lieutenants, and F L. Dameron, Second Lieutenant. On 27 November, 1863, it reported 126 present for duty, being then at Kinston. It rendered service continuously in Eastern North Carolina and Christmas day, 1864, aided at Poplar Point to drive back the enemy's fleet, who were endeavoring to ascend the Roanoke river. The battery was supported, in that fight, by the Seventieth North Carolina Regiment (First Junior Reserves)

COMPANY F

Was raised in 1862 principally in Craven and Wake with some men from Beaufort and other counties. Its Captains were successively Alexander C. Latham, of Craven, 1 September, 1862; John R. Potts, of Beaufort, promoted from First Lieutenant 16 September, 1863, and Henry G. Flanner, of New Hanover, originally Second Lieutenant.

The First Lieutenants were successively Jno. R. Potts (promoted to Captain) and John M. Perry, of Beaufort County; Henry G. Flanner, of New Hanover, and Geo. W Bryan, of Craven. The Second Lieutenants were in succession Henry G. Flanner, Martin L. Stephenson, of Lenoir County; Bennett Flanner, of Richmond County, and James A. Collins. A section under the last named officer served in the winter of 1863-'64, and spring of 1864, attached to MacRae's (Eighteenth) Battalion in Western North Carolina.

This battery was ordered to Virginia in 1862, and served continuously, with above exception, in Lee's Army. In October, 1864, it was in Haskell's temporary battalion of artillery attached to the First Corps and served on the lines aronnd Petersburg with great credit and was surrendered at Appomattox 9 April, 1865.

J H. MYROVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.

ADDITIONAL SKETCH THIRTEENTH BATTALION--COMPANY A.

By CAPTAIN LEWIS H. WEBB.

This company was raised in Richmond County and was organized in April, 1862, by the election of Lewis H. Webb, Captain; Malcolm D. McNeill and Thomas W Moody, First Lieutenants, and H. R. Horne, of Cumberland, Second Lieutenant, who later became Junior First Lieutenant.

The State being unable to equip a battery of Light Artillery, the company was ordered to Richmond for equipment and left 7 May, 1862, with 83 men and 4 officers. It reached that city 11 May, such being the slowness of communication in those days for Rockingham was not then on a railroad.

On 15 May a Battalion was formed of four artillery companies, ours being Company D, and though nearly one-half of the personnel was from this State, it was styled the Twelfth Virginia Battalion and Francis J Boggs, of that State was made Major Geo. H. Gregory, of Martin County, and Thos. G. Skinner, of Hertford, were Lieutenants in one of the other companies, and some forty of the men in that company alone were from North Carolina.

On 25 May we were moved to Battery No. 7 near Mechanicsville, and assigned to duty at the siege guns already mounted and were put to work mounting others. Here we were during the battle of Seven Pines in hearing and almost in sight of the firing. Measles soon after broke out from which we had 40 men down at one time and lost 13 by death. We were without any medical officer or any medicine except that bought with our own means, and but for the skill and attention of Lieutenant H. R. Horne, the sick men would have fared badly indeed.

Soon an order came to disband ours, together with several other artillery companies and transfer the men to infantry. The officers of our company went to the Secretary of War to

protest against this breach of faith, but found our men had been before us, whose pleading was so effective that eventually the order was rescinded. When Stonewall Jackson, coming down from the Valley, struck the enemy on the flank, the Captain and Lieutenant Horne were ordered to report, with part of the company, at Crenshaw's battery, on Charles City road and by a rapid march of twenty miles reached it about sunset. The next morning we marched with that battery in rear of the attacking column towards Malvern Hill, though not in the fight, and the next day were in pursuit of the enemy to Harrison's Landing, where McClellan took refuge under the guns of his fleet.

In the Spring of 1861, when Governor Ellis took possession, by means of the Cumberland militia, of the Fayetteville arsenal, he found there a complete field battery of 12-pound howitzers. These were given to Company A, Tenth North Carolina Regiment (First Artillery), commanded by Captain Stephen D. Ramseur, and on his promotion by Captain Basil C. Manly. After the "Seven Days" battles that company having received one of the many batteries captured, their old guns which had been turned in to the Ordnance department were given to us and we were at last equipped on 20 September and furnished with horses. We were soon after transferred to the Twentieth Virginia Battalion of Heavy Artillery and an order was later procured changing us into infantry to be attached to a regiment being raised for an aspiring young Virginian who wished to be made Colonel. An energetic protest by Captain Webb caused him to be placed in arrest, and the other officers of the company were forbidden to communicate any complaints to the War Department, but a note sent by a negro servant to Hon. Thomas S. Ashe, member of Congress from our district, brought that gentleman and some of his colleagues to our camp to investigate with the result that Captain Webb was promptly released from arrest and the battery ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. E. Lightfoot, commanding Field Artillery at Seven Pines, below Richmond.

Major Boggs returned and assumed command of our company and one other and early in November we were ordered

to report to General Pettigrew near Petersburg, later the company went to Ivor Station, on the Blackwater, with the Forty-second North Carolina, thence to South Quay, reporting to Colonel P F. Faison, of the Fifty-sixth North Carolina. Here we remained six months on outpost duty, guarding the several crossings of the river against raiding and foraging parties which were frequently sent out from Suffolk and accompanying expeditions from our side sent out by General Roger A. Pryor, who commanded that line, for purposes of reconnoitering and procuring supplies. In one of these a section of the battery under Lieutenant Horne was engaged for several hours at Kelly's Farm. We were with General Longstreet in his siege of Suffolk.

In June, 1863, we were ordered back to Petersburg and saw arduous service under General D. H. Hill, commanding defences of Richmond during the Gettysburg campaign, marching back and forth to Hanover Junction, and the Chickahominy and up and down the Pamunkey, York and James rivers, being continually on the move to meet threatened attacks of the enemy. On 3 October at Fort Clifton, near the mouth of Appomattox river our horses were taken from us and turned over to the artillery of General Longstreet, who was on the move to Chattanooga.

Soon after we were supplied with horses that had endured much service, but which we grazed and restored. The North Carolinians in the other company in the battalion procured in November, 1863 a transfer to our battery, 39 men from the Albemarle country thus coming to us, among them Lieutenant Thomas G. Skinner, who resigned his commission and came to us as a private that he might stay with his men. Soon after the Thirteenth North Carolina Battalion was organized, of which this battery was made Company A.

On 1 January, 1864, we were ordered to Weldon and thence in a few days to Fort Fisher, and were assigned to Batteries Gatling and Anderson 6 or 8 miles from the fort. Here we remained on coast guard duty and protecting blockade runners till 12 May, when we were sent to Masonboro, where the enemy was threatening a second destruction of the State salt works. On 15 May having taken our position before

day and being hidden by the low growing coast vegetation we opened fire at daylight with two 3-inch rifled guns upon one of the blockaders lying as near in as it was safe, disabling her so she signalled for a consort some miles away who coming in towed her out of range. A week later the same vessel was fired on from Fort Fisher and sunk.

On 23 May, ordered to Northeast (railroad) bridge. Leaving Lieutenant McNeill with one section there, Captain Webb with the other, proceeded next day to Bannerman's bridge and thence on the Holly Shelter road where, being joined by a company of cavalry, we advanced to a position at a bridge over Shaking Creek to repel a threatened raid from New Bern. In a few days were ordered (5 June) to Weldon, men and guns going by rail and horses under Lieutenant Horne by country roads, reaching Weldon 12 June. Here we were kept on outpost to protect the extreme right of Lee's army for ten months, our own line being on the north side of the Roanoke from Gaston to Halifax.

On 31 January, 1865, Colonel John H. Anderson, with the Seventy-first North Carolina (Second Junior Reserves), and Millard's Battalion of Juniors, a squadron of cavalry from the Nineteenth North Carolina (Second Cavalry), and our battery were ordered to Coleraine on the Chowan to drive back a force which the enemy had landed, but on our arrival after a rapid march found the enemy had re-embarked and gone down the river.

We returned to Weldon, thence the battery went to Goldsboro, only to be speedily sent back to the Blackwater, thence in a few days back to Weldon.

On 4 March ordered to march by country road to Goldsboro, but had only gotten twelve miles when an order brought by courier caused us to return to Weldon, thence by rail to the Blackwater, thence back to Weldon.

On 31 March one section was sent to Tarboro, Captain Webb being in command of post at Weldon, and on 2 April that section returned and without disembarking went down the Seaboard Railroad with the Sixty-seventh North Carolina. The enemy retired again and Colonel Jno. N. Whitford on the return of our troops was himself riding in the

cab of the locomotive, when just after passing Seaboard he discovered several hundred men up the track. He had hardly time to stop the train when he found the track was being torn up by a party of the enemy's cavalry.

Hastily disembarking the infantry, among whom half our men took their places armed with Enfield rifles, he ordered the train back to Seaboard to disembark the artillery, guns and horses, the infantry at once attacking the enemy who after a few moments' hot firing, mounted their horses and sought safety in flight. The artillery now coming up, we pursued the enemy to Jackson, where we found that they had distanced us going in the direction of Murfreesboro. Colonel Whitford then took position near Jackson, covering both Halifax and Weldon.

But the end was now rapidly approaching. Fort Fisher had fallen in January and the enemy occupied Wilmington, closing our only outlet to the world. Johnston was now about to commence his last retreat and on 7 April directed the troops withdrawn from the north side of the Roanoke. On night of 13 April, General L. S. Baker evacuated Weldon, destroying the bridges there and at Gaston and we started over the country roads to join General Johnston at Raleigh. At Ridgeway we found the track filled with cars which had been withdrawn from both ends of the road, including those with our own stores of provisions and ammunition and here first learned of the evacuation of Petersburg and the surrender of General Lee, and also of the battle of Bentonville, in which two batteries of our battalion had been engaged, that Sherman had occupied Raleigh while Johnston had fallen back towards Greensboro, and that a large cavalry force from Grant's army was moving on our right, threatening to get in the rear of Johnston.

Being thus surrounded on all sides, General Baker called a council of war of all the officers, and in view of the impossibility of our reaching Johnston it was decided to disband, but a small force of volunteers, mounted on cavalry, wagon and artillery horses, would try to pass around Sherman's left and reach Johnston. On the call for volunteers more stepped forward than we could supply with horses, but finally seventy-

five were selected who were transformed into cavalry. Dismounting and spiking our guns and taking three days' rations, we started under General Baker's lead. Twenty of these men were from our company. For two days we wandered up and down Neuse river seeking a passage, all fords being guarded by Sherman's cavalry pickets.

On the evening of the second day being then in 14 miles of Raleigh, we found our supplies exhausted, and there being no chance to get through to Johnston who, besides, we were reliably told had surrendered, after a council of war we sent in a flag of truce and our surrender was formally accepted, General Baker being directed by General Sherman to surrender our arms and parole the men and officers.

General Baker issued a commendatory address to the battery, which together with the names of those of the battery then present are printed (from data furnished by the writer) in the article in this volume, "The Last Fifteen Days of Baker's Command," by James M. Mullen, who was a member of the battery and hence need not be repeated here.

LEWIS H. WEBB.

FRANKLIN, VA.,
20 April, 1901.

ADDITIONAL SKETCH THIRTEENTH BATTALION--COMPANY C.

By CAPTAIN JAMES D. CUMMING.

This company was organized in February, 1861, with John J. Hedrick Captain, James M. Stevenson and Dugald Lamont as First Lieutenants, James D. Cumming and James B. Huggins Second Lieutenants. When Governor Ellis, in 1861, ordered the militia to seize the forts at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, this company, under orders of Colonel Cantwell, occupied Fort Johnston, at Smithville, N C., thus being among the first troops to place hostile foot on the United States possessions in North Carolina. After serving at Forts Johnson and Caswell until December, 1861, the company was ordered to Federal Point and assisted in the construction of Fort Fisher, N C Remained in the fort until April, 1862. The company then reorganized and re-enlisted for the war with James D. Cumming as Captain, John W Galloway and J M. Rowe First Lieutenants, and S. H. Everitt and later A. D. Brown Second Lieutenants. A battery of field artillery was assigned to it and the company was equipped for field service. After remaining in the camp of instruction until November, 1862, it was ordered to Eastern North Carolina where it remained until the Spring of 1863. During this time the battery had varied service, participating in the several raids and movements against New Bern and Washington, N C., under Generals Hoke, D. H. Hill and Pettigrew. Was in the engagement at Blount's Creek and the battery was mentioned by General Pettigrew in General Orders. When the assault on New Bern was arranged this battery was selected to lead the artillery.

FIRST SECTION SENT TO VIRGINIA.

In May, 1864, a section of the battery was ordered to Petersburg, Va., and assigned to Moseley's Battalion of Artillery, joining the forces that bottled up Butler at Bermuda Hun-

dreds; was in the engagements at Ware Bottom Church and Clay's Farm. Here under a heavy fire a 32-pound shell fell among a detachment of the men at one of our guns. Private Jas. P Pierce, with great presence of mind, picked up the shell with its burning fuse and threw it over the entrenchment. The next day General Beauregard in General Orders, complimented "Private Jas. P Pierce, of Cumming's Battery, for his bravery and coolness," commending his example to the army When Grant crossed the James river the command was ordered to Petersburg, Va., and was actively engaged 16, 17 and 18 June on the Jerusalem Plank Road; was then moved to the trenches around Petersburg, occupying the salient on the Norfolk Railroad, and supported by General Gracie, of Alabama. The battery was daily and nightly under heavy fire by artillery and mortars and was actively engaged in the battle of the Crater 30 July, 1864. In September, 1864, the company was ordered to the north side of the Appomattox, enfilading the enemy's line up to the Hare house and was under heavy fire about every day and night. The battery continued in service until the evacuation of Petersburg, sharing in the privations and fighting from Deatonsville and Sailor's Creek to Appomattox Court House; was not engaged at the surrender of Lee for want of ammunition. At that time it formed a part of Blount's Battalion.

THE SECOND SECTION.

The second section of the battery under Lieutenant Rowe, continued in North Carolina where it was engaged in the battle below Kinston, 8 March, 1865. Lieutenant Rowe was killed; was also engaged at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., 19-21 March, in Starr's Battalion. This section was in Johnston's retreat, surrendering at Greensboro, N C

The battery was thus in constant service from April, 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, losing a number of men in battle and by disease, one hundred and fifty men having enlisted in the entire company.

JAS. D. CUMMING.

NEW YORK CITY,
26 April, 1901.

FOURTEENTH BATTALION.

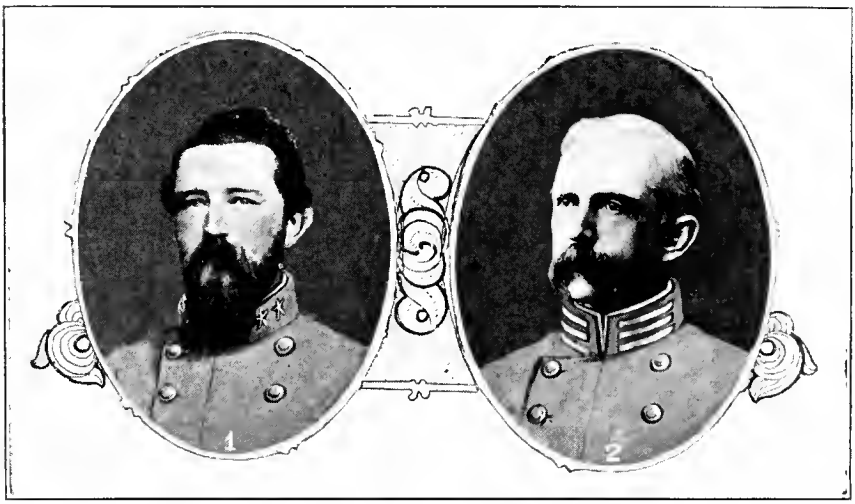
(HENRY'S BATTALION.)

By S. V PICKENS, Adjutant.

This battalion which grew out of Woodfin's Battalion, was itself eventually increased and merged into the Seventy-ninth North Carolina Regiment (Eighth Cavalry.) The history of both these battalions has been given in the history of that regiment *ante* and need not be repeated here.

S. V Pickens.

Hendersonville, N. C.,
30 May, 1901.



FIFTEENTH BATTALION.

1. J. M. Wynns, Lieut.-Colonel.
2. Baldy Ashburn Capehart, Captain, A. Q. M.

FIFTEENTH BATTALION.

(WYNNS' BATTALION CAVALRY.)

By JAMES M. WYNNS, Lieutenant-Colonel.

This battalion of cavalry was organized in July, 1863. It was originally intended to comprise six companies, but from the pressing needs of that section two companies at Wilmington never joined us. After the lapse of so many years I can only give a partial list of the officers, as follows:

J. M. Wynns, Lieutenant-Colonel, commissioned 22 July, 1863; formerly Captain Company C, Second North Carolina Cavalry.

Lieutenant J. W Perry, Adjutant.

Captain B. A. Capehart, A. Q. M.

Starky Sharp, Surgeon.

Captains—J. G. Holliday, M. M. Wise, J. T. Beaman, —. —. Evans, —. —. Taylor.

Lieutenants—J. F Branch, H. J. Jenkins, A. J. Cobb, J. A. Allen.

This battalion and the Sixty-eighth Regiment of infantry were organized for the purpose of protecting Eastern North Carolina, and first went into camp of instruction at Murfreesboro, thence to Weldon, where it remained in active service during the fall and winter of 1863, taking part in the raids made by troops under General M. W Ransom on South Mills and other points in Eastern North Carolina in the territory held by the enemy, bringing out much needed provisions, and inflicting more or less injury on the enemy. On one of our raids we pursued the enemy to very near Deep Creek, on the Dismal Swamp canal, in a most exciting chase of six miles. Our horses being jaded, the enemy outstripped us, and we only made a few prisoners We killed and wounded quite a number, most of whom were left in the swamp. Our casualties were small, and the commissary stores brought out on

that occasion amply compensated for the trouble and exposure.

Owing to the pressing demand for troops in Virginia, the command was transferred to the Blackwater line with headquarters near Franklin. Extracts from a letter received from Captain B. A Capehart, A. Q. M., will be of interest and at the same time give a vivid account of the operations of the command and its arduous duties.

"I have no dates. The operations of the command after being ordered to Virginia, were confined to the Blackwater line. I well remember the sharply contested engagements and the uniform courage and determined spirit with which our officers and men disputed the enemy's advance in force. I think it was Dodge's New York cavalry, supported by several pieces of artillery, which gave us such a tussle when you, with a handful of men held them in check from 11 a. m. till about nightfall—the moon giving full light. So determined were they, that dividing their forces, a part (and I dare say the best) went up through the pocosin and constructed a raft upon which they crossed; again divided, part following the water line to the left of our trenches, our men pouring it into them. When to our surprise the other division charged down on our rear, nothing was left us to do but get to our horses as best we could and fall back, they in hot pursuit, after which they got possession of the ferry boat over which we had such a tug in the first of the engagement. After getting their horses across the Blackwater, we were pressed to the Nottoway Bridge on the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad, where we succeeded in checking them. That kind of warfare was carried on during the fall and winter of 1864-'65, our duty being to hold the enemy in check and prevent their crossing the Blackwater, and protect those bringing provisions from the territory across the river within the enemy's lines.

On the morning the enemy made their last attack upon us at South Quay, I was ordered to Raleigh on business for the command, and from my friend, Colonel W F Martin, of the Seventeenth North Carolina, then in command at Weldon, obtained permission to stop at my home for a day with my family, which I did, reaching there the next morning, 2

April, 1865, about half an hour before my oldest son was born, and by the way about the very hour President Davis was summoned to retire from the church at which he was worshipping that day in Richmond.

TRADING WITH BUTLER.

There was one transaction with which we were connected, and which was most humiliating to me, and to which I have yet scarcely felt reconciled. You remember receiving orders from General R. E. Lee to allow a steamer giving certain signals to pass the pickets and proceed up the river unmolested and by the way you had a similar experience early in the war on the coast between New Bern and Wilmington, when in command of a squadron of the Second North Carolina Cavalry. I refer to the landing of the Yankee steamer about 400 yards below Nottoway Bridge, on the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad with a cargo of hospital supplies for which she was to receive in return cotton. Being the Quartermaster, it devolved on me to discharge and reload the craft, my first duty on boarding the steamer was to look after the credentials, and I was shown by the Captain papers of agreement signed by General Lee's Adjutant-General, Walter H. Taylor, and General Benjamin F Butler. This is a bit of war history, but little known. I dare say most or all of it is fresh in your memory. One circumstance connected with it I remember. I had charged the Captain not to give liquor to the guard I had placed there to protect the steamer, which he promised, but did not fulfill, for during my absence he filled their canteens and giving the men a barrel of shell oysters to eat, they were soon in an irresponsible condition, and quarrelled. One man, Joe Askew by name, struck another man(Davis) with his canteen, whereupon Davis caught up Askew's own carbine and fired, shooting him through the body, the ball going through another trooper's arm above the elbow, White. In consequence of this, Davis ran away, Askew died and White was disabled, a loss to us out of our command of three of its best men. It was dreadful in the extreme to be reduced to the condition of want in everything but courage and valor, but to feel that we had to look to and traffic with our enemy to

relieve our poor suffering troops in hospitals as well as their own men (our prisoners) caused a feeling generally expressed that being reduced to this extreme, it was time the war should stop.

The services of the battalion were hardly appreciated, except perhaps by General Lee, who would not allow it to be moved, knowing the important work it was accomplishing in protecting, as it did, the many passes, particularly South Quay, thereby enabling our people to bring out from our eastern counties such supplies as could be spared from our non-combatants within the enemy's lines.

In our engagements we lost but few comparatively, having breastworks to protect us most of the time, but we never failed to punish our opponents with some severity. Their casualties would be reported to us by citizens living on the opposite side of the Blackwater. No braver or better officers were in our army than Adjutant J W Perry, Captain J. G. Holliday, Lieutenant Branch, to say nothing of yourself and other officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

The operations of the other part of the command were confined to that territory east of us, the Meherrin river and down the Chowan as far as Colerain and even farther. I was with them less of the time, but always found them on the alert and prompt to communicate any advance of the enemy by land or water.

As before stated, I was on my way to Raleigh on the morning of 1 April, 1865, and learned the enemy had advanced and were making a determined attempt to cross at South Quay, and it was at that time and place as brave and gallant a soldier as ever wielded saber (Joe Watford) fell on the banks of the Blackwater, his comrades, pressed as they were, endeavored to place him in the saddle, but "No," he said, "I am done for; save yourselves"—then died.

Do you remember young Wood, as daring and handsome a boy as ever wore the gray, how he dropped back to be the last to cross Lenow's Bridge, when we, so pressed by the enemy, tore it up, and wheeling in his saddle as the enemy reached it, being thereby checked for the time, he took deliberate aim and unseated his man. In fact, the battalion was a gallant set of

men and deserve more than a mere mention. I hope you will bestir yourself and write what you know, and if these paragraphs serve to refresh your memory, I shall have discharged a pleasant duty.

There is one fact, that from the fall of 1864 till General Lee surrendered, the enemy never got nearer Weldon than to press us to Nottoway Bridge and fall back the same day, nor did they get into the country west of the Chowan until the struggle between the armies of the States was in its last throes. You know we never surrendered, but were pressing on to join Johnston. After hearing of General Lee's surrender, then learning of the surrender of the latter when at Ridgeway, we sadly wended our way through the desolate region to our homes.

B. A. CAPEHART."

To what has been thus said by Captain Capehart, I can add but little. The battalion was raised to protect North Eastern North Carolina from the enemy's raids and as he has stated, we did it—to the very best. When the end came we took no parole, but went home and took our guns and horses with us.

JAMES M. WYNNS.

MURFREESBORO, N. C.,
30 May, 1901.

SIXTEENTH BATTALION.

(CAVALRY.)

By JOHN T. KENNEDY, Colonel.

This battalion was formed in 1864 of the five North Carolina companies which till then had served in the Seventh Confederate (Cavalry) Regiment. By General Orders from Richmond 11 July, 1864, there was added to this battalion the three companies from this State in the Sixty-second Georgia and Company C from the Twelfth North Carolina Battalion, and the command was therein styled the Sixteenth Batalion, the writer being its Lieutenant-Colonel commanding. It turned out, however, that the authorities had overlooked the fact that the North Carolina company which had been carried by the writer into the Sixty-second Georgia had been recruited largely and had been made into two companies commanded by J A. Richardson and Geo. Dees. Adding this additional company the Sixteenth Battalion was really a regiment, which was soon recognized as the Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiment, the writer was made its Colonel, Jno. B. Edelin Lieutenant-Colonel, and F G. Pitts, Major. In the pressure and hurry of events it was, however, still carried in the official reports up to the surrender as the *Sixteenth Battalion.* But under its proper title of the Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiment (Seventh Cavalry) its story has been already told *ante* and need not be repeated here.

J. T. Kennedy.

Goldsboro, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

SEVENTEENTH BATTALION.

(AVERY'S BATTALION.)

By A. C. AVERY, Major.

When Longstreet's Corps moved North, and reunited with Lee's Army in the midst of the battle of the Wilderness, the whole of East Tennessee was immediately occupied by the Federal army, and North Carolina would have been invaded by a separate army, had our Western railroad been built, and possibly, if the high mountains on our Western border had been traversed by such turnpikes as had then been constructed across the mountains in Virginia. After Longstreet went North, most of the troops that were left to guard the frontier of the State were posted from a point almost due west from Asheville to the southwestern border of the State. The country north of Madison County was patrolled at most by a company of cavalry, and picketed by small squads of that company. Major Harvey Bingham had two full companies in camp in Watauga and Captain Price, who had been discharged from the First Cavalry, commanded a small, but active company in Ashe County These troops rendered efficient service by driving back small predatory bands, who were continually coming into the State from upper East Tennessee. The approaches covered by the borders of Mitchell and Yancey were comparatively unguarded.

General R. B. Vance had been in command of the district composing Western North Carolina; but had been captured while making a raid into Cocke County, Tennessee. Colonel J. B. Palmer, who had been detached from his regiment, the Fifty-eighth North Carolina, then in the Army of Tennessee, at his own request, for the purpose, succeeded General Vance as commander of the district.

Colonel George W Kirk, who, afterwards acquired an unenviable celebrity by his connection with the Holden-Kirk

Note.—This Battalion consisted of two companies of Infantry (A. and C.) and one of Cavalry Co. B, Captain Miller.—Ed.

war, and who had been allowed by the Federal Government to organize a regiment, composed for the most part of North Carolina deserters, in June, 1864, led an incursion across this unguarded portion of our frontier and surrounded a conscript camp at Berry's Mill Pond, six miles below Morganton, just above what was then the terminus of the Western North Carolina Railroad. He surprised and captured at that place over one hundred of the Junior Reserves, who had been gathered there to be organized into a battalion. While the militia and citizens who did not belong to the Home Guards were gathering on the day of the capture at Morganton, 28 June, one of Kirk's scouts was shot but a half mile from Morganton by R. C. Pearson, a leading citizen of the town. On the second day thereafter a small squad of mounted men fired into the van of Kirk's command at the foot of the Brown Mountain, but he eluded them and reached the Winding Stairs, a narrow path near the top of Jonas Ridge, where he posted a strong detachment, while his prisoners were being moved on into East Tennessee. Here he was attacked by a body of men, composed of a few regular soldiers on furlough and several hundred militia, hurriedly gathered together from the counties of Burke, Caldwell, Catawba and Rowan, the whole body being under the command of Colonel H. A. Brown, of the First North Carolina Regiment, who had just recovered from a wound and turned out of his way to his command at Salisbury to help his neighbors. In the attempt to take this narrow path, Hon. W W Avery was mortally wounded and Calvin Houk and a number of others were seriously injured.

The excitement caused by this invasion induced the War Department at Richmond to order General Martin to establish headquarters at Morganton and assume command of the District of Western North Carolina. The writer, who was serving on the staff of Lieutenant-General Hood at the Chattahoochee river, first secured a leave of absence by the kindness of General Hood, and was then transferred to the Department of North Carolina in consequence of the death of all of his older brothers and the desperate illness of his father, and ordered to report to General Martin as Adjutant-General of the district. In the fall of the same year, when the writer

was about to resign, and General Martin was contemplating the removal of his headquarters to Asheville, the General insisted that a number of local companies then formed and being formed, should be organized first into a battalion and then into a regiment, and obtained authority from the War Department for the writer to organize a regiment of mountaineers to protect the northwestern frontier of the State.

Major Gordon, in his history of the organization of troops (North Carolina Regiments, Vol. 1, page 22), accounts for the organization of the battalion and the proposition to enlarge it into a regiment as follows:

"The War Department, at the suggestion of General Martin, who commanded this district at the close of the war, suspended the conscript law, and there were no more runaways. Major A. C. Avery was also authorized to raise a regiment for local service. Some progress was made in recruiting several companies for this regiment, but the Major was captured during Stoneman's raid. The regiment was never organized, and, as far as known, the Major did not get his Colonel's commission. This was the last effort made to raise troops in the State before the war closed."

Accordingly, in February, 1865, Captain John Carson's company (Company A, of Avery's Battalion); Captain Nelson A. Miller's company (Company B), of Caldwell County, and Captain W L. Twitty's company (Company C), from Rutherford, were ordered to assemble at Morganton, where they were furnished with arms, ammunition and equipments, which Governor Vance had shipped at the request of the writer from the State arsenal at Raleigh. At the same time the Governor had forwarded a sufficient number of improved arms to supply the companies of Major Bingham in Watauga, and a few weeks later, the battalion composed of these three companies was ordered to go to Watauga County and provide Bingham's companies with the arms and munitions shipped for them. It was a part of the plan to organize Price's company, another company in Mitchell, still another in Madison, and a second company in Rutherford County, out of the body of young men just reaching the age for service and those persons exempt from service, some of them having

been discharged on account of wounds and others not being liable because they were State officers, but all of whom were willing to do duty in defense of their State and their own immediate homes.

In fact many officers and soldiers of the battalion had rendered efficient service in the armies in the field and had resigned or been discharged because of disability caused by wounds. Captain John Carson had been a First Lieutenant in Company D, of the Sixth Regiment, and was lamed by a wound received at Sharpsburg. He had partially recovered and had become anxious to serve the cause again somewhere and in some capacity. He was but a type of the older men who belonged to these companies. The boys, who had passed beyond parental control because of their liability under the 17 year conscript act, were the very best material for making good soldiers. Had the war lasted another year they would have been better known.

While Avery's Battalion was en route for Watauga, and before it reached there, a detachment from Franklin's Division of the Federal army, which had been sent from upper East Tennessee, had surprised Bingham's camp and captured all of his men, who did not at the time happen to be at their homes. While the battalion was camped in Watauga, information was received of a proposed incursion from Tennessee into the upper part of Burke County, and after sending a detachment direct to Mitchell County, the battalion was moved through the upper part of Burke and went to that county. The invaders were a small predatory band, some of whom were overtaken by the men sent in pursuit and a portion of their booty was recaptured. About this time Franklin's whole Corps moved up to Bristol and Major-General Stoneman, with a Division of splendidly equipped cavalry, passed up the Watauga river near Valle Crucis, along the turnpike by Blowing Rock, burned the cotton mill at Patterson, passed down through Taylorsville and then moved north towards Virginia. Meantime Kirk with two regiments of deserters had established an outpost of Franklin's command on the turnpike at Blowing Rock. Avery's battalion was moved back across the mountains. It had from its organization up

to that time been able to protect the upper mountain counties from constant robberies and had driven out of the State and into the Federal Army some organized bands of raiders. But in the face of a division of Federal soldiers, with outposts occupied by regiments, the battalion was withdrawn to the foot of the mountains. Kirk sent out but one raiding party from Blowing Rock. That party had gone but a short distance below the head of Johns river when they found that a squad (Miller's Cavalry) of Avery's Battalion could beat them at their own game of bushwhacking.

Meantime, after receiving information as to the number and disposition of Kirk's men at Blowing Rock, and after reading a dispatch from General Lee to General Martin, in which the former expressed the opinion that Stoneman's raiders would return to upper East Tennessee by way of the lead mines, in Smith County, Virginia, the writer boarded the train for Salisbury with the purpose of pressing an application previously made to have a battalion detached from the garrison at Salisbury and moved up on the train at night to aid his battalion in a proposed night attack upon Kirk's camp at Blowing Rock. When he reached Salisbury, he found that General Bradley Johnson had gone to Greensboro, and General Gardner, in command there, was preparing to meet an attack from Stoneman's Division, which had crossed the Yadkin at the Shallow Ford and was then moving on Salisbury. The result was that the writer was captured with Colonel Stone of the Second Mississippi (since three times Governor of his State) and seven or eight hundred other officers and men, and was marched by Taylorsville, Lenoir and Blowing Rock under guard.

Meantime, upon the return of Stoneman's Division, Miller's company, a portion of whom were mounted men, met the vanguard of the division near the Caldwell line and skirmished with them till they reached the town of Lenoir. They narrowly escaped capture in the town itself by riding up to the top of Hibriten. A portion of Stoneman's command was sent across the mountain to deliver the prisoners to Colonel Kirk, but most of his division moved to the west in two bodies, one by way of Beattie's Ford and Lincolnton to Ruth-

erfordton, and thence across the Blue Ridge; the other by way of Lenoir and Morganton to Swanannoa Gap.

Major-General McGowan, of the Confederate Army, happened to be at Morganton about this time. The citizens had obtained, through Governor Vance, a small field piece and had erected some breastworks and placed this piece so as to command the crossing of the river at the Rocky Ford, on the road from Lenoir to Morganton. Lieutenant George West, previously Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General D. H. Hill, had hurriedly organized and drilled a squad of young men who had charge of this gun. Captain Twitty's company of Avery's Battalion, removed from the western part of Burke County, when Stoneman's command approached Morganton and occupied some rifle pits along the bank of the river near Rocky Ford. The home guard, under Colonel T. George Walton, were posted higher up the hill, and were supporting the field piece. This field piece, with the help of the infantry under General McGowan, chiefly that of Twitty's sharpshooters, prevented Stoneman's men from crossing at that point for several hours. Captain Twitty finding that the Federals were going up the river, took a squad and went up to Fleming's Ford. When information was received that Stoneman had sent men to a ford still farther up, all of the soldiers on the river retreated and evaded capture. Twitty's men fought with the coolness and courage of veterans in this, their only skirmish, with trained troops. A portion of Carson's company watched from the hills and mountains the advance of Stoneman to Swanannoa Gap, and pounced down upon detached squads of Federals, where they saw that they would not be outnumbered.

In May, 1865, the whole mountain and Piedmont country was infested with robbers claiming to have been enlisted in the Federal army and it became absolutely necessary for the boldest among the returned soldiers of the Confederate Army to organize and strike terror into these bands of marauders. A party of desperate robbers were pursued by a number of Ex-Confederate soldiers, and took refuge in a sort of block house in Wilkes County, which was called Fort Hamby. In a charge upon this house, when it was captured Second Lieu-

tenant Henly, of Miller's company, was killed. There was not a more daring man in any army. The storming of Fort Hamby 14 May, 1865, is the subject of an interesting article by Hon. R. Z. Linney in this volume. The men who fought and fell there imperiled their lives for the protection of their friends and families and moreover incurred the risk of being punished by the Yankees, at the instance of their irregular soldiers, who were in sympathy with such robbers.

A. C. AVERY.

MORGANTON, N. C.,
30 May, 1901.

EIGHTEENTH BATTALION.

(MACRAE'S BATTALION.)

By MAJOR J. C. MACRAE.

In the summer and fall of 1863, the condition of affairs in the mountains of Western North Carolina became so disordered by reason of the withdrawal of most of the men who were loyal to the Confederacy for service in the two great armies of Northern Virginia and of the West, that it was necessary for the government to organize the military district of Western North Carolina, under Brigadier-General R. B. Vance, and to send General Hoke with several of his regiments to Wilkes and adjoining counties.

The troops at the disposal of General Vance, on the other side of the Ridge, being insufficient to protect the people in that section, in November, 1863, this battalion, composed of picked men and experienced officers, then known as MacRae's Battalion, was mustered in for temporary service by General Hoke at Morganton.

It was composed of three companies of infantry, one commanded by Captain Thomas H. Haughton, then of Chatham; another by Captain John W Mallett, then of Cumberland, and the third by Captain Alex. McMillan, of Ashe. To this command was attached a section of artillery under Lieutenant Collins, Company F, Starr's Battalion and two companies of cavalry, one commanded by Captain A. B. Hill, of Halifax, who soon resigned and was succeeded by Captain John S. Hines, of Raleigh; and the other by Captain Hugh L. Cole, of New Bern. Having no access to the rolls, I am unable to give the names of the other officers of these companies, except Lieutenants Robb, of Iredell; Hal. Fetter, of Orange, and John Hanks, of Chatham, of the infantry. Captain Albert M. Noble, of New Bern, was Commissary and Quartermaster.

Being apprised of a threatened attack upon Asheville by a

notorious bushwhacker and partisan leader named George W. Kirk, who afterwards became more notorious as Colonel of Governor Holden's First North Carolina Regiment in the Klu-Klux campaign, this command proceeded by a forced march to Asheville and reported for duty to General Vance, and the threatened attack upon Asheville being averted, went on down the French Broad to Marshall and Paint Rock, where it remained in bivouac for some time patrolling that section and making occasional excursions into East Tennessee for the protection of the people.

Later in the winter, headquarters were established at Asheville, from which point the different companies, or detachments of them, were sent to such points from Yancey to Clay, as required their service.

No general engagement between the whole force and the enemy ever occurred, but there were frequent encounters between detached companies and parties of bushwhackers who infested the mountains, the largest organized body of them being Kirk's command.

General Vance made a brilliant movement with a portion of this battalion and other troops, crossed the Great Smoky and dropped down into Tennessee in the neighborhood of Dandridge capturing a large wagon train which belonged to the Federal army operating near Knoxville—but unfortunately, before he could get out of the country with the train, he was set upon by a large force of the enemy's cavalry, and was himself captured with most of his command.

Colonel John B. Palmer, of the Fifty-eighth North Carolina, and Palmer's Legion, succeeded to the command of the district, the troops under him consisting of parts of the Sixty-second and Sixty-fourth North Carolina, a battery of artillery from Charleston, S. C., Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Henry's Cavalry (Fourteenth) Battalion and several companies of Thomas' Legion of Cherokee Indians.

From the nature of the service these commands were placed at all important points in that section, and moved from place to place as occasion might require.

Captain Haughton was for a time at Indian Grave Gap, in the Uneka Mountains.

The whole battalion with a part of the Sixty-second, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Clayton, operated on Big Laurel and Shelton Laurel in Madison County, to the top of the Bald and back to Warm Springs and Marshall.

Once, some companies of this battalion relieved a company of the Sixty-fourth which was on the island in the French Broad near Marshall, surrounded by sharpshooting bushwhackers, and drove off the bushwhackers.

Captain Mallett operated for a time in Henderson and Polk, and Captain Cole and afterwards Captain Hines were stationed on the French Broad above Brevard near what is now Toxaway and the beautiful Sapphire country; and by the way, when Captain Hines was withdrawn from Transylvania, many of the loyal people left their homes, where they were no longer safe from ravage and murder.

The whole command passed through Haywood, Jackson and Macon to Franklin, and Captain Hines' Company, finding the road blocked by great stones, near Monday's, crossed the "Chunky Gal" Mountains by a trail and went into Clay County, that now peaceful Utopia, and spent some time on Shooting Creek, whose name was not an inappropriate one then.

The service, while it afforded no field for glorious achievement, was arduous and important, requiring constant watchfulness, quickness of movement and energy; and while the danger was not great it was of that hidden kind which admitted of no direct and vigorous attack upon an embodied enemy, the bullet of the bushwhacker not unfrequently laying low some gallant fellow who was worthy to have died upon the field of battle.

There were many stirring adventures and brave and venturesome acts by these men, whose history ought to have been better preserved, but the memory, from which I write entirely, of the details of that winter spent upon the Blue Ridge and along the slopes of the Great Smokies, across the Balsam, over the Cullowhee and the Nantahala has passed away like the other dreams of the young Confederate soldier.

This battalion was enabled to do good service in protecting the people who were true to the Confederacy from marauding

attacks of bushwhackers and deserters from both Confederate and Federal armies who then found hiding places in the mountains, but some of whose names may not now be unknown to the pension rolls of the United States.

But the overpowering necessities of the Army of Northern Virginia in the Spring of 1864 recalled all who could be spared and many more, from the defence of the homes of these western counties. This battalion was called to Raleigh and disbanded, its officers and men were sent to Virginia and absorbed into its fighting, struggling, suffering, but never despairing army, and shared its sad, but glorious, fate.

I was assigned to duty on the staff of General L. S. Baker, and followed him in Georgia and South Carolina and in the eastern district of North Carolina and Southern Virginia to the end of the war.

Scarcely had this battalion reached Raleigh before Colonel Kirk swept through the passes which they had guarded and fell upon the conscript camp at Morganton, commanded by Major Jesse R. McLean, capturing 28 June, 1864, over one hundred Junior Reserves and carrying those who were not killed on the way to the prison in Ohio.

It was in the hasty pursuit of Kirk by the citizens of Burke and the attempt to rescue the prisoners that the lamented Waighstill W Avery lost his life.

It very soon became necessary at all hazards to replace this command with other troops for the protection of the lives and property of the good people of Western North Carolina.

JAS. C. MACRAE.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,
12 October, 1901.

NINETEENTH BATTALION.

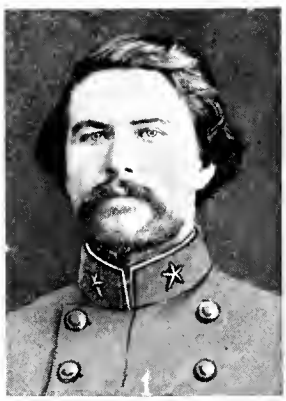
(MALLETT'S OR HAHR'S BATTALION.)

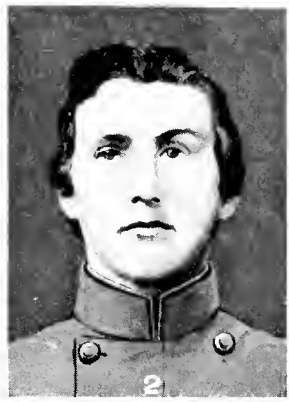
BY THE EDITOR.

This was a battalion of "Light Duty" men, five companies, commanded by Major F J Hahr, a gallant Swede who had been disabled by wounds. L. L. Prather was Adjutant. It was originally styled Mallett's Battalion. The rolls of the command have been lost, or if in existence, are among the other captured Confederate rolls in the Record and Pension Bureau at Washington and not accessible until an act of Congress is passed for their publication. It is probable (but not certain) that the rolls of the five companies published in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 284-292, are those of Hahr's Battalion. Mallett's Battalion was reported present in the Kinston-Mosely Hall engagements 13-17 December, 1862, under General N. G. Evans, 207 strong, *26* (Serial) *Vol. Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 113, 807*

They were used at first as a camp and provost guard at Raleigh, but on 1 June, 1864, they were at Weldon and reported 349 present. *108 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 988.*

On 28 October, Hahr's Battalion was sent to Wilmington and remained there or in that vicinity till after both attacks on Fort Fisher (25 December, 1864, and 15 January, 1865.) On 31 January it was still in Wilmington brigaded with the Seventy-eighth North Carolina under Colonel George Jackson, *96 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1187* What was left of these two commands were at Bentonville where they fought as "Jackson's Brigade" and the remnant surrendered with Johnston's army.





TWENTIETH BATTALION.

1. D. T. Millard, Major.

2. E. R. Hampton, Hospital Steward.

TWENTIETH BATTALION.

(MILLARD'S BATTALION OF JUNIOR RESERVES.)

By E. R. HAMPTON, Hospital Steward.

One who writes history ought to be familiar with all the facts necessary to give a complete narration of such events, in their various details, so that by methodical arrangement one harmonious and consistent whole may result. In attempting to write a sketch of the *First Battalion of North Carolina Junior Reserves,** and the part it took in the Civil War, I am forced to admit, in the beginning that I am not thus fully equipped for the undertaking. But in the absence of some one better qualified to do justice to the memory of the brave young men that composed it, I have consented to undertake this patriotic and, I may say sacred duty In an humble way I hope to contribute something to rescue and preserve from obscurity and oblivion the memory of my comrades. I shall give the organization of our battalion, and recite, as far as in my power lies, the part it took in the great struggle between the States of the North and the South, in the latter part of the conflict. I will narrate such facts as I can from my own knowledge and from whatever other information I have been able to collect.

Major John W Moore, in compiling his "Roster of North Carolina Troops in the War Between the States," fails to assign it a place in his work as an organization, but the companies composing the battalion have been improperly placed by him as composing a part of the Seventieth Regiment. The Field and Staff officers which he gives of that regiment on page 293, Vol. 4, of his Roster, never had any command over the five companies that follow from pages 294 to 303, but

*The First Battalion was the one commanded by Major C. W. Broadfoot which was merged into the First Regiment of Reserves. When the other battalions were organized into Regiments this which had been the Ninth Battalion of Reserves became the First.--Ed.

those five companies in fact constituted the First Battalion (originally the Ninth) of Junior Reserves. Evidently, Major Moore in getting up his work had to deal with a great deal of confusion, as is shown in this particular instance, and which accounts for the note he appends in which, after giving what he supposed to be the first five companies of the Seventieth Regiment, he says: "The rolls of the remaining companies of this regiment have not yet been found, but I am in hopes of yet receiving them in which event they will be inserted further on in this volume."

ORGANIZATION.

The First Battalion, composed of young men or boys between the ages of 17 and 18 years, was organized into companies at Camp Clingman in the town of Asheville, at a point now in the heart of the city of Asheville, near the present residence of the Hon. Thomas D. Johnston, on Grove street, in May and June, 1864. At first the battalion was composed of only three companies.

COMPANY A—*Buncombe and McDowell*—Captain, Chas. M. Hall; First Lieutenant, J. J Culberson; Second Lieutenants, N. N Sumner and B. F Young.

COMPANY B—*Rutherford Polk and Henderson*—Captain, J L. Eaves; First Lieutenant, G. W Suttle; Second Lieutenants, S. T. Blanton and L. M. Gross.

COMPANY C—*Haywood, Henderson, Jackson, Macon, Polk and Rutherford*—Captain, William P Lane; First Lieutenants, S. E. Smith, A. J Liner, A. C Webb and T. R. Gray.

Dr. D. T. Millard, of Asheville, was elected Major 27 June, 1864; Lieutenant Thos. E. Brown, of Abingdon, Va., was appointed Adjutant; Alonzo Rankin, of Asheville, Sergeant-Major; and Samuel D. Burgin, of Swananoa, Buncombe County, was appointed Commissary Sergeant. Afterwards, at Wilmington, the writer was appointed Hospital Steward.

After the organization of the first three companies into a battalion at Asheville, it remained there in camp of instruction, and on police and guard duty as a part of Colonel Pal-

mer's command until the latter part of the summer of 1864, when it was ordered and moved to Camp Vance, near Morganton, where it remained for several weeks on garrison duty. Just previous to its going to Camp Vance a portion of Kirk's command had made a raid on that camp 28 June and captured the small garrison stationed there and had carried them away prisoners, back through the mountains into East Tennessee. *17 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 234, 239*, a very full account. Part of the company of Captain Conrad, afterwards of Company E, which was in camp there, was captured. The remnant which escaped capture afterwards made up a part of Company E. Captain Conrad was himself among the captured, but by some good fortune escaped from his captors and afterwards had the Davie County boys added to the remnant of his company, which escaped from Camp Vance and on a reorganization at Salisbury, he was again elected Captain and was attached to the battalion as Company E. After the Bentonville fight Captain Conrad resigned and returned to his home in Yadkin County and was twice captured by General Stoneman's command, but succeeded in again making his escape in both instances.

SALISBURY—TWO COMPANIES ADDED.

From Camp Vance we were sent to Salisbury, 4 October, 1864, to perform guard duty over the Federal prisoners who were in the Confederate prison at that place, and were encamped a few hundred yards east of the Federal cemetery

At that place 17 October we were joined by Company D, commanded by Captain J A. Stephenson, composed of boys from the counties of Alexander, Ashe, and Wilkes. The First Lieutenant was E. F Prather, Second Lieutenants W C York and G. W Wilcox; and, as already stated, we were also joined by Company E, commanded by Captain S. F Conrad, composed of boys from the counties of Davie, Surry and Yadkin. The First Lieutenant was James B. Douthit, of Davie, (killed at South West Creek) ; Second Lieutenants, G. W Sain, of Davie, and Edwin C Lineberry, of Yadkin.

The battalion remained on duty at Salisbury as a part of the prison guard until about the last of October, when it

was ordered to Wilmington and went into quarters at Camp Lamb. We were on no active duty, except drill, for a few weeks while at this place and had a comparatively easy time, except that bread stuff at one time got very scarce in the Commissary Department and for several days our rations consisted of one pound of rice and a half pound of Nassau bacon brought into Wilmington by the blockade runners. It was only a month or six weeks after our arrival at Camp Lamb until the boys entered upon their active and earnest soldier life in the field, which continued until the end of the war and during which period they received their "baptism of fire" with that heroic fortitude and patient endurance that has ever characterized the sturdy, gallant and intrepid mountain boys of the "Old North State."

BELFIELD, VA.

On 8 December we received marching orders to a more active field of duty. We were put aboard a freight train and hurried off to Belfield, Va., to meet and help drive back a force of the enemy under command of General Warren, that was approaching the North Carolina border from the direction of Stoney Creek and Petersburg for the purpose of destroying the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad and cutting off that line of communication with Petersburg and Richmond. By some accident our train was partially derailed at Wilson, N. C., and our progress toward Belfield was delayed for some hours. We were after this delay got back on the track again and proceeded on toward Belfield, arriving at Hicksford on the south side of Hicks' Run opposite the town of Belfield, about noon on the 9th. When we reached Hick's Run our train crossed slowly over the bridge into Belfield, but the approaching line of the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters made it necessary to back the train to the south side of the creek at Hicksford, where we were ordered to disembark and take up our position along the south bank of the stream on the left of the railroad line, and immediately set to work to throw up a line of trenches. The enemy's skirmish line, still advancing, soon put us in range of their fire, which continued almost incessantly the entire afternoon and until

late in the night. We were somewhat protected by a battery which from an elevation a short distance in our rear, opened fire over our heads upon the enemy's skirmish line, holding them in check until our trenches were so far completed as to afford shelter from their fire. On our left and joining to our battalion was a battalion of Louisiana Zouaves, and on our right and on the opposite side of the railroad from us was a regiment of Junior Reserves. It was a raw, rainy day and in the afternoon turned into a heavy, disagreeable sleet. Being in range of the enemy's fire made it necessary for the boys to keep pretty close in their fresh dug trenches during the afternoon and the greater part of the night, without much fire: with only a very scant supply of blankets and rations, it rendered their experiences ever memorable in the minds of our boys who watched and waited in the rain and sleet, on that dreary December night.

The enemy succeeded in reaching and burning the depot and a considerable portion of the town of Belfield that afternoon and night, having torn up and destroyed the railroad track as they advanced, by burning the rails on piles of cross ties and twisting them around trees and telegraph poles into almost every conceivable shape. After accomplishing this, their skirmishers withdrew and with their main force encamped about five miles north of that place toward Petersburg.

Although relieved from the danger of being struck by the enemy's bullets by their withdrawal, the terrible weather allowed the boys little or no sleep that night. The casualties among our boys were few that afternoon. Sylvester Peirson, of Company A, fell mortally wounded by the premature explosion of a shell thrown over our heads from our own battery, and died that night, and George McCormick, of the same company, was wounded in the arm; Corporal Leonard and a private of Company E, were slightly wounded. There were no others killed or wounded in the battalion that I remember.

Early on the morning of the 10th we were started out on the march in pursuit of the enemy along the line of railroad which they had laid in ruins the day before. A part of Gen-

eral Wade Hampton's command came in from our left, among them the Ninth North Carolina Regiment (First Cavalry), and passed by our line, crossed Hicks' Run and began the advance. Our battalion, the Louisiana Zouaves and other commands took up the line of march through the mud and sleet, following after the retreating enemy about ten or twelve miles. General Warren's forces having succeeded in destroying the railroad for the time being, as far down as Belfield and being met there with such resistance as to render further advance difficult, if not impossible, were now hurrying back to the shelter of the main body of the Federals in the neighborhood of Stoney Creek. About seven miles north of Belfield a part of General Hill's Corps came in upon the left in advance of us, and a sharp engagement took place for a few minutes. The enemy was soon in full retreat back to their stronghold and we went into camp for the night. The experiences of that day were indelibly impressed upon my mind as one of the bitterest of my life, and never to be forgotten. Because of very badly inflamed heels, caused by trying to wear a pair of coarse, stubborn new shoes, drawn from the quartermaster's store just before leaving Wilmington, I was unable to wear them on this march and found it more endurable to march all day through the sleet and mud barefoot, with the shoes thrown across my shoulders, than to attempt to do so.

RETURN TO NORTH CAROLINA.

Next morning, the 11th, we were ordered back to Belfield and we returned to that place, going to our old camp at the trenches which we had occupied on the 9th and morning of the 10th. By this time the weather had somewhat moderated. Here we got the first rations since leaving Wilmington. Owing to the great haste with which we had been carried away from there our supply was very meagre, so much so that we were practically without rations for nearly three days. It was a great relief to our hungry, chilled and worn out boys to get where they could get a little rest and rations once more. After resting a few hours and getting our dinner we again boarded our train and that evening went down to Weldon and

encamped there for the night. An accident occurred that night which resulted in the wounding of two men, both of Company A. A stack of guns, which had been hurriedly and carelessly stacked, fell down, by which one of them was discharged and shot Dobson, of McDowell, through the knee, from which he died, and Matthews, of the same county, was painfully, but not dangerously, wounded in the leg. Next morning, 12 December, we again boarded our train and returned to our old quarters at Camp Lamb. We had done no hard fighting but we had been exposed to the enemy's fire for the first time. We had gained some knowledge of soldier's life. We had endured fearful exposure in wind and rain and sleet in want of blankets and food. We had from the 8th to the 12th travelled over 400 miles by rail and spent two days marching and a day in the trenches. This gave us our first real insight into the life of a soldier.

FIRST ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

Active soldier life had now begun and our rest at our old quarters at Camp Lamb was destined to be of short duration. On account of exposure encountered in the Belfield campaign, some of the boys were taken sick. I was of that number and was sent to the hospital in Wilmington. About 20 December the battalion was ordered to break camp and move down to Masonboro Sound, near Fort Fisher. It went into camp there about two miles from the fort and remained there a few days, until the attack on the fort began on the 24th, when General Butler's fleet appeared and opened the bombardment. The boys were ordered out of camp and after patroling and watching along the coast for the enemy to land, until late in the night, went into the fort.

The next morning, Sunday (which was Christmas day), the bombardment was renewed by the enemy's fleet and kept up all day. In the afternoon the enemy effected a landing. The boys were then ordered out of the fort to the front to assist in repelling any attack upon it or the field guns. They took their position in front of the rifle pits. Some of the field artillerymen for some reason left their guns, and by command of Major Reilly, Lieutenant Liner, of Company C, with a por-

tion of his company, undertook to man the guns, which they did very successfully and did good service. In about an hour the coast was cleared, the enemy returning to their vessels, except a captain and a few men who had been captured by the boys. The battalion remained under arms in a cold rain all night. The enemy after that night abandoned the attack on the fort and drew out to sea. Adjutant Brown was wounded in this engagement and was never with the command any more. Private Chapman, of Company A, and Private Carrigan, of Company D, were wounded.

COLERAINE.

The enemy having abandoned their attack and withdrawn from before Fort Fisher, the battalion returned to Camp Lamb on the 27th, where they had another short respite from active service. It lasted but a short time, however. The enemy had possession of New Bern and were threatening to overrun all of Eastern North Carolina. Along in January, 1865, they had entered Albemarle Sound and had gone up Chowan river with one or more gun boats and a small force had effected a landing at Coleraine. The battalion was again ordered to leave Camp Lamb, for the last time, and were sent by train to Halifax. It was a cold, uncomfortable trip. For want of room inside the cars some of the boys were compelled to ride on top the train and it was so cold that one of the boys froze and fell off the car on the trip. Arriving at Halifax we were placed with the Seventy-first Regiment (Second Juniors) and some other troops, under Colonel John H. Anderson, of that regiment and marched down the Roanoke and across the country to Coleraine, encountering flooded streams and other obstacles, to meet the enemy at that point. They did not hold their ground to give our boys the glory of an engagement with them, but at our approach they went back aboard their gun boats and evacuated the place.

From Coleraine the battalion returned to Goldsboro and took up camp there for a few weeks. On or about 12 and 13 January, while in camp at Goldsboro all the boys in the battalion over 18 years of age were transferred to regular Confederate regiments to fill up their depleted ranks.

BATTLE OF SOUTH WEST CREEK.

A short time after this the enemy coming out from New Bern was advancing toward Kinston. The battalion was ordered away from Goldsboro to move to Kinston and was attached to General Hoke's Division. A few miles below Kinston General Hoke's force met and engaged the enemy, whom they repulsed. Some 1,500 or more of the Federal forces were taken prisoners. In this fight, 8-9 March, the battalion was actively engaged and sustained considerable loss in killed and wounded. While supporting General Hoke's left wing a portion of the enemy's force advanced upon and engaged our boys. In the morning we held a position on the south side of the railroad, but in the afternoon were ordered to change position to the north side, crossing very near where the enemy were advancing. As soon as we crossed over the enemy attacked our boys, to which they promptly responded and a sharp engagement followed. Here for the first time, the boys were ordered to make a charge, which they did effectively, and drove the enemy back. Companies C and E were particularly exposed by being in the road without any shelter, and suffered considerable loss in wounded; Captain Lane, of Company C, was shot through the breast and seriously wounded; Lieutenant Liner, of Company C, received two slight flesh wounds; Lieutenant Douthit (who is named in Major Moore's "Roster" as Lieutenant Danthel), and Lieutenant Lineberry, of Company E, were both mortally wounded. This company, E, had nine men wounded in this engagement. Corporal W R. Hill, of Company D, was killed and several others of that company wounded. The other companies had some of their men wounded, but I am not able now to give names and number. Major Millard, being absent from the battalion since leaving Wilmington, Captain Hall, a brave and courageous officer was in command.

BENTONVILLE.

After the engagement at Kinston, the battalion was assigned to the brigade of Junior Reserves, which already embraced the Seventieth, Seventy-first and Seventy-second Reg-

iments (First, Second and Third Juniors), commanded by Colonel J H. Nethercutt. This brigade belonged to Hoke's Division, and met the enemy next at Bentonville 19-21 March, 1865. A portion of General Johnston's army was there confronting the advancing columns of Sherman s army approaching from the south. At this engagement the battalion took part and while not engaged in the hottest of the conflict it was exposed both to the artillery and musketry fire of the enemy at frequent intervals for three days and sustained some losses. There were quite a number of the boys wounded at this engagement, but I am unable to give the names of any except Private Carter, of Company E.

THE RETREAT.

After the Bentonville engagement the Battalion made no other history except in common with the retreating forces of General Joseph E. Johnston before the victorious columns of Sherman's invading army. The fortunes of the Confederacy were rapidly yielding to the force of overwhelming numbers and the want of army supplies. This great leader, second only to Lee, with his army must soon capitulate to an army of invaders of far superior strength. The fate of that army was shared by the First Battalion of Junior Reserves. It moved with the brigade and that wing of our army from Bentonville on through Smithfield, Raleigh, Durham and other intervening points until the final surrender 26 April near Greensboro, then, along with their fathers and older brothers, scar-worn veterans that had contested the Federal advance from Chickamauga to Greensboro, the boys laid down their arms on the grave of the "Lost Cause" to return to their homes and enter again the paths of civil life Each officer and man in the army was paid $1.25 in silver. The Junior Brigade received their paroles 2 May, 1865, at Bush Hill, between High Point and Trinity College, in Randolph County.

This ends the real history of the First Battalion of North Carolina Junior Reserves and its services in the Civil War of thirty-six years ago. There are many incidents and matters of detail which went to make up our army life that would no doubt, be interesting to individual members, to have re-

corded in history; want of information renders it impossible to go into them. I have given the history of the organization and its services with some of the incidents and results attending its military career in the best manner I am able with the means at my command, which I feel sure is substantially correct in outline if not literally correct in detail.

It will not be improper for me to say here, that while I have been engaged in writing this sketch that I have been greatly aided in my work by Captain S. F Conrad, of Company E, and Lieutenant Joseph Liner, of Company C Also Sergeant A. H. Matheson, of Company D, and Mr. E. E. Smith, of Settle, N. C., who married the sister of Lieutenant Lineberry who fell at Kinston, all of whom have furnished me much valuable data by which I have been enabled to write up the movements of the battalion after my connection with it ceased. Without their aid my work must have been very incomplete. I regret very much that I have not been able to get any assistance or information from any member of Company B, although I made considerable effort to do so.

Before closing this sketch I think it will not be improper for me to call attention to some inaccuracies in Major Moore's "Roster" which appear to my own personal knowledge or by information from others who know the facts. The fourth volume of his work contains many errors in names and rank of men and officers in the companies composing our battalion. It is not my purpose to introduce myself as his critic because I have no doubt but his work is as perfect as he was able to make it with the material accessible to him, and taken as a whole he has given the State a valuable work. I think it quite likely the company rolls were often very badly or imperfectly kept, either from want of proper qualification, or neglect, of company officers whose duty it was to attend to them. This, taken in connection with the confusion that existed at the close of the war, the loss of valuable records, etc., will account for the fact that his work is not and could not be absolutely correct. I will correct a few mistakes that I am aware of, viz.:

In Company A, J M. Greenlee was First, or Orderly Ser-

geant, and not J. E. Dobson. J. Y Hemphill, of McDowell County, was Second Sergeant. Dobson was wounded at Weldon 11 December, 1864, and died from the effects of his wound, as already stated.

In Company B, the name of the Captain was J. L. Eaves, and not J. L. Evans, as given in the "Roster."

In Company C, the name of the Second Lieutenant was A. J. or Joseph Liner, and not "Lines," as printed in "Roster."

In Company D, the name of the Second Sergeant is A. H. Matheson, and not "A. H. Wilkerson," as printed in "Roster."

In Company E, the name of Captain Conrad is "S. F" instead of "F. S." The name of the First Lieutenant is James B. Douthit (mortally wounded at Kinston), and not "James B. Danthel."

There are undoubtedly many mistakes among the names of privates and non-commissioned officers on the "Roster" that perhaps can never be corrected.

In conclusion I desire to say that in looking back over a period of thirty-six years since the boys laid down their arms at Greensboro and saw their last service in that brave, but overpowered army of the strangled Confederacy, I am reminded how swiftly time has flown and that while we were of the youngest of those who entered the military service of the "Lost Cause," the survivors are now men who have long since crossed the meridian mark of life. Many of them have gone to their final reward. Others have sought homes in distant States. More than the third of a century has passed since they were last together in a common cause. The mellowing influences of time has done much to allay the surging billows of bitterness and strife that surrounded their earlier years and they remain only in the retrospect of the past. Let us hope that our children may never see such fratricidal strife in their day and that in the "great beyond" we may meet our old comrades and realize the full fruition of hope in a grand reunion in the land of eternal joy and peace

E. R. HAMPTON.

BRYSON CITY, N. C.,
26 APRIL, 1901.

TWENTY-FIRST BATTALION.

(ERWIN'S SENIOR RESERVE BATTALION.)

By THE EDITOR.

This Battalion was organized at Asheville in July, 1864, and was composed of Senior Reserves from the counties of Polk, Rutherford, McDowell, Henderson and Transylvania. It elected as Major, L. P Erwin, who had been Captain of Company G, Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, and had been disabled by wounds at Fredericksburg 13 December, 1862, having been previously wounded at Mechanicsville, but who now patriotically returned to aid his State in this hour of direst need. He has in the last few days died at his residence in Rutherfordton. On 1 September, 1864, the battalion then in Asheville reported 200 men present. On 1 November General Holmes telegraphed General Bragg that he had sent him Millard's Battalion (Juniors), Erwin's Battalion (Seniors), Shober's Regiment, Seventy-seventh (Seventh Seniors), and thirteen other companies of Seniors. If, as is probable, Erwin's Battalion went to Wilmington, one company probably remained at Asheville, for 18 December, 1864, General Martin reports 43 men of Erwin's Battalion at that point, *89 Off Records Union and Confed. Armies, 1279,* and 10 March, 1865, there were 88 reported present, at that point, Vol. 103 of above work at page 1048.

TWENTY-SECOND BATTALION.

(HILL'S SENIOR RESERVES.)

By THE EDITOR.

The Senior Reserves were organized into five regiments and three battalions. The regiments were the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth North Carolina (Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Reserves), whose career has been already narrated as far as is now obtainable, in this volume. The battalions were First Battalion of Seniors, commanded by Major L. P Erwin, just given, the Second Battalion of Seniors commanded by Major A. A. Hill, and the Third Battalion of Seniors commanded by Major J T. Littlejohn. The Second Battalion of Senior Reserves consisted of the Senior Reserves from Catawba and adjacent counties, and organized by electing A. A. Hill, Major. He was a disabled officer from Lee's army who had been on light duty as enrolling officer for Alexander County.

The services of this battalion were doubtless useful in guarding bridges, arresting deserters and possibly it may have rendered some service in guarding prisoners at Salisbury. It is only incidentally mentioned in General Holmes' Order and Letter Books.

TWENTY-THIRD BATTALION.

(LITTLEJOHN'S BATTALION, SENIORS.)

BY THE EDITOR.

This was the Third Battalion of Seniors. There was another battalion called the Third Battalion of Reserves which was commanded by Major Boaz F Hooks. That battalion, 160 strong, was reported 1 June, 1864 (*108 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 988*), as being then on duty guarding the Neuse river bridge just south of Goldsboro, which had once been burnt by the enemy That battalion, however, was consolidated with other companies into the Seventy-eighth Regiment (Eighth Reserves) and after serving with it in both assaults on Fort Fisher, formed part of Jackson's Brigade at Bentonville 19-21 March, 1865.

The present Third Battalion was composed of Senior Reserves from Granville and adjoining counties. It was organized in Raleigh about August, 1864, by electing James T. Littlejohn, of Oxford, Major. Lieutenant William Daniel, of Company C, was made Adjutant. It was composed of four companies commanded respectively by Captain J W Perry, Company A; Captain E. J Blackley, Captain J. M. Gardner, and Captain T J Crews. Lieutenant A. Bobbitt is also incidentally mentioned. It was ordered to Raleigh (apparently having been furloughed) on 21 October, and was sent to Wilmington with Hahr's Battalion and saw several months service there, probably under command of Colonel George Jackson. On 17 March Captain J. W Perry, of Company A, then in command of the battalion, was investigated and reprimanded for giving some of his men furloughs without higher authority.

TWENTY-FOURTH BATTALION

(RENCHER'S BATTALION.)

By THE EDITOR.

The men "on detail" in North Carolina were reported by General Holmes to be 3,117 in number. In November, 1864, he was ordered by the Richmond authorities to organize them into regiments. They doubtless embraced all those on details of any kind from 17 to 50 years of age. These were organized into three regiments, Eighty-first, Eighty-second and Eighty-third North Carolina (First, Second and Third Regiments of Detailed Men) commanded by Colonels W J. Hoke (or L. M. McCorkle), Colonel A. G. Brenizer and Colonel Bouchelle and one battalion commanded by Lieutenant Wm. C. Rencher, a disabled officer who was enrolling officer at Fayetteville where, upon the organization of the battalion, he was elected Major. Soon after its organization it was assigned to the division commanded by General H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, and aided to cover the removal of the Confederate war material from the Fayetteville arsenal and the burning of the bridge at that place, for efficiency in the discharge of which duty the command was complimented by General Jackson. The order books of General Holmes show that the battalion was ordered to Raleigh, but the nature of its services thereafter are not known. The three regiments of "Detailed Men" were brigaded under Colonel W J. Hoke and were marched to confront Sherman, when it was thought he was heading for Charlotte. One company of the Eighty-second was captured by Stoneman at Salisbury, and was kept in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, for three months after the war as is related by Colonel A. G. Brenizer in his history of that regiment.

TWENTY-FIFTH BATTALION.

(BINGHAM'S BATTALION.)

By THE EDITOR.

This was a battalion of three companies which was organized in the winter of 1864-'65 in Watauga and adjacent counties for their protection from Kirk and similar characters. Harvey H. Bingham was elected Major. As mentioned by Judge Avery in his history of *Avery's Battalion* (Seventeenth Battalion *ante*) Bingham and his battalion were captured by a force sent out from Franklin's Division, then at Bristol, Va., in February or March, 1865.

UNATTACHED COMPANIES.

By THE EDITOR.

Gradually unattached companies were absorbed by neighboring battalions and regiments, but many companies remained *unattached* to the very last. We have no means of ascertaining exactly how many. On 10 June, 1864, the following are mentioned: Two companies State cavalry, two of infantry and Captain Jno. W Galloway's Coast Guard, *69 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 892, 893.* Spencer's and Pitts' unattached companies were reported at Plymouth September, 1864. *88 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1226.* Two such companies commanded by Captains H. P Allen and E. D. Sneed were ordered to Wilmington 28 October, 1864, *89 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1181.*

In same work, (*Serial Vol.*) *96, p. 1186,* Captain J. Dawson's and Captain Jno. B. Griswold's companies (both Senior Reserves) are reported at Goldsboro and on the next page Captain Croom's company at Kinston and Captain McDougald's and a company of Coast Guard at Wilmington. From same publication we know Captain Foy's and Captain Bass' company were both unattached. This is sixteen unattached companies (if none of these are counted twice) and there were certainly several others, for on 11 October, 1864, the official reports show that there was then twelve unattached companies from this State in the Confederate service. This was exclusive of the unattached companies in State service. *129 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 722.* On 19 November, 1864, the Adjutant-General's office of North Carolina reported 13 unattached companies. These being those in Confederate service, the unattached companies in State service could hardly have been fewer than seven, making a total of twenty companies, or two regiments.

Captain Spencer was captured in Hyde County, *60 Off Rec Union and Confed. Armies, 154.* In the history of the Sixty-eighth Regiment its author regards Swindell's and Spencer's companies as the eleventh and twelfth companies of that regiment, Vol. 3 of this work, p. 723, but they were probably unattached companies. These unattached companies were doubtless all very full, being mostly on home service. Foy's reported 100 present.

Among many patriotic companies serving temporarily on an emergency as volunteers and of whom no official record was kept may be mentioned the *Clarendon Guards,* of Fayetteville, composed of the best people of Fayetteville, not subject to military service, who volunteered for an emergency in 1862, and served for a month at Fort Fisher with Dr. T. D. Haigh as Captain, without pay and supported mostly by their own commissary. Their patriotism was a brilliant instance of the spirit of our people and should be recorded here. There were doubtless other like companies elsewhere which volunteered in emergencies, though not subject to duty.

NORTH CAROLINIANS IN OTHER COMMANDS.

By THE EDITOR.

In Governor Vance's address before the Southern Historical Society at White Sulphur Springs 18 August, 1875, he stated that the records of the Adjutant General's office showed "troops from North Carolina serving in regiments of other States not borne on our rolls," 3,103.

Of these companies, we can now trace a company from Halifax and Northampton whose officers were Captain Littleberry W Mason, later Richard E. Mosely, and Lieutenants Junius C. Simmons, later Matthew M. Greene First Lieutenant, and Wm. F Baugh and James M. Perkins, Second Lieutenants. The roll of this company is given in Vol. 4, Moore's Roster, pp. 432-435. This company was attached to the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, Colonel Weisiger, in Wise's Brigade.

Moore's Roster, pp. 435-438, mentions two companies, Captain Wm. B. Clement from Davie, and Captain H. E. Hinton from Northampton, which served in the Tenth Virginia Battalion (Cavalry). Another North Carolina company served in the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment. Besides we know that there were North Carolina companies serving in other regiments or battalions, raised in Virginia, East Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina. In Captain Webb's history of Company A, Thirteenth North Carolina Battalion, he tells of his and another company from this State which served in Bogg's Virginia Battalion of artillery, and the effort to transfer them to a Virginia regiment of infantry. The number 3,103 given by Governor Vance from the records of the Adjutant-General's office would indicate probably about thirty companies, equal to three regiments.

In Captain Denson's history of the "Engineer Corps" in this work, he gives account of a North Carolina company belonging to the First Regiment Confederate States Engineers.

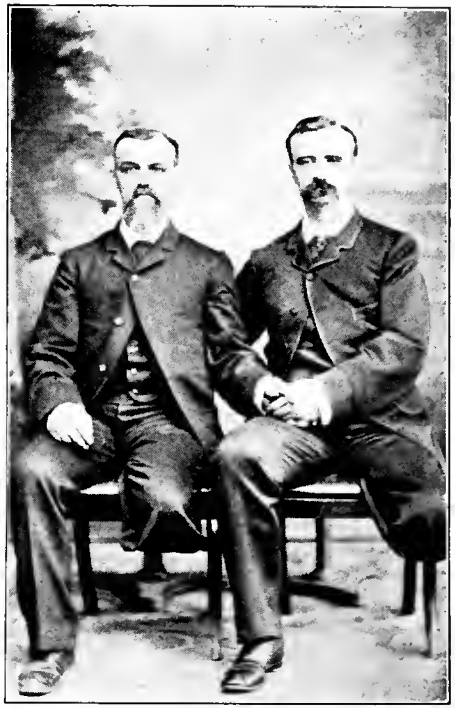
Another North Carolina company was Company F, in the

Naval Battalion commanded by Commodore J R. Tucker. D. G. Conn, now residing in Raleigh, was First Sergeant. While a member of Company L, Fifteenth North Carolina, he received five wounds, all at Malvern Hill. There was another North Carolina company in the same battalion of which —. —. Watts, of Mecklenburg County, was Orderly Sergeant. The officers of these companies were navy officers who had no ships to command. This battalion in the spring of 1865 was at Drewry's Bluff and it took an honorable part in the battle of Harper's Farm (or Green Plains) under General Custis Lee, 6 April, 1865. These two companies were taken prisoners there and carried to Point Lookout. They were paroled at Newport News 19 June, 1865.

Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, p. 443-449, gives a very imperfect list of the North Carolinians who enlisted in the navy proper. Among the officers in the navy from this State were Captain J. W Cooke, of the *Albemarle;* Commodore W F. Lynch, Captain J N. Maffitt, Captain Jas. I. Waddell, of the *Shenandoah;* Commodore W T. Muse, of the *North Carolina,* Lieutenants W H. Kerr, W T. Murphy, Thomas L. Moore and Richard Battle, Master. The services of these and other naval officers from this State are treated in other articles in this work.

On the other hand, in the Sixty-fourth North Carolina, there were two companies from Tennessee, and in the Twenty-fifth North Carolina one company from Georgia and South Carolina. But these were exceptional cases. In the Revolutionary war we know the South Carolina commands of Sumpter, Williams and others were almost entirely composed of North Carolinians, though our sister State got credit for them. So in 1861-'65, aspiring men raising regiments near the border in the adjoining States, largely recruited in this State. Even as to commands raised by this State, Governor Vance's letter books show his repeated complaints that so many of our regiments, and ofttimes our brigades, were commanded by men from other States. North Carolina has always been singularly unassertive and over modest as to the merits and capacity of her own sons, so much so that one of her defamers has called her the "Boeotia of the South."

"Mustered In."



"Mustered Out."

Two Brothers.

H. J. Walker and L. J. Walker, Co. B., Thirteenth Regiment.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

By CAPTAIN DAVID G. MAXWELL, Co. H, Thirty-Fifth Regiment, North Carolina Troops.

The fortune of war was never more strikingly portrayed perhaps than by the two pictures opposite, entitled "Before and After," of two brothers, soldier boys of Mecklenburg County, who enlisted in Company B, Thirteenth North Carolina Regiment, in April, 1861. The first picture of the boys, L. J and H. J. Walker, of Mecklenburg County, in their Confederate uniforms, and with left hands clasped, was taken in 1861 a short while after enlistment. The second picture was taken some time after the war, the brothers in the same position as the first with left hands clasped, but the left leg of each does not appear in the picture. The leg of one brother was buried at Gettysburg, Pa., and that of the other at Hagerstown, Md. L. J Walker, the younger brother, was wounded 1 July, 1863, he being the fifth color-bearer to be shot down in the charge on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. His leg was amputated at the field hospital by Dr. John H. McAden, of Charlotte. He was afterwards taken prisoner and sent to David's Island, N. Y. H. J Walker, the elder brother, participated in the three days' engagement at Gettysburg, coming out unhurt, but on the retreat, 13 July, while on skirmish line near Hagerstown, Md., he was wounded in the left leg, conveyed to the field hospital and his leg amputated by the late Dr. Campbell, of Statesville. Young Walker was put in an ambulance and taken to Martinsburg, Va., and a few days thereafter was taken prisoner and sent to Johnson's Island, Ohio, and remained there until April, 1864.

The brothers were poor boys and reared on the farm. They are now in affluent circumstances, and are honored citizens of Charlotte. Dr. H. J. Walker, the elder, studied medicine after the war, and now enjoys a good practice and owns two

drug stores, one at Huntersville and one in Dilworth, a residence suburb of Charlotte. L. J. Walker, the younger brother, and who appears on the left in each picture, is now a retired merchant. No two better citizens than Dr. Jack and Jasper Walker can be found in North Carolina or in any other State. Mecklenburg is proud of them and North Carolina should be.

An amusing, though pathetic, incident is related of the two brothers. When they returned, battle-scarred, from the tented field, L. J. Walker found the sweetheart whom he had left behind, four years before, still true, and waiting to be claimed by her lover. The day for the wedding was set and all preparations made. But on that eventful day, and only a few hours before the ceremony was to take place, the prospective bridegroom met with an accident which seemed like the unfriendly dealing of fate. He slipped and in some way broke his cork leg. Deprived of this very useful member, the young man found that he could not possibly "stand up" for the ceremony, and was therefore in quite a dilemma. At this important juncture, his brother, Dr. H. J Walker, went forward and saved the day by offering to loan his leg to his brother. The proffered leg was gladly accepted and found to fit perfectly. This is perhaps the only case on record in which one man has been married while standing on the leg of another.

DAVID G. MAXWELL.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
9 APRIL, 1901.

THE CONSCRIPT BUREAU

By THE EDITOR.

This is a large subject and was undertaken by the late Pulaski Cowper, who was a most efficient officer (First Lieutenant) on the headquarter's staff of that department, and than whom no one could have written a more interesting and valuable article. His illness and lamented death prevented his execution of the work and now there is no one available.

The officers of the Bureau are given in Moore's Roster, Vol. 4, pp. 452-455, and their names need not be repeated here. There was an inspector for each of the Congressional Districts and a sub-enrolling officer in each county. These officials were, as a rule, officers who had been in service and assigned to light duty in consequence of wounds or other disability thus incurred.

Major Peter Mallett, of Fayetteville, was at the head of the Bureau in North Carolina, with a very efficient staff. In January, 1863, Colonel T. P August, from another State, was assigned to that post, but upon the vigorous protest of Governor Vance, he was promptly removed.

The first conscript act, 21 April, 1862, embraced all able-bodied men, not exempted by the act, between the ages of 18 and 35. Those above the age of 35 already in the army were discharged and substitutes were allowed. Later this last provision was repealed and those who had put in substitutes were called on to serve while the age limit was extended to 45 years. By act of Congress 16 March, 1864, those between the ages of 17 and 18, and between 45 and 50 were called into service, as Junior and Senior Reserves respectively.

On the passage of the successive conscript acts, many voluntarily went into the army so as to select the companies in which they wished to serve, the number of such being reported in October, 1864, as 21,608. These were in addition to the original volunteers of some 71,000 men and 3,103 from this State serving in commands from other States. The Con-

script Bureau reported 18,585 forwarded by its agency up to that time, which by 9 February, 1865, was 21,347.

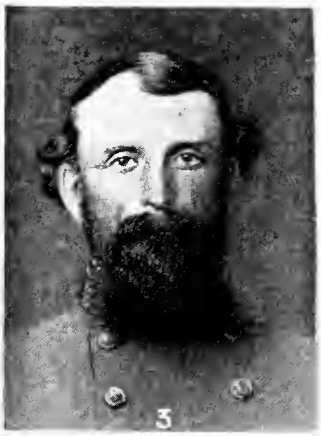
The senior and junior reserves, the detailed men (3,117) and those who went to the army without reporting and the additions after October, 1864, make North Carolina's total 127,000, as stated in Major Gordon's article in Vol. 1 of this work, p. 19, exclusive of nine regiments of Home Guards who were of use in arresting deserters, keeping the peace and guarding bridges, with some service in the field.

The 21,347 conscripts gathered up and sent to the army up to February, 1865, represent only a part of the work of this department, whose duty was also to gather up and send back furloughed men who had overstaid their leaves and to arrest and return deserters. This evil became so great that from time to time regiments were sent home to assist in the work and finally it overcame all bounds and together with the break down in the finances of the Confederacy was the cause of its overthrow.

Mr. Cowper stated to the writer that there were ten large bound volumes containing the names and records of deserters from this State and that since the war all these volumes had mysteriously disappeared. One volume only has been recovered. It perhaps speaks well rather than otherwise for human nature that there should be a wish to destroy such records. In like manner just after the Revolution, a list was adopted by the Legislature of North Carolina of those tories whose names should be preserved as enemies of their country and copies were sent to the other States, but this list has not only been removed from our archives, but the copies have disappeared from the archives of all our sister States.

Those who are curious to look up the workings of the Conscript Bureau can find much data in the latter volumes of the "*Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,*" but nothing will supply the information which would have been given, and which would have been admirably told, by Lieutenant Pulaski Cowper had disease and death staid their relentless hands for a season.

The Conscript Bureau was an indispensable agency and in the main an efficient one, though of course never a popular one.



ENGINEER CORPS.

1. Thad Coleman, Captain, and Lt. Col. 60th Regt. after 25th March, 1865. 2. C. B. Denson, 2d Lieut., Co. A. 3. J. C. Winder, Major. 4. Samuel A. Ashe, 1st Lieut.

THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS AND ENGINEER TROOPS.

By C. B. DENSON, Second Lieutenant Company A, Second Engineers, C. S. A.

The earthworks constructed by the Confederate or State authorities, in the early periods of the war, were built with patriotic celerity at many points by such troops as were nearest to the threatened localities, under the direction of the few engineer officers resident in the South, who had resigned from the United States Army, or such other skilled engineers as might be available. In many cases artillery officers ordered to command, strove to supply the needs of the hour, and the infantry graduates of West Point, and of the advanced military schools were also pressed into service.

So vast was the area and so numerous the demands, that civil engineers were made military assistant engineers, while the labor was obtained from such men as had been brought up in industrial pursuits and gathered together to assist and direct the negroes enrolled from the various counties, for the labor required in heavy excavation and embankments in the larger fortifications.

Many meritorious engineer officers were developed from the hardy civil engineers who had been engaged in building the railroads, water works, and similar internal improvements. They learned rapidly in the field the principles of Vauban's great art, and brought into play the originality of the American mind, which so quickly adapts the available means to provide for the end to be attained.

From necessity, in some States, the defenses of the coast and the rivers were hastily arranged in the best manner available, by the State authorities, and subsequently turned over to the officers placed in charge by the Confederate Government at Richmond, according to the importance of the posi-

tion, the immediate need of the hour, and the availability of officers to meet the demand.

It may be said that the great wants of the navy and the army of the Confederate States were of an opposite character. The navy had a fine corps of brave and skilled officers, unexcelled in the world, but they were almost without ships; or ports, in the absence of ships. The army had control of many natural positions of defence, but had very few engineers to improve them, and these were hampered by the lack of skilled artisans and labor to construct; of ordnance for works of sufficient strength to meet military requirements; and of troops to man the same.

It was more difficult to learn the delicate and responsible duties than in any other arm of the service. An engineer officer might be called upon to lay off earth works, build a bridge, repair roads for artillery, map the territory, construct magazines, or casemates, scoop out a mine, put together a pontoon, make and set a torpedo. All these were done, in the department of North Carolina, and also the obstruction of harbors and rivers, and the building of torpedo-boats, and laying of electric, then called "galvanic" sub-terra shells.

The history of this service throughout the war for Southern Independence will probably never be written. It cannot be readily followed like the events in the life of a regiment or a brigade, nor does it present the dramatic scenes of the charge of the infantry, or the onset of the cavalry. Indeed, so little of the pomp of war attends the quiet and steady performance of the indispensable work of the engineers, that few seem to be aware of their existence; few apparently know the name of the distinguished General at the head of that service, who was a native of North Carolina (Major-General J F. Gilmer), and never in any painting or sculpture, is there any emblematic representation like that of the artillery, cavalry, infantry and navy, to remind the observer that the military art was in the ranks with Southern valor. And this in a State upon whose soil was constructed the greatest fortress in the Southern Confederacy, the Malakoff of America.

But there was one man, who had himself been the chief engineer of Scott, the commanding general of the Mexican

war, who was deeply concerned in developing that arm of the service, and the writer need not remind you that he was Robert E. Lee. Nor was General Jackson behind him in appreciation; he who was the best topographical engineer of the Army of the Valley, unless we except his *alter ego* in this respect, Major Jed. Hotchkiss, his faithful engineer.

The first services were performed by the officers resigning from the old army, and military assistant engineers, who only had rank by courtesy. The Engineer Corps contained officers who served on the staff of generals for work of emergency in the field, directly with the troops, and others who were employed, with the respective details under their command in topographical work, or fortification, etc., and reported for orders, maintenance and equipment to the Engineer Bureau of the War Department, at Richmond.

Topographical work was indispensable, for no accurate map existed, except of such outlines as the Coast Survey had made on the exterior of the bay and ocean coasts. It is well known that the enemy possessed much better maps of the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the James at the time of the Seven Days Battles, than the Confederate authorities, a fact which had its influence in the failure to reap the results of victory gained at such bloody cost. No one now doubts that there should have been no Malvern Hill.

Military maps must be absolutely accurate, in all essential features. The roads must show exact length and direction, and all possible branches and by-ways—cleared and wooded land separately, and location of every house, fence, ford, hill and valley; the depth of rivers, nature of swamps, character of soil, everything, in fact, necessary to form a correct judgment of the problem of moving troops, and the use of natural advantages for protecting the men and giving greatest effect to artillery or other arms.

So important was such information in General Lee's opinion, that after the battle of Chancellorsville had occurred and Hooker had been driven across the Rappahannock, by an army greatly inferior in numbers, the Confederate commander, as if foreseeing that Spottsylvania, the North Anna, etc., were again to be some day the battle ground, asked of

the Engineer Department a minute and complete map of the whole territory, from the Rapidan southward. This was executed with the transit, and the main lines chained. Indeed the engineers advanced across the Rappahannock, to the line of the Occoquan and near Alexandria, and were pursued by naval and marine forces on the Potomac. But a fairly good map was obtained of the roads, redoubts, etc., constructed by the enemy beyond the river.

When General Grant began his assaults by the left flank toward Richmond in 1864, every foot of ground had been studied by Lee, and the troops shifted with masterly precision, met every attack by the shortest route, and on the exact spot required. Grant sacrificed as many men as equaled Lee's entire army.

It was perceived by the War Department at Richmond that the gathering of skilled men to supervise labor, and to execute the details under the direction of officers temporarily ordered for the erection or strengthening of works at various points, only to be scattered at the completion, and brought together with difficulty at some other point, was a wasteful process, only permissible as a temporary expedient.

In addition, therefore, to the Engineer Corps, it was determined to organize two regiments of Engineer Troops, of ten companies each. The officers were appointed by the President, and the nucleus of each company was to be obtained by detailing fifty men from each division or two men from each regiment, as far as possible from the same State, within a given district. The companies were to be organized as a body of regulars. Commanding officers were requested to select only skilled men of approved record, in knowledge and conduct. The ranks were filled by volunteers reaching military age, or otherwise, to a minimum of one hundred men. Two new men were allowed in lieu of one veteran. As it was anticipated that these regiments would constitute a part of the regular army of the Confederate States, after the attainment of independence, and the dissolution of the provisional army, the appointments were much appreciated, of commissions therein.

Military graduates and military assistant engineers, then

in service, and a few officers of the corps proper and staff officers in other departments who resigned higher rank, to enter the permanent Engineer Troops, were made the commissioned officers of the line. All appointments were made as in the case of regulars. No elections were permitted. Commissioned officers were selected by presidential appointment. From the nature of the service, the company was the unit, and the Captain appointed the non-commissioned officers.

The First Regiment was assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia. The Second Regiment belonged to the South and West, along the Atlantic coast, and in the Army of the West. Company A of this regiment was formed chiefly of North Carolinians and assigned to North Carolina. In addition to the details from regiments in Lee's army of North Carolina troops, the ranks were filled by enlistments at Wilmington.

Congress authorized these regiments 20 March, 1863. General Lee at first opposed the removal of the companies from their several divisions to regimental headquarters, and in fact, the second regiment served in separate companies throughout the war.

The defences of North Carolina in 1861 consisted of the forts Macon and Caswell, the former built for the defence of Beaufort, by the United States, and the latter, at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and the improvised earthworks constructed by the companies of heavy artillery volunteers, under the class of officers heretofore referred to. Several officers were commissioned by the State for this special duty, as S. L. Fremont, Colonel of Artillery and Engineers; Major John J. Hedrick, Major Jas. D. Radcliffe, Captain John C. Winder, Lieutenant Samuel A. Ashe, Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. L. Childs, and others.

It is but just to say of those in charge of the defensive works early in the war, that they were required to make bricks without straw. The men were unskilled, the works in most cases too large for the force available to man them, yet too weak in profile, for want of time, labor and means; sometimes unsupplied with ordnance in time, and again mounting only the smooth twenty-fours and thirty-twos saved

from the Gosport Navy Yard before its evacuation 10 May, 1862. For even these, it was difficult to obtain ammunition.

Colonel Fremont was an officer who had resigned some time before the war from the United States Army, and had won reputation as an architect and railroad engineer; Major Hedrick was a brave and skillful artillery commander, and with Major Radcliffe, who had a military training, and was superintendent of a military academy in Wilmington, and Captain John C. Winder, who had been a skilled engineer employed on the Croton acqueduct, but resigned at the outbreak of the war to return to his native south, were all industriously at work on the southeastern coast.

Brigadier-General R. C. Gatling, a native of North Carolina, a graduate of West Point in 1832, had been a veteran of the Florida and Mexican wars, wounded and breveted Major for gallantry. Upon resigning and returning to his State, and appointed Colonel in the Confederate States Army, he was made Adjutant-General by North Carolina, and was assigned 1 July, 1861, to the coast defence, with the charge of the general engineering, being promoted to Brigadier-General in August, 1861.

Perceiving the troops enrolled and armed, to be called at once to Virginia, he made repeated calls for sufficient forces to man the hasty works thrown up at important points in the East, but without success. Hatteras was taken 29 August, 1861, and Roanoke Island and New Bern fell in February and March following. His statement in his final report, in expressing his disappointment, reads thus:

"We failed to make timely efforts to maintain the ascendency on Pamlico Sound, and thus admitted Burnside's fleet without a contest. We failed to put a proper force on Roanoke Island, and thus lost the key to our interior coast, and we failed to furnish General Branch with a reasonable force, and thus lost the important town of New Bern. What I claim is, that these failures do not by right rest with me."

Relieved from duty during severe illness after the fall of New Bern, and being advanced in years (born 1808) he resigned in September, 1862, but served afterward as Adjutant and Inspector-General of North Carolina.

On 4 October, 1862, an important change occurred at Richmond in the assignment to duty of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards General) Jeremy Francis Gilmer (a native of Guilford County, N. C.), as Chief of the Engineer Bureau. General Gilmer had graduated at West Point in 1839 with high honors, becoming Lieutenant of Engineers and subsequently Assistant Professor of Engineering in the Academy. In the Mexican war he was Chief Engineer of the Army of the West in New Mexico. He resigned 29 June, 1861, at San Francisco, where he was in charge of the defences of the Bay. Made Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in the Confederate States Army, he was Chief Engineer of General A. S. Johnston, and severely wounded at Shiloh. Was promoted, made Chief Engineer of the Department of Northern Virginia, and then became Chief of Engineer Bureau. In 1863 he became Major-General, serving as second in command at Charleston and Atlanta, but resumed control of the Engineer Bureau, serving until the close of the war.

Under his orders, 9 October, 1862, Colonel Walter Gwynn (formerly of West Point, and afterward civil engineer of distinction), was assigned to examine and defend the Neuse, Tar, Roanoke and Chowan by obstructing their channels and placing batteries, to command the obstructions. The Bureau desired works at a point on the Neuse as low as Kinston, on the Tar at Greenville, and the Roanoke at or near Hamilton.

Assistance was afforded by Captain C. R. Collins' Engineer Corps at Caswell, and Lieutenant W. G. Bender reporting directly to Colonel Gwynn, and by others.

The authorities of the adjacent counties were asked for labor, and funds provided by the War Department, and by 8 November, works were in progress, near Hamilton, in the vicinity of Tarboro, and at Kinston, and such advancement made that the Ordnance Department was asked for artillery to supply the works. In January following, works were in progress five miles above Greenville.

But it was afterward reported of these, as of previous earthworks in this State, that they were too ambitious in outline, requiring too many men for their proper defence, while this extended work, resembling, on the Roanoke, an en-

trenched camp, was not of sufficient strength of profile for success in the event of persistent attack.

On the Neuse Colonel Gwynn asked for the means of completing a work requiring 10,000 men and 34 guns. But he was instructed by the Chief of the Bureau that a fort with strong land and water fronts, which one regiment could garrison in full, was all that could be undertaken, so many were the positions necessary to be cared for.

Half of ten thousand men, supplied with ammunition, in Fort Fisher, would have changed the face of history.

Two points, Rainbow Bend on the Roanoke, and Whitehall on the Neuse, were to be especially provided with defences to protect the building of gun-boats. The brilliant career of the *Albemarle,* designed for the northeastern waters, which was completed and commanded by Captain Cooke, of the Confederate States Navy, is well known.

The great fortress at Fort Fisher, which was the result of years of labor by successive forces, but chiefly the outcome of the skill and energy of Colonel William Lamb, under the general direction of General Whiting, was first begun by volunteer troops, largely the companies afterwards forming the Eighteenth North Carolina, with Major John J. Hedrick, and especially with the valuable engineering service of Captain John C. Winder, aided by Lieutenant S. A. Ashe. Of this accomplished, but modest officer, Colonel S. L. Fremont, Chief of Artillery and Engineers of the District of the Cape Fear, under date of 1 October, 1861, when Captain Winder was relieved to become Major and Assistant Adjutant-General with General J G. Martin, wrote as follows:

"Captain Winder has been from the first occupation of the public works by North Carolina, in the service of the Cape Fear coast and river, where his efficiency has been testified to by all observers. * * He has had the immediate charge of laying out the batteries on the coast * * and the entire charge of the construction of Fort Fisher has been confided to him, until the guns on the water front were mounted. He laid out the casemate water battery at that place."

He built works at Camp Wyatt, on Zeke's Island, and at other points. He was the son of General Winder, of the

Confederate service, and a member of the distinguished family of the name, represented in the old army from its earliest history.

Major Winder remained in the State service throughout 1862, performing much duty as an engineer in addition to his labors as Assistant Adjutant-General. In November of that year, he was ordered to construct batteries near Hill's Ferry, on the Roanoke. Changes at headquarters in Raleigh induced his acceptance of an appointment as military assistant engineer under the Confederate States, in May, 1863, and he was subsequently made Captain of Company A, Engineer Troops, assigned to North Carolina, which will be hereafter more fully referred to.

The writer deeply regrets the fragmentary nature of a sketch of the patriotism and accomplished officers who gave their indefatigable efforts to the defence of North Carolina, including those in the Engineer Corps, and from the Artillery and the Navy or Marine Corps, whose scientific training was available for this work. But in the course of forty years they have nearly all passed away, the majority having already at that time reached maturity of life in their profession. In many cases no publication remains that even enrolls their names.

Among these should be named Captain Wm. H. James, Engineer Corps, Chief Engineer at Wilmington. He had been a civil engineer of the United States Navy, and was attached to the Navy Yard at Pensacola at the breaking out of the war. He was a Northerner by birth, but married in the South, and was true to her cause. His specialty was that of a dock engineer, and as additional officers assumed duty, he was much confined to headquarters in Wilmington, having the control of the thousands of negroes impressed into the service from the several counties to perform the heavy excavations and embankment in building the great fortifications erected upon the original lighter lines. One slave in five was taken from each plantation, with the consent of the Governor, but none where the number was smaller than five.

Extensive quartermaster and commissary service was especially required for these laborers, who numbered five thou-

sand at one time. Shops were maintained for necessary iron and wood work, supply of entrenching tools, etc.

Lieutenant John Kent Brown, Lieutenant Wm. A. Obenchain, Captain Liernur (formerly of the regular army of the Netherlands,) Lieutenant Parks (this gifted officer was killed at the battle of Fort Anderson, on the Cape Fear, below Wilmington), were all of the Engineer Corps. Captain Wm. H. Northrop commanded the *Petteway,* supply steamer in the engineer service, and was in the retreat on the west side of the river. Major Young, Captain Andrews and Captain Sweetman, of the artillery, were on engineer service, as were also Lieutenant-Colonel Gwathmey, Major Forest and Captain Meade, of the navy. All these were connected with the District of the Cape Fear for a shorter or longer period.

To Captain C. R. Collins, Engineer Corps, was assigned the duty of strengthening Fort Caswell, in October, 1862.

Captain Thaddeus Coleman, of the Engineers, serving with General D. H. Hill when the latter was in command of the Department of North Carolina, was requested to be assigned to the works at Kinston by General Daniel, to extend the same, and in May, 1863, General Martin reports of the works laid out by Coleman around Greenville, that while not fully what successful defence required, "I thought them the best the ground would permit."

On 17 November, 1862, General W H. C Whiting arrived in Wilmington, after his brilliant service in command of a division of the Army of Northern Virginia, previous to which he had advised plans of defence for Wilmington on the ground in the Spring of 1861.

Wilmington was the most important port of the Confederacy for the receipt of supplies and munitions of war, and an officer recognized in both armies as without a superior as an engineer was sent to its command. He was already familiar with its topography, having entered the army with the highest record ever made by any graduate at West Point, and had risen to the grade of Major of Engineers, having served before the war in charge of the improvements of the harbor and river of the Cape Fear. He had been with Jos.

E. Johnston as Chief Engineer at Harper's Ferry and Manassas; had planned the defences of Charleston, and now made a careful examination at Wilmington, reporting as follows to General Cooper, Adjutant-General Confederate States Army, 15 January, 1863: "Found partial line of earthworks, well constructed, but weak in profile, one and a half miles long on the east and south of the city, mounting twelve guns, old 24's and 32's. There were three batteries below the upper jetty lights, and two at imperfect obstructions at Mount Tirza. Battery St. Philip (afterwards called Fort Anderson), fourteen miles from the city, was well constructed, but without proper traverses.

"On Confederate Point, to protect New Inlet, had been constructed the earthwork known as Fort Fisher. Here the skill, ingenuity and perseverance of successively Major John J Hedrick, of the artillery, (Captain John C. Winder, Artillery and Engineers, accidentally omitted), Major R. K. Meade, Engineers (for a short time), and especially of Colonel Wm. Lamb, now commanding, and his men, have been signally displayed. The fort is a strong seacoast work, partly casemated and partly barbettè. It would not, however, be tenable for any length of time against a formidable land attack."

* * * * * * * * * *

"The advanced batteries nearest the bar previously arranged had, for some unknown reason, been leveled." * * "I have to give my warmest praise to the manner in which officers and men have labored day and night. Colonel Lamb, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwathmey of the navy, Major Forrest of the navy (until his illness), Major Young and Captain Andrews, and Captain James and Lieutenant Obenchain of the Engineers, have been indefatigable, with their excellent commands, in strengthening the defences. Their value, incomplete as they still are (necessarily for want of time, implements and material), must shortly be tested. If they succeed, their officers and men should have great praise; if they fail, it is not their fault."

The "advanced batteries" referred to were batteries Radcliffe and Campbell, on Oak Island, south of Caswell. The

former of these commanded the bar with a flanking fire, and was held by the Confederate Grays in May and June, 1861, under the writer as Captain Commanding. This company had been drilled both as infantry and artillery, and subsequently became Company E, Twentieth North Carolina. A crude picture (page 121, Vol. 2 of these records), shows a portion of the command in camp at Franklin Military Institute a few days after organization in April, 1861. Many had been cadets there several years, under Captain C. B. Denson, one of the principals and the commandant. Among its cadets were such officers of high merit as Colonel John Ashford, Colonel Jesse P Williams, Captains Stephen Cowley, (killed at the battle of Franklin as Inspector-General of Bate's Division), Owen L. Chesnutt, C. B. Monk (killed in battle), A. B. Hicks, Lieutenants A. D. Hicks, Jos. B. Oliver, and many others.

One fact deserves record here which is believed to be unique, in regard to this command which was employed in completing the defensive work of which it was the garrison.

There is probably no other instance North or South, of the complete equipment of a company by the direct contributions of its members and their patriotic friends. Formed 20 April, but regularly organized 27 April, in a few days it had every article supplied to regulars in the old army. Yet it was formed at the Institute, in the woods, with no village nearer than Kenansville, eighteen miles distant, Mt. Olive being but a railroad station three miles away. Nothing whatever was furnished by the State of North Carolina, or the Confederate States, except the flint-lock muskets of the military school. Supplied with tents (made by the patriotic ladies), uniforms complete, two suits each, both dress and fatigue, also made by them, knapsacks, canteens, cap, pouch and belts, camp equipage, including mess chests and medical stores with boxes of extra shoes, blankets, officers swords and with three days cooked provisions, and a parting gift of a silk Confederate flag from the noble women, the command repaired to the mouth of the river, where attack was daily expected. These articles had been purchased or made in Richmond, Norfolk and Wilmington for cash contributed by the com-

pany and its friends. Help was not expected or asked from the State authorities, and pay for service never entered the mind of any one of that band, of whom but twenty-seven now remain, who were members at any time in the four years.

General J R. Anderson ordered the levelling of the battery, it is believed, because of the fear that if carried by a landing force, it could be used against Caswell. He was an excellent infantry officer, but this did not accord with the judgment of an engineer, like Whiting, as noted in the extract referred to.

It is also due to the fine soldiers which were afterwards organized into the Fortieth North Carolina Troops, but then separate artillery companies, to record their arduous labors in the building, not only of Fort Fisher with its curtains and connecting batteries, and the works on Smith's Island, commonly called Bald Head, and Fort Pender, Fort Holmes, etc. These are mentioned in the history of this regiment, Vol. 2, p. 755, of these records, by Sergeant T. C. Davis.

In April, 1861, before his orders to Virginia, Major W. H. C. Whiting having established headquarters at Wilmington whither he had repaired from Charleston after the successful bombardment of Sumter, appointed Mr. Samuel A. Ashe, who had been a student at Annapolis, as a Lieutenant and assigned him to duty at Fort Caswell, under Captain F. L. Childs, Chief of Artillery and Ordnance. Upon the organization of the North Carolina forces, the Board of War sent Mr. Ashe a commission as First Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, Artillery and Ordnance, and he continued his duties with Captain John C Winder, and Captain Childs. Captain Winder had been sent to Fort Caswell by Governor Ellis as soon as it was seized, and Captain Childs, a zealous and efficient officer of the old army, had hurried from Charleston, with Major Whiting, to render service on the Cape Fear.

Except ten days detached service in June, to move the rifle machinery from Harper's Ferry to Fayetteville, Lieutenant Ashe served with Captain Winder until he fell ill with fever, recovering in September. In the meantime, the State had turned over its forces to the Confederate Government, without making provision for its engineer officers, and their com-

missions had been annulled. The situation was anomalous. There was no Confederate General or other officer in command.

Colonel S. L. Fremont, who had held a commission in the Engineer Corps, under some arrangement, continued in charge. There were no other persons to perform the necessary duties these gentlemen had been assigned to, and so they continued at work, in the emergency, without commissions, without pay, and having rank only by courtesy.

Captain Winder planned the first defences, in conference with Colonel Fremont, who devised means for constructing the first casemate on Federal Point—built of palmetto logs cut on Smith's Island, and sand-bags, and strengthened with railroad iron. Lieutenant Ashe equipped the batteries, and superintended the rifling of old smooth-bore guns with machinery designed by Messrs. Easons, of Charleston.

Captain Winder's plan of defence for Federal Point consisted in a strong fort at the Point; a redoubt at the head of the sound, and an intermediate one, with a heavy covered-way striking from the head of the Sound to Fort Fisher, and commanding the beach. Captain R. Kidder Meade arrived and completed the unfinished casemate, Captain Winder being at work elsewhere.

General J R. Anderson arrived from Richmond with a number of young Virginians for staff duty, and as the Federal expedition, supposed to be preparing for attack at Wilmington passed down to Pocotaligo, Lieutenant Ashe begged leave to retire, and joined Company I, Eighteenth North Carolina, at Pocotaligo. Shortly after, he was appointed Lieutenant of Artillery in the regular army of the Confederate States, and remained therein during the war, except when serving as Assistant Adjutant-General of Pender's Brigade, during the first Maryland campaign.

It is quite true that the defences were immensely strengthened by the labors of years, chiefly under Colonel Lamb, until the original works seem by comparison altogether inadequate, but it should not be forgotten that no such fleet as finally attacked Fisher, existed, with its monitors and iron-clads, in the early days of the war. Undefended, it would certainly have

been occupied, and with Wilmington gone and railroad communications cut, it is easy to perceive that the war could not have been waged with success. As it was, time was gained, and the object attained.

When everything had to be erected, without implements, without resources, these patriotic officers, without pay, or rank, remained where the guns of the enemy were daily expected, enduring privations and hardships, and laboring with unremitting devotion for the public welfare. Their work was of incalculable value, and should never be forgotten.

What Fort Fisher became after the labor of years, and its admirable record of service, is told by the graphic pen of its distinguished defender, Colonel William Lamb, in the history of the Thirty-sixth Regiment in the second volume of these records.

As Major of Artillery, C. S. A., Colonel Lamb was on duty at Fort St. Philip (afterwards Anderson), when he was elected Colonel of the Thirty-sixth, and relieved Major Hedrick at Fisher 4 July, 1862. With wonderful energy and tenacity he rendered the fort finally one of the wonders of the engineering art, impregnable against naval attack alone, and only to be taken by a combination of the greatest fleet ever gathered up to that period in warfare, and a land force five times its garrison, and after the assailants had lost nearly as many as the entire Confederate garrison, and not a shot was left to continue the defence.

As the second volume may not be in the hands of the reader, it may be permitted to add in the words of its supervising genius, what the fort had become when assailed on Christmas eve of 1864. He says: "At this time Fort Fisher extended across the peninsula 682 yards, a continuous work, mounting twenty heavy guns and having two mortars and four pieces of light artillery, and a sea face of 1,898 yards in length, consisting of batteries connected by a heavy curtain and ending in the Mound battery sixty feet high, mounting twenty-four guns, including one 170-pound Blakely rifle gun, and one 130-pound Armstrong rifle gun. At the extreme end of the point at the entrance to the Cape Fear river was Battery Buchanan, a naval command with four heavy guns."

The same sketch relates the mortal wound, and death while a prisoner, of Major-General W H. C Whiting, who volunteered in the defence of this work, and fell gallantly leading in hand-to-hand combat.

Fisher was provided with sub-terra shells which would have destroyed Butler's command had he advanced to attack with his troops, but when the second expedition occurred 15 January, the wires had been cut by the rain of shells of enormous size, which ploughed up the whole surface, as the fire was directed by signal. More than ten thousand fell in forty-eight hours.

Captain Kerrigan was sent for this special work, the torpedo service being a division of the engineer force.

General Gabriel J. Rains began this organization, which was placed in charge of the engineer troops, and they were used with success at Charleston, Mobile and Savannah. The automatic sub-terra explosive shell was an invention of General Rains, as was his machine for manufacturing gun-caps. He was a North Carolinian, born in Craven County, a graduate of West Point in 1807, and was over 50 years old when the war broke out. Wounded in the Seminole war, he was also a veteran of the Mexican war. He was a Colonel in the Army of the Confederate States, and promoted to General in appreciation of his valued service. Nearly 1,300 of these shells buried near the lines of Richmond doubtless aided in keeping the enemy away during the siege of Petersburg. But the war closed as he was bringing his devices to perfection.

Topographical work in North Carolina was done in part by engineers attached to the staff of the generals commanding districts, and in some cases by officers ordered for this special service by the Engineer Bureau.

Among these was that experienced engineer, Captain John S. Grant, from the staff of General Lee. The writer served with him as Assistant Military Engineer, in the Southeastern District, along the White Oak and including the Angola Bay and Holly Shelter regions and the coast. This was for use in preparing for offensive or defensive operations between New Bern and Wilmington. Captain Grant had been an engineer officer of the British army, and the author of impor-

tant works. Much of the territory referred to equalled or exceeded in difficulty the Wilderness of Spottsylvania, which it was also the fortune of the writer to survey with Captain B. L. Blackford, whose corps was ordered finally to Wilmington, and encamped at Wrightsville Sound, in the autumn of 1863. Among those who joined it there were Messrs. A. Paul Repiton and T. R. Purnell (now judge of the United States District Court in North Carolina.)

The Chief Engineer of the Army of the South, as it was called, under General Jos. E. Johnston, in North Carolina, was Colonel John Clark, and with him was Lieutenant James A. Tennent, of Asheville, N. C., who had served in the South Carolina infantry and afterward as Assistant Engineer in the Topographical Corps on the coast.

Captain J. F. Lanneau (Professor Applied Mathematics at Wake Forest) is another citizen of the State who rendered valuable service He had been Captain in Hampton's Legion, and later was commissioned as Lieutenant of Engineers, being promoted to Captain. He served under Whiting, and Lee, and was finally Chief Engineer of Hampton's Corps.

COMPANY A, SECOND ENGINEER TROOPS.

This was the only body of engineer troops organized in North Carolina. Captain John C. Winder, then a military assistant engineer, was commissioned as Captain, in recognition of much meritorious service 12 August, 1863, and later the following were appointed by the President as Lieutenants in this organization of the regular army: Francis Hawks, as First Lieutenant; Bruce Gwynn and C. B. Denson, as Second Lieutenants.

Francis Hawks, a son of Dr. Hawks, the famous divine and historian, was a native of New Bern, and had been educated as an engineer and engaged in staff duty.

Lieutenant Gwynn was a son of Colonel Walter Gwynn, and was a brave and impetuous officer, who was detailed from the company for special duty at Fort Fisher shortly before the battle, and made prisoner there, and confined in a northern prison until the end of the war.

Lieutenant Denson had organized Company E, Twentieth

North Carolina, in April, 1861, and having been trained in a military school (Virginia Collegiate Institute) and commandant of cadets, was a strict disciplinarian, and was not re-elected at the reorganization in 1862, being absent serving as president of a general court-martial. Upon the personal suggestion of General Lee, he was assigned to staff duty by Adjutant-General J G. Martin, and subsequently was appointed military assistant engineer, and served on topographical duty with Captain J. S. Grant in Eastern North Carolina and Captain B. L. Blackford on the Rapidan, Rappahannock, Potomac, North Anna, etc. Transferred by the Engineer Department to topographical service on the Cape Fear, at the request of Captain Winder, he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of Company A, Second Engineer Troops and took command of the company in camp at Wrightsville, the other officers being on detailed service.

The duties of the company were severe, and covered much territory They included the oversight and progress of many works, including seven batteries on the river, from Sugar Loaf to the city, , the redoubts near Wilmington, dams, military bridges and military roads up the coast; also the work shops, the "Army Navy Yard," as the establishment for building torpedo-boats was called; (these were never fully completed, awaiting machinery which failed to arrive); the preparation of maps and plans, and the construction of pontoons. The latter were fortunately finished in time for the retreat of the forces.

So constantly were the engineer officers in the saddle for this varied service, that they were furnished with two horses each, by the department.

The company was composed of many veteran troops, detailed, of the highest efficiency, besides others who had volunteered. There were, however, a few inefficient and ill-disciplined men, transferred in violation of the spirit of the order, and probably to dispose of them. Lieutenant Denson drilled the company as infantry, and in skirmish drill, but it was necessary to detail Sergeants and Corporals frequently with small parties to provide for the many demands upon this single company.

As the war proceeded, the necessity for adopting every means of the military art to spare the diminishing number of troops forced itself upon those in command. General Lee availed himself of every engineering device throughout the long and bloody campaign down to Cold Harbor and Petersburg. He fully anticipated Grant's desperate efforts, as shown by his correspondence with Colonel A. L. Rives, in charge of the Engineer Bureau while General Gilmer was in the South, and said: "I shall want all the assistance I can get." He asked that besides his First Engineers, C. S. A. (ten companies under Colonel T. M. R. Talcott), that six companies of pioneers be added, and a force of engineer officers for the general staff, with a Brigadier-General of Engineers, suggesting General M. L. Smith, or Colonel W H. Stevens, or General G. W Custis Lee. He writes: "It is necessary that the Engineer Corps of this army be reorganized and increased commensurate with the wants of the service. The engineer officers of the army have done well, but their numbers are inadequate to the duties."

This was true; the responsibility was great, the service continuous and often severe, and promotion scarcely existed.

The enemy moved up the Cape Fear river in February, his main attack developing on the west side, but with overpowering numbers upon both. General R. F Hoke having fallen back from Sugar Loaf, the engineer troops joined his immediate command, and threw up a temporary line five and a half miles long across the peninsula, terminating on the right flank at Battery Campbell, and an unfinished work, then in charge of Lieutenant Denson, who added also a water battery for one naval gun, screened from observation, and served by a fine crew of naval officers and men from the *Chickamauga* or *Tallahassee,* then in port shut up after Fisher fell. The fire here was effective, and although the fleet of thirteen gunboats and a monitor, took part in the engagement, they did not attempt to run by, and take either command in the rear, but contented themselves with heavy shelling, the most of the projectiles passing over our heads.

Several days skirmishing progressed with an occasional demonstration against our temporary lines which were a

mere show of defence, except at the stout river batteries. The noble troops comprising Hoke's Division at the time have been described in earlier sketches in these volumes.

After the first day's fighting, Captain Hawks being ill, obtained sick leave, and was in the hospital at Greensboro the rest of the campaign. Finally on 22 February, the enemy having reached the bank of the river opposite Wilmington, after engagements at Fort Anderson, Town Creek, where a gallant stand was made by our troops at the bridge, at Brunswick river and Eagle Island, the evacuation was ordered by General Bragg and General Hoke proceeded to execute it with soldierly care.

Some works were blown up and stores burned under orders, but the troops never marched with more good order and quiet courage than when they filed through the city, with a section of light artillery at the end of each street facing the water, while the masses of blue crowded nearer and nearer the opposite bank of the river. Every other officer superior in rank having been disabled, or absent (Captain Winder had gone to his dying father, General Winder, shortly before this movement), the engineer train was under the command of Lieutenant Denson.

The company of infantry reserves detailed to fire the bridge at the city, did not burn it in time, and the enemy putting out the flames, so rapid was the pursuit, followed the army to the Northeast river, thirteen miles distant. The rear guard had frequent encounters, taking up the march again, after driving back the enemy. The railroad bridge was burned, and the dismounted cavalry held the enemy in check until the troops were passed over on the pontoons which had been built and laid by the engineer troops.

The writer was ordered to cut the pontoon, which was done, as the enemy reached the bank, with but slight loss to us, and the bridge swung by a hawser from under the feet of the pursuers. The enemy had the advantage of occupying works built there to command the road through the swamp toward New Bern, while we were unprotected after evacuating and crossing.

Lieutenant Denson had been ordered to destroy the pon-

toon after the crossing of the army, and proceeded to do this, by knocking out the bottoms of the boats, it being impracticable to burn the water-soaked pine. This was effected under the plunging fire of the enemy, part of which was armed with new repeating arms; the engineers were supported by regiments on the right and left of the corduroy road through which our forces had defiled, and formed line of battle to sleep upon their arms on the higher ground in the rear. The firing continued several hours, from twilight until nine or later, at intervals. But the enemy fired too high, the stream being not very wide, and our loss was small, their shots passing over.

General Hoke ordered a reconnoissance to see if Terry's troops had pontoons with them for immediate pursuit, and his gallant aid, Lieutenant George L. Washington, accompanied the writer upon the river during their fire, where having perceived no signs of preparations for launching pontoons, we returned to the shore and reported, at headquarters. The General kindly offered his own horse to the writer for this expedition, as his had been temporarily lost, his halter having been cut by a shot while the rider was on foot at the pontoon.

Long before daylight, the troops were put on the march, and the woods fired behind. At Burgaw, Captain Winder rejoined us and the company was detached to march to Elizabethtown, and obstruct the Cape Fear, at that point. Whoever has seen that river in a freshet, will understand the futility of that undertaking, so far as complete obstruction goes; but we understood that it was deemed important to convey the impression to Wilmington to prevent the ascent of gunboats (for the water was very high), until General Johnston's army was safely through Fayetteville.

Much showy work was done of tree cutting, raft-building, etc., until we learned by private source that the object was acomplished. Rapidly burning the engineer steamer *Flora McDonald,* which had been lying at Elizabethtown, we made a forced march to Smithfield, appearing to the surprise of all, and taken by Hampton's Artillery for the enemy at one time.

Captain Winder was detailed at headquarters and Lieu-

tenant Denson given the charge of the erection of the works near Smithfield, with the company. As laborers on these works, several hundred "galvanized Yankees," as they were called in camp, were also sent to the writer. They had been prisoners from the Union army confined at Salisbury and had then taken the oath and enlisted under the Confederacy. But they were not trusted with arms, were uniformed in a very bright butternut colored cottonade and furnished with intrenching tools.

But the works were only fairly begun when the menacing attitude of Sherman, reinforced by Foster at Goldsboro, and the activity of Grant at Petersburg demanded precautions in Johnston's rear. Every bridge on the Neuse had been carried away by the repeated freshets. The company was ordered to Milburnie to build a substantial bridge upon cribs filled with stone for the passage of Johnston's artillery and trains. This work was pushed night and day, and when nearly finished was left with the command under temporary charge of Captain Sweetman, an artillery officer who had some experience in engineering, while, under special order by General Johnston, Captain Winder and Lieutenant Denson alone made rapid military reconnoissances of the territory of the Tar river sixteen hours daily in the saddle, learning the fords, roads, etc. Their orders also included a route to the Roanoke, with Gaston on the right flank. This indicates preparations for a junction between Lee and Johnston. But at this moment, the army was put in full retreat, the bridge being finished on Sunday, 9 April, when the head of the column was only seven miles distant.

Here General J. E. Johnston informed Captain Winder that General Bragg had been ordered to the southwest, with his staff, and that he claimed Company A, Second Engineers, as part of his department, and as escort. Captain Winder was promoted to Major (deserved years before) and placed upon his personal staff by General Johnston, and Lieutenant Denson ordered to command the company, and take the engineer train, including 300 slaves from the Cape Fear, with tools, etc., to accompany Bragg.

At Morrisville, after the first day's march from Milburnie,

we learned the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, but the men of Company A remained faithful to duty. General Bragg had a numerous staff and many accessions were made of officers and stragglers moving south who refused to surrender in Virginia, but no other organized command. The writer having charge of the escort, without commissary service, supplied the troops, under orders, from the county tithing stations, moving by Pittsboro, Carthage, Troy, Albemarle, Monroe, and finally into South Carolina, where a battery of artillery, and a portion of Lipscomb's Second South Carolina (cavalry) joined us in camp southeast of Chester. Captain Hawks had rejoined from the hospital, while on the march, but was not called upon for duty.

Here orders were read on dress parade, creating General Bragg Commander-in-Chief of a department, from the southern line of North Carolina to the Gulf. But General J E. Johnston having surrendered 26 April, a final order was read, thanking the troops for their fidelity in remaining by the colors to the last, and instructing us to return to our respective States, and acquaint the senior Confederate officer residing within the same, with our address, and "await orders from the War Department."

This was the last order to a company of North Carolina troops during the war east of Asheville, and the next morning we disbanded, most of the negroes and remaining men leaving for the east, after crossing the Catawba river. The writer reached home horseback, at Pittsboro, 7 May

Unfortunately he has access to no roll of the men whose superb endurance, courage and fidelity deserve lasting commemoration. The non-commissioned officers often had the responsibility of Captains, on detached duty, and were of a high order. Sergeants Hardison, Leggett and Basket are remembered only, of these. All believed they were on the way to the Trans-Mississippi for the prolongation of the war. There was no attachment to Bragg whatever, as there had been to Whiting—but the sense of duty was paramount, as long as a shred of hope remained. In this, it may be said, that they were true Tar Heels.

This sketch has somewhat been lengthened, because the

writer is aware of no publication since the war, which contains many of the facts herein embodied, and he is the only survivor of the officers of the Engineer Troops from North Carolina.

C. B. DENSON.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
5 December, 1901.

BRIGADE HISTORIES.

BRIG. GEN. Wm P. ROBERTS
BRIG. GEN. RUFUS BARRINGER
BRIG. GEN. JAS. B. GORDON
BRIGADIER GENERALS FROM NORTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONED BY THE CONFEDERATE STATES
BRIG. GEN. T. F TOON
BRIG. GEN. Wm MacRAE

BRIGADE ORGANIZATION.

By WALTER CLARK, Lieutenant-Colonel, Seventieth Regiment North Carolina Troops.

In the first year of the war the troops from different States were indiscriminately brigaded together. In 1862 the policy was adopted of making the brigades, as far as possible, of troops from the same State.

IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Some few North Carolina regiments remained in mixed brigades till 1864, when they were finally transferred to North Carolina brigades. There was in that army thirteen brigades exclusively from this State, eleven being infantry and two cavalry brigades.

They were, giving the names of the successive Brigadiers of each, as follows:

1. The Anderson-Ramseur-Cox Brigade, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth Regiments. The First and Third, however, served in Geo. H. Stewart's Brigade till a large part of them were captured at the salient 12 May, 1864, when the remnant was transferred to this brigade.

2. The Branch-Lane-Barry Brigade, consisting of the Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh Regiments. General Barry commanded the brigade only a few days while General Lane was absent wounded.

3. Clingman's Brigade, consisting of the Eighth, Thirty-first, Fifty-first and Sixty-first Regiments. The Eighth was temporarily attached to Ransom's Brigade at the capture of Plymouth 20 April, 1864.

4. Cooke's Brigade, consisting of the Fifteenth, Twenty-seventh, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth and Fifty-fifth Regiments. The Fifty-fifth served in Davis' Mississippi Brigade and was not transferred to Cooke's till 1864.

5. The DANIEL-GRIMES Brigade consisted of the Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-third Regiments, and Second Battalion (eight companies). The Fiftieth Regiment belonged to this brigade from June, 1862, to July, 1863, when it was transferred to the Martin-Kirkland Brigade. The Forty-third was temporarily detached and served with Hoke's Brigade at capture of Plymouth, 20 April, 1864.

6. The GARLAND-IVERSON-JOHNSTON-TOON Brigade, consisting of the Fifth, Twelfth, Twentieth and Twenty-third Regiments and First Battalion. This battalion long served in Hoke's Brigade, but was transferred to this in 1864. The Thirteenth was originally in this brigade, but was transferred to Pender's Brigade October, 1862. General Toon served only a few months in summer of 1864, while General Johnston was home wounded.

7. The HOKE-GODWIN-LEWIS Brigade, consisting of the Sixth, Twenty-first, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh Regiments. The First Battalion served in this brigade till 1864, when it was transferred to the Johnston-Toon Brigade above.

8. The MARTIN-KIRKLAND Brigade, consisting of the Seventeenth, Forty-second, Fiftieth and Sixty-sixth Regiments. When the brigade was ordered to Virginia in 1864, the Fiftieth did not go with it and did not serve with it again till after the battle of Bentonville.

9. The PENDER-SCALES Brigade, consisting of the Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth Regiments. The Thirteenth was transferred to this brigade from Iverson's in October, 1862.

10. The PETTIGREW-KIRKLAND-MACRAE Brigade, consisting of the Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-fourth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-second Regiments.

11. RANSOM'S Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth, Forty-ninth and Fifty-sixth Regiments. The Twenty-sixth, which was originally in this brigade, was transferred in August, 1862, to Pettigrew's Brigade and in February, 1863, the Fifty-sixth was added to this brigade.

CAVALRY BRIGADES.

12. The GORDON-BARRINGER Brigade, consisting of the

Ninth, Nineteenth, Forty-first and Sixty-third Regiments (First, Second, Third and Fifth Cavalry). The Fifty-ninth (Fourth Cavalry) was also originally in this brigade, but was transferred in 1864 to Dearing's and later to Roberts' Brigade.

13. ROBERTS Brigade, consisting of the Fifty-ninth and Seventy-fifth Regiments (Fourth and Seventh Cavalry). The latter regiment was at first a battalion of nine companies styled *Sixteenth* Battalion, and retained that designation in official reports though raised by the addition of another company in 1864 to a regiment, with a Colonel.

From above it will be seen that adding the "Bethel" Regiment, which was not in any of the above brigades having served only six months, and the Sixty-ninth and Eightieth (Thomas' Legion), which in 1864, served in the Valley of Virginia in Smith's Brigade, North Carolina had fifty-nine regiments and two battalions (equal to another regiment) in the Army of Northern Virginia, besides seven batteries of artillery, Manly, Latham, Reilly, Graham, Cumming, Webb and Moore.

During the battles around Richmond, 1862, Anderson's and Garland's North Carolina Brigades were in D. H. Hill's Division; Branch's and Pender's Brigades in A. P Hill's Division; Ransom's and Walker's Brigades in Huger's Division; Daniel's Brigade in Holmes' Division. The other North Carolina regiments were at that time in mixed brigades with regiments from other States.

Several of above brigades served from time to time in North Carolina and Clingman's and Cooke's were in Charleston and Savannah in 1863.

In the Valley campaign of 1864, North Carolina was represented by Cox's and Grimes' Brigades in Rodes' Division, by Godwin's and Johnston's Brigades in Early's Division, and Sixty-ninth and Eightieth Regiments in Smith's Brigade.

In the winter of 1864-5 the North Carolina brigades were thus assigned:

First Corps (Longstreet), none.

Second Corps (Ewell's), Cox's and Grimes' Brigades in

Ramseur's Division (later Grimes') and Johnston's and Lewis' Brigades in Early's Division.

Third Corps (A. P Hill), Cooke's and MacRae's Brigades in Heth's Division, and Lane's and Scales' in Wilcox's Division.

Anderson's Corps. In Bushrod Johnson's Division was Ransom's Brigade, and in Hoke's Division, Clingman's and Kirkland's Brigades.

Hampton's Cavalry Corps. Barringer and Dearing (later Roberts') Brigades, were in W H. F. Lee's Division.

On 22 December, 1864, Hoke's Division was sent to Wilmington and became a part of Johnston's army just prior to Bentonville, and surrendered with that army. The Junior Reserves' Brigade was attached about 1 March to Hoke's Division.

Webb's Battery and the Sixty-ninth and Eightieth were also sent back to North Carolina, so that at Appomattox this State had only forty-nine regiments, two battalions and six batteries, or rather what was left of them.

IN THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

Though North Carolina had nine regiments in that army, there was no North Carolina brigade. It is due to this fact probably that North Carolina had only one general officer appointed from that army, Brigadier-General R. B. Vance, who was soon afterwards captured.

At Chickamauga, the Twenty-ninth was in Ector's Brigade, Walker's Division, D. H. Hill's Corps. Soon after the Thirty-ninth was transferred to the same brigade and they served together (with three Arkansas Regiments) in that brigade the balance of the war. Before Chickamauga this regiment was in Raines' Brigade, being with him at Murfreesboro 31 December, 1862, when he was killed.

The Thirty-ninth was in McNair's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Buckner's Corps. Not long after, it was transferred, as just stated, to Ector's Brigade. In the Kentucky campaign of 1862 (Perryville) this regiment was in Raines' Brigade, and at Murfreesboro in Walthall's Brigade.

The Fifty-eighth was in Kelly's Brigade, Preston's Division, Buckner's Corps.

The Sixtieth was in Stovall's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, D. H. Hill's Corps. Later the Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth were both transferred to Reynolds' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps.

The Sixty-fifth (Sixth Cavalry) was in Davidson's Brigade, Pegram's Division, Forrest's Corps. Later it was in Harrison's Brigade, Hume's Division. In June, 1864, the Sixty-fifth was sent to Eastern North Carolina, where it served the balance of the war. It was assigned to Dearing's Brigade and ordered to Virginia, but never went.

The Sixty-second and Sixty-fourth were captured, except a fragment, at Cumberland Gap, 9 September, 1863, being then commanded by General Frazer. They had previously been in Gracie's Brigade in East Tennessee.

The Sixty-ninth and Eightieth (Walker's Battalion till increased) were in Thomas' Legion serving in Eastern Tennessee till April, 1864, when they served the Valley of Virginia in Smith's Brigade in Wharton's Division. In the Spring of 1865, these two regiments, the fragments of the Sixty-second and Sixty-fourth, and Seventy-ninth (to which the Fourteenth Battalion had been increased) were in Western North Carolina in command of Colonel Jno. B. Palmer, of the Fifty-eighth.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

At Wilmington, General Louis Hebert's Brigade was composed of the Tenth, Thirty-sixth and Fortieth Regiments (First, Second and Third Artillery), the Third, Tenth and Thirteenth Artillery Battalions, and the First Heavy Artillery Battalion, saving the six batteries belonging to above which were in Virginia as above stated, and a few batteries at Fort Branch on the Roanoke and around Kinston.

The Junior Reserves Brigade was composed of the Seventieth, Seventy-first and Seventy-second (First, Second and Third Junior Reserves) and Millard's Battalion. Early in March, 1865, it became part of Hoke's Division, which was then attached to Johnston's army at Smithfield.

The Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth and Seventy-sixth were brigaded and commanded by Colonel Jno. F Hoke. They were Senior Reserves.

In the Spring of 1865, the three regiments of detailed men, Eighty-first, Eighty-second and Eighty-third, were brigaded under command of Colonel W J Hoke. They did not see very much service, but a few of them who were captured were at Camp Chase, Ohio, for three months after the war.

The Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth were in Eastern North Carolina mostly and were, together with detachments from other commands, under General Leventhorpe and General Baker at different times.

There was a temporary brigade of the Seventy-eighth (Senior Reserves) with some Junior Reserves at Wilmington November, 1864, to January, 1865, commanded by Colonel Jno. K. Connally, of the Fifty-fifth. The Juniors being taken out, Burr's Regiment of Home Guards and some detachments added, the brigade was then commanded by Colonel George Jackson till after the battle of Bentonville.

TEMPORARY BRIGADES.

Another temporary brigade (from November, 1864, to April, 1865) was composed of the Fiftieth, Seventy-seventh (Senior Reserves) and Tenth Battalion, which under command of Colonel Wash. Hardy, of the Sixtieth, defended Savannah in the siege, retreated skirmishing before Sherman, through South Carolina, and fought him at Averasboro and Bentonville, after which last battle the brigade was dissolved, the Fiftieth going back to Kirkland's brigade.

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

In 1861 and the early part of 1862, *i. e.*, during the first year of the war, the North Carolina troops were, many of them, unbrigaded, and others assigned for the moment, with frequent changes of commanders and transfers. Without tracing these out, as the details will be found in the histories in this work of the respective regiments, it may be stated that the most permanent of these assignments were:

Thirteenth and Fourteenth in Colston's, later Pemberton's Brigade, at Suffolk and the Fifteenth in Howell Cobb's.

Twenty-first and First Battalion in Crittenden's, later Trimble's Brigade. These last were the only North Carolina troops in Stonewall Jackson's famous "Valley Campaign" in the Spring of 1862.

The Twelfth was in Mahone's Brigade at Norfolk. This transferred and added to the Fifth, Twentieth, Twenty-third, which were in Early's Brigade made Garland's Brigade.

The Sixth was in Whiting's Brigade. Later the Sixth, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh were Law's Brigade, which by taking out the regiments from other States and transferring to it the Twenty-first and First Battalion from Trimble's Brigade, after Fredericksburg (in December, 1862), formed Hoke's Brigade.

The First and Third were in Ripley's, later Geo. H. Steuart's Brigade, and were not transferred to a North Carolina Brigade (Cox's) till after 12 May, 1864, and not till after this was the Fifty-fifth transferred from Davis' (Mississippi) Brigade to Cooke's Brigade.

The North Carolina cavalry regiments were not brigaded together till 1863, and hence we had no Cavalry General from this State, till then. Robert Ransom, Colonel of the Ninth (First Cavalry), had been made a Brigadier-General, but was given an infantry brigade.

AT THE SURRENDER.

At Appomattox 9 April, 1865, the North Carolina Brigades surrendered as follows. *95 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1277, 1278.*

	Officers.	*Men.*
Cox's Brigade, Grimes' Division, Brigadier-General Cox	51	521
Grimes' Brigade, Grimes' Division, Colonel Cowand	34	496
Johnston's Brigade, Early's Division, Colonel J W Lea.	30	433
Lewis' Brigade, Early's Division, Captain John Beard	26	421

Cooke's Brigade, Heth's Division, Brigadier-General Cooke	70	490
MacRae's Brigade, Heth's Division, Brigadier-General MacRae	42	400
Lane's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, Brigadier-General Lane.	56	514
Scales' Brigade, Wilcox's Division, Colonel J H. Hyman.	92	627
Ransom's Brigade, Johnson's Division,, Brigdier-General M. W Ransom.	41	394
Barringer's Brigade, W H. F Lee's Division	2	21
Roberts' Brigade, W H. F Lee's Division, Brigadier-General Roberts	5	88
Major-General Grimes and Staff	13	5
Manly's, Flanner's, Ramsey's, Williams', Cumming's and Miller's Batteries, about.	12	250
Total at Appomattox.	474	4,660

In Joseph E. Johnston's army 26 April, 1865, was surrendered Clingman's, Kirkland's and Nethercutt's (Junior Reserves) Brigades, all in Hoke's Division, the Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth in Brantley's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, and several batteries of artillery.

The Twenty-ninth and Thirty-ninth Regiments were surrendered at Mobile, Ala., 4 May, 1865, in Ector's Brigade, commanded by Colonel David Coleman.

The Sixty-second, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Eightieth (Palmer's Brigade), were surrendered by General J G. Martin at Waynesville, N. C., 10 May, 1865.

The remainder of North Carolina regiments and battalions surrendered at sundry times, or simply went home without that formality after Johnston's surrender.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
13 December, 1901

Walter Clark

ANDERSON–RAMSEUR–COX BRIGADE.

1. A. K. Simonton, Major, 4th Regiment.
2. Claudius S. Alexander, Captain, Co. C., 4th Regiment.
3. Francis D. Carlton, 1st Lieut., Co. A., 4th Regiment.
4. James B. Stinson, 4th Regiment, Courier for Gens. Anderson, Ramseur, and Grimes.
5. Bryan W. Cobb, Captain, Co. H., 2d Regiment.

(Pictures of Gens. Anderson, Ramseur and Cox in Groups of Generals, Vols. I., II. and IV.)

THE ANDERSON--RAMSEUR--COX BRIGADE.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. COX.

In the preparation of this sketch, which I have been called on to furnish on short notice, my responsibilities are very much lightened by the regimental histories of this brigade.

A regularly organized and well disciplined army is a machine, an autocracy, regulated and governed by master spirits. It is not for subordinates to reason why, but to obey: to lead a forlorn hope, to do or to die as commanded.

The leaders in the Confederate Army, while in the main graduates of West Point and great soldiers, were not necessarily martinets. Yet there was little of social intercourse between officers in the service, and more especially is this true, as between old army officers and those promoted from civil life. Probably it was as well that restrictions should prevail against too frequent visits among the officers in the field. One effect, however, of these restrictions was to give too free currency to camp rumors, creations of active brains, as to what this or that General said to this or that officer or thought of this or that officer or command, and these rumors too often reached the ear of correspondents as veritable facts and found lodgment in popular histories of the war.

Personally speaking, General Lee was a splendid specimen of man and soldier, reserved and even impassive; for when Governor Vance visited our army and delivered one of his most irresistible addresses, it elicited from the General only the semblance of a smile. His soldiers were devoted to him and always ready to follow his leadership, still they could not cheer him. There was something so stately about him, it seemed a breach of propriety to attempt it. Brave and fearless himself he required these qualifications should be possessed by those under his command. Careful

and guarded in his commendations, his usual recognition of conspicuous acts of gallantry was, simply to pass by the command which attracted his attention, and return the salutation of the gratified troops. As a commander he was never harsh or unjust, but on the contrary often forbearing in his punishments. In many respects Jackson was his antipode; though outwardly awkward and ungainly, he impressed those serving under him as being the very incarnation of war.

When anticipating a battle he would occasionally pass through his troops, as they rested by the road side, at full speed with hat in hand while they cheered him to the echo, for they believed he would soon lead them in a pursuit of the enemy.

Both he and D. H. Hill recklessly exposed themselves in battle, and seemed to bear charmed lives, and acted as if they looked upon even reckless bravery as a duty rather than a thing to be commended. A striking incident of this character was recently recalled to my attention by Captain C. N. Allen, of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, who himself lost an arm in our service. Hill's Division at the battle of Cold Harbor, while lying in line, was subjected to terrible artillery fire, and occasionally shells would plough through the ranks, killing men as they lay in line. Bondurant's Mississippi Battery attempted to reply, but his men and horses were literally cut to pieces. The brave Captain came to Hill and said he could do no more. At this moment the General observed that his men were greatly annoyed by the fire from a battery. As if thinking aloud he said: "I wish I knew whose battery that is; if mine the fuse is too short and it should be stopped." A Major commanding the sharpshooters indignant at finding no one else to volunteer, promptly replied, "I will ascertain," when he remarked: "I wish you would." Promptly springing upon his horse, this officer rode at full speed through the furious fire of concentrated batteries, and then stopping for a moment in a ravine, a shell buried itself beside his horse and exploding, literally covered horse and rider with mud. The battery proved to belong to Colquitt's Georgia Brigade and was silenced. Though this officer was brought in frequent contact with Hill during the

time he commanded the division, he never thanked him nor alluded to the matter afterwards.

I mention these characteristics of these General Officers from the fact the brigade for quite a time served under them.

In an army of the magnitude of that of Northern Virginia, where there was often more than fifty different brigades, the officer was fortunate who could attract the eye of our Great Commander, for any singularly meritorious achievement.

After the battle of Williamsburg, Anderson was promoted and given a brigade composed of the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth Regiments. A graduate of West Point, he was commissioned Lieutenant and had seen service in the old army, before the crisis of 1861. When it was seen that war between the States was inevitable, he promptly surrendered his commission and offered his sword to his native State. Physically, he was a splendid specimen of young manhood; six feet in height, broad-shouldered, erect and thoughtful, and endowed with a commanding and well modulated voice.

His promotion was secured under the most flattering circumstances. At the battle of Williamsburg, Anderson (then Colonel of the Fourth North Carolina) seized the flag of the Forty-seventh Georgia Regiment, and, dashing forward amid storms of shot and shell, his men were aroused with enthusiasm, and cheering followed while they fell thick and fast, but their impetuosity was irresistible and they halted not until Anderson had planted the colors on the stoutly defended breastworks of the enemy. President Davis witnessed this charge and at once promoted him to a Brigadiership. The superb discipline and training of his men may be ascertained from the fact, that out of the 520 rank and file carried into action, 462 were killed or wounded, and of his twenty-seven commissioned officers, all save one were killed or wounded.

The Regiments of the Brigade appreciated the compliment and congratulated themselves on their good fortune in securing as their commander an officer so accomplished and courageous as "Anderson" had shown himself to be. Singularly pure, natural and unostentatious, he early impressed his

strong personality upon the members of his brigade. While his devoted wife, modestly and without ostentation, embraced every opportunity to be near him. "The bravest are the tenderest."

While Major I was assigned to the command of the sharpshooters, and when Anderson received his commission, I was near him and much impressed with his manner of receiving it. Anderson, dismounted, was standing when General C. S. Winder, of Maryland, elegantly mounted and faultlessly dressed, even to his unsoiled gauntlets, rode up to congratulate him on his promotion. Anderson, dressed in an old soiled fatigue suit, greeted him in his usually quiet and dignified manner. Soon after his departure, Hon. George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, as an especial mark of distinction, brought him on the battle field his commission, which he received in the quiet and manly manner with which he greeted his old comrade Winder. This was but a short while before the beginning of the seven days battles around Richmond.

From the beginning of this series of battles—from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, from which McClellan, after the loss of prisoners, war material and destroying supplies, hastily retreated to the protection of his gun-boats at Harrison's Landing, the brigade bore a prominent and conspicuous part. Anderson was vigilant, strategic and prepared to strike the enemy where and when his blows were most opportune.

After McClellan's escape we took a day for a much needed rest and then Lee moved to the neighborhood of Malvern Hill and made a careful reconnoissance. Besides the protection of the river and gun-boats in his rear, McClellan's army was found drawn up on a commanding hill, strongly protected by his batteries of artillery Nevertheless Lee determined to attack his left. His first line was composed of the divisions of Magruder, D. H. Hill (in which was Anderson's Brigade), and Jackson. We advanced under cover of the woods near the base of the hill late in the afternoon and began the battle, which continued until 10 o'clock at night. Owing to a misunderstanding, or failure to execute orders by part of Lee's command, the attack miscarried and

McClellan escaped to the cover of the gun-boats and further pursuit was abandoned. In this engagement, the brigade actively participated and suffered severely; and Anderson received a painful, but not dangerous wound. After further reconnoitering and manœuvering without discovering an assailable point, we returned to our camp. In the meantime McClellan was receiving heavy reinforcements, but when it became evident he would not renew his effort to capture Richmond, Lee determined to assume the offensive and moved his army northward, accompanied by Anderson's Brigade. This brigade being a part of the troops assigned to watch McDowell, who still occupied Fredericksburg, it took no part in the second battle of Manassas, and hence was engaged in no other battle of importance until it reached Boonsboro, Maryland. Here, with the other brigades of D. H. Hill's Division, these troops in a severe and bloody engagement held in check nearly half of McClellan's army until nightfall, for it was not the policy of Lee to bring on a general engagement while his army was divided. Considering the number of our troops engaged, together with the object sought to be accomplished, and the stubborn and unyielding character of our resistance, this was really one of the most remarkable feats of the war. The Federal army having been discouraged and severely punished in recent engagements, did not resume its aggressive movements until late on the morning of the 16th, and then they appeared before Sharpsburg late in the afternoon where, with some preliminary skirmishing, the operations of the day were closed.

During the night, both armies lay on their arms, conscious that the ensuing day would witness the most formidable battle that had yet occurred on this Continent. The battle began by an attack on our left, which was followed by massing a heavy force which broke our line. This, on our part, was met by McLaws' and Walker's Divisions, and the brigades of Rodes and Anderson, of Hill's Division. The enemy was repulsed, and retired behind the crest of the hill from which an irregular fire was continually kept us. By some mistake or miscarriage of orders, Rodes' Brigade was at this juncture withdrawn from the division to another part of the field.

The enemy quickly perceived and availed itself of this mistake, passed through the gap, and concentrated its attack upon Anderson's Brigade; where, after a heroic effort and sacrifices, the line was broken, Anderson was wounded, and the command was compelled to retire. From the wound here received, after lingering in much suffering, Anderson yielded up his life for the cause and the State he had so patriotically served. After his death, Colonel Bryan Grimes, of the Fourth North Carolina Regiment, was placed in charge of the Brigade; but he had no opportunity to distinguish himself in battle with the brigade before he was relieved by Ramseur, who was placed in charge the ensuing February. During the time Grimes was its commander, we were engaged chiefly in reinforcing its ranks, in drilling, and preparing for the great events which were to follow. It is true we took part in the very important and successful battle of Fredericksburg (13 December) but being placed on the right to support the cavalry and artillery, while eager and anxious to participate in the great battle then going on, we suffered but few casualties. For the brunt of the battle, the great slaughter inflicted on the Federals took place near the town opposite Marye's Heights, when Burnside crushed and demoralized, was glad to take cover of the darkness of the night to withdraw his shattered army across the river, beyond our reach.

In my sketch of the life and services of General S. D. Ramseur, I gave so full and comprehensive an account of the services and operations of this brigade while under command of this distinguished and accomplished officer, that it is unnecessary to prolong this sketch by repeating the recitals therein given. More especially as this address has been given very general circulation through the "Southern Historical Papers" published at Richmond, and in that valuable and important publication, edited by W J. Peele, Esq., of Raleigh, entitled "Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians." Suffice it to say that this brigade, while under the command of Ramseur, suffered no abatement of its efficiency, but on the contrary, attained its highest standard of usefulness and its greatest distinction.

When Early advanced upon Washington in 1864, this brigade, which was in the front, made a nearer approach to the Federal Capital and suffered greater losses during the time it was in action than any other similar command of his army. The remains of my men who there fell have been collected together by the patriotic women of that neighborhood, and with the remains of other Confederate soldiers, have found sepulture there, for they are now cared for in the beautiful cemetery near Silver Springs.

When Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell was in command of the corps in which were Rodes' Division and Ramseur's Brigade, he sent his Aide-de-Camp, Campbell Brown, to me with the following message: "That General Rodes had promised him that on the first vacancy he would recommend me for a Brigadier-Generalship." This message was a surprise, as I was looking for the promotion of another. I therefore begged Captain Brown to convey to the General my high appreciation of the compliment, and to say I was perfectly content to leave the question of promotion to the authorities at Richmond.

Soon thereafter, I called upon General Junius Daniel, a grand soldier and ardent North Carolinian, and acquainted him with the occurrence. He promptly replied, "You are wrong. It is an unusual compliment, and you should show your appreciation by giving him your co-operation. I will cheerfully recommend you for promotion, and Ramseur will do likewise; for I have heard him say so." Thereupon I forwarded my application through the usual channels to the Secretary of War. After that series of engagements which led up to our glorious achievements at Spottsylvania Court House, when Ramseur was made Major-General, I was given command of his brigade, together with such parts of the First and Third North Carolina Regiments as escaped capture with Edward Johnson's Division. These regiments were indeed among the best in our service, and now for the first time were incorporated into a regular North Carolina Brigade, under a North Carolina commander. And during the time they served under me, I bear willing testimony to their bravery and their intelligence and patriotic services in

the cause of the South. The Second Regiment had been brigaded with them early in the war.

On leaving the Valley of Virginia, the greater part of Early's command under Gordon proceeded at once to Petersburg and were placed behind the intrenchments erected for the protection of that town. Soon my brigade was detached from the division for important and special duty north of the Appomattox, with orders to "make all reports and forward all matter directly to General Lee's headquarters"; a signal act of confidence, as only steady troops were trusted to guard the several miles of river front, on which we were stationed, from any advance of the enemy in this direction.

The corps of sharpshooters who were under the command of the brave and fearless Colonel H. A. Brown, of the Third North Carolina Regiment, did not accompany me, and it may be here stated that this body of sharpshooters were really about the size of an ordinary regiment, and in their assault upon Hare's Hill 25 March, 1865, which soon after occurred, were first to penetrate the enemy's lines and make important captures. When Lee decided to assault and break Grant's lines in front of the Hill, he endeavored to concentrate all his available forces at this centre. A courier was sent to me with orders to move at once to the point of intended assault. This courier lost his way during the night, which loss of time, together with the concentration of my troops, delayed my movements until early dawn. Not apprised of the contemplated movement, my first intimation of the conflict was given by the booming of artillery and the sharp, quick reports of the small arms. Leaving my brigade moving with a quick step, I put spurs to my horse and sought General Lee. As I dashed across the Appomattox bridge into the town I was surprised to find so many Federal soldiers coming down the street and, for the moment, my impression was they had broken through our lines. But I quickly discovered they were disarmed and our prisoners. Keeping on, I found General Lee standing alone in old Blandford Cemetery, looking thoughtfully on at the battle, whose tide had begun to turn against us; for the Federals recovering from their surprise, with reserves already in the rear, soon concentrated, and with

overwhelming numbers repulsed us. Inquiring what I was to do, the General, calm and seemingly unmoved, quietly directed me to hurry up the brigade, take it into the covered way leading up to our intrenchments, and cover the retreat. Hastening back to join the brigade, I moved it through the covered way, deployed my troops along the line, and protected the retreat of the army, which was rapidly falling back. Soon everything except picket firing was again quiet. The opposing lines were then not exceeding two hundred yards apart. Between these lines lay the dead and wounded, who had suffered in this contest. A white flag was now raised on the Federal breastworks, which was responded to on our side, and an agreement for a truce was made in order to remove those who had suffered, who lay in great numbers over the space of the conflict. In this interval, General M. W Ransom and myself entered the intervening space, and were soon joined by a few Federal officers, who promptly said: "Gentlemen, won't you have some commissary?" for they knew full well this article was a scarce commodity on our side We promptly accepted the proffered hospitality. As they unbraced their flasks and handed them to us, a Federal officer, struck with the novelty of our surroundings, remarked "Isn't this strange? A few hours ago we were endeavoring to kill each other; now we are engaged in exchanging hospitalities and in friendly conversation." And thus was illustrated that between the brave men of these two armies who had so long and desperately contended for the mastery, there was no personal animosity, no enmity, and no reserve. Of one race, of one country, reared under the same institutions, each man fought heroically for the right, as he saw it, and accorded to his enemy equal sincerity and patriotism. Yet let us not forget that there were ever in the rear on either side malingerers and black flag advocates, who "did not care how many of their wives kin were sacrificed, provided they were permitted to remain out of the reach of danger."

This assault upon the enemy's lines having miscarried, it became necessary to strengthen the lines with additional troops. I was consequently recalled and placed on the right of Grimes' Division, where skirmishing and picket firing was

kept up day and night and two-thirds of my troops were on constant duty.

From June until March, with a force of forty-five thousand men, Lee with masterly skill and courage had maintained a line of thirty-five miles extent, against Grant, who had three times that number, provided with abundant supplies, clothing, provisions, forage for horses and medicines, and with a railroad line traversing his entire defences, while we, with brave and resolute hearts, determined and fearless, though deprived of many of the necessaries of life, never at any moment thought of yielding to our formidable adversaries. Indeed, had Lee been reinforced with even twenty thousand men, I am confident in the belief that he would have driven Grant, as he had his predecessor McClellan, not only from his front, but cut off his line of supplies, and made his campaign a failure. When spring returned, it became apparent that mere human endurance could not much longer defend the beleaguered Confederate Capital, and that therefore its evacuation was near at hand. Lee at once began to quietly remove his surplus material to Amelia Court House and make ready for withdrawing our army, but his purposes were not properly seconded by the civil authority. While making these preparations, Grant was concentrating his forces to complete the investment of his line. Sheridan's well equipped and well mounted cavalry were called in from the Valley, while Sherman was marching through Georgia, menacing the Carolinas, our bases of supplies. Lee was not idle. His purposes were well considered. His object was, in the event of abandoning our lines, to retreat to the hills of the Blue Ridge and protract the war until honorable terms of surrender could be exacted. On the first of April Sheridan supported by two corps of infantry, advanced upon our lines at Five Forks, where, after a severe engagement, he was repulsed and driven back. In this engagement my command was near at hand to render any support to our cavalry which the emergency might demand.

The attack of the Federals was renewed the ensuing day, and as it was successful, our lines were drawn back towards Petersburg. I was occupying the right of the division when

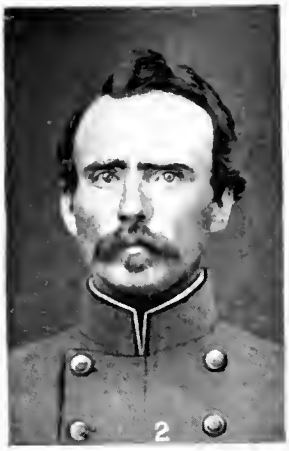
the advance of the Federals was arrested after Wilcox's Division gave way, by the fire of the batteries of Forts Gregg and Alexander, in which guns of my line participated. It was now apparent that the contest was to be continued on our part only to enable us to evacuate our lines, and commence our retreat under the cover of night. For the enemy, just before daylight, drove in our pickets on the left of Grimes' Division, rushed in, and leaped over our breastworks, where Grimes assaulted them with a determination and resolute courage which would accept no defeat. He fought from traverse to traverse for hours together, until the cowed Federals who were left upon the line sought protection under cover of our works where they were severely punished. In the meantime, Colonel Henry Peyton, Inspector-General of Lee's staff, came and told me that General Lee directed that I should hold my line at all ventures; for while I was covering a mile of our breastworks with my men ten feet apart, this line was well protected with siege guns, and fire from my pickets, so that the enemy were kept at a respectful distance. Still there was a long unoccupied traverse on my right, running diagonally to my line. At this moment, I discovered an engineer corps composed of 350 negroes, under the command of a Colonel, who were used for strengthening our works. I requested Colonel Peyton to place this corps under my command, which he did. Using them as dummies, I extended them on this unoccupied line, and as only their heads were exposed, the enemy naturally supposed they were there to meet any assault that might be made. This ruse accomplished the object that I had in view, and I presume it may be safely said it is the only time during the war when negroes were employed in aiding us to fight our battles.

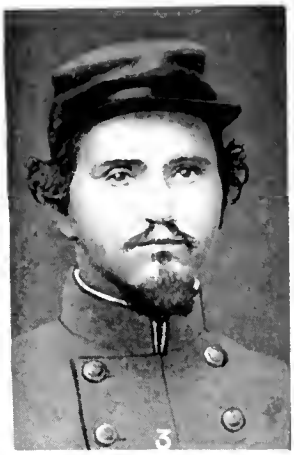
General Lee, in his report to President Davis, in describing our retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, among other things, said: "Arriving at Amelia Court House on the morning of the 4th, and not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country, subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved. The troops, wearied by continued fighting for several days

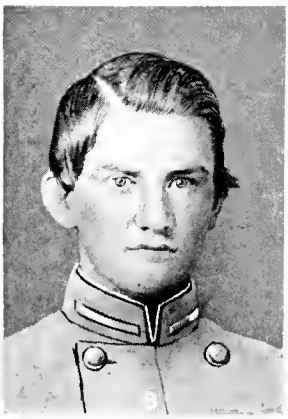
and nights, obtained neither rest nor refreshments, and moving on the 5th on the Richmond & Danville Railroad, we found at Jetersville the enemy's cavalry, and learned of the approaching infantry, and the general advance of his army towards Burkeville. This deprived us of the use of the railroad, and rendered it impracticable to procure from Danville the supplies ordered to meet us at this point of our march. Nothing could be procured from the adjacent country, and our route was therefore changed to Farmville, where supplies were ordered to meet us. This change threw the troops over the road pursued by the artillery and wagon trains, which were muddy, cut into ruts, and occupying the line of march impeded and embarrassed our movements. After successive attacks, Anderson's and Ewell's Corps were captured or dispersed."

During the day, Gordon's Corps, embracing Grimes' Division, together with Fitz Lee's cavalry, bore the brunt of the assault of the enemy, checked his advance, delayed the advance from Amelia Springs, guarded the wagon trains, resisted combined assaults and ultimately repulsed them. In this retreat, the Division was conspicuous for its steadiness, its courage, its resolute resistance to all assaults from the victorious and exultant foe, who though often punished for temerity, continued to renew their attacks.

Grimes' Division was in the rear of the Corps, when Ord's Division began its attack at daylight, and made stubborn resistance to the repeated assaults which were made throughout the day. Our retreat was conducted in the following manner. One brigade would be formed across the line of retreat, while another brigade was formed in its rear. The front brigade resisted attack as long as it could safely do so without capture, when it fell back and retired behind the troops in its rear. In the latter part of the day, we hurried forward our wagon trains and such artillery as was not engaged, and the greater part of our troops, for the enemy was massing heavily in our rear and upon our flanks. About 5 o'clock p. m., Evans' Georgians were resisting the enemy in the front, while my brigade was placed across the road less than a mile from Sailor's Creek, which crossed the line of our







ANDERSON-RAMSEUR-COX BRIGADE.

1. J. S. R. Miller, Captain, Co. H, 1st Regt. Killed at Winchester, 5 June, 1862.
2. C. W. Rivenbark, Sergeant, Co. C, 1st Regt.
3. William Croom, Private, Co. C, 1st Regt.
4. James M. Hobson, 2d Lt., Co. E, 2d Regt.
5. Thomas Cowan, 1st Lt., Co. B, 3d Regt. Mortally wounded, Sharpsburg, 17 Sept., 1862.
6. Thomas L. Perry, 1st Lt., Co. E, 4th Regt.
7. W. A. Smith, Private, Co. C, 14th Regt.
8. Alexander Crews, 2d Lt., Co. G, 30th Regt.
9. Walter S. Turner, Private, Co. F, 30th Regt., Orderly for Col. F. M. Parker.

retreat. The Georgians fell back through my brigade, whose flanks were protected on either side by thick woods, while Lewis' Brigade was still further to the rear. The enemy appearing in my front, its advance was stubbornly resisted until it became necessary for me to retire. Instead of falling back down the road upon which the artillery was occasionally playing and demoralizing our retreating army, I faced the brigade to the left, marched them in column through the protection of the woods, and thus preserved its organization. The enemy still advancing, soon encountered Lewis' Brigade, the last organized command between them and Sailor's Creek, when this brigade, after offering a brave, resolute and determined resistance, was overwhelmed and dispersed. In the meantime, our trains had reached Sailor's Creek, a low, muddy stream with high embankments on either side. Our exhausted teams were unable to move forward, but were stalled in the middle of the line of retreat of our demoralized army, while the enemy triumphant and exultant, advanced in such numbers and impetuosity as to throw our army into confusion and place it beyond the control of its officers. It was at this juncture that my brigade emerged from the cover of the woods, reached the banks of the stream, and in column moved rapidly towards the scene of the disaster. The condition of affairs at this point is so vividly and graphically described by Governor Vance in an address he delivered and published in "The Land We Love," then edited by that indomitable soldier, General D. H. Hill, that I venture to present the following extract as a description of the situation, rather than seek to portray it myself. He said:

"During the retreat from Petersburg to that memorable spot which witnessed the final scenes of that once splendid army of Northern Virginia, when everything was in the utmost confusion, the soldiers struggling hopelessly along, thousands deliberately leaving for their homes, and the demoralization increasing every moment, and the flushed and swarming enemy pursuing them closely, a stand was made to save the trains upon which all depended. Some artillery was placed in position, and General Lee, sitting on his horse on a commanding knoll, sent his staff to rally the stragglers, mixed

in helpless, inextricable confusion behind a certain line, when presently an orderly column comes in view, a small but entire brigade, its commander at its head, files promptly along its appointed position. A smile of momentary joy passed over the distressed features of the general as he calls out to an Aide, 'What troops are those?' 'Cox's North Carolina Brigade,' was the reply. Then it was that taking off his hat, and bowing his head with goodly courtesy and kindly feeling, he said: 'God bless gallant old North Carolina!' "

I saw General Lee mounted upon his horse upon a knoll, as described by Governor Vance, as I advanced in column, and was gratified that amidst the confusion, he should witness the order and the promptness with which the brigade hastened to the rescue. I was too far off to hear any remark he may have made, or order he might have given. From the effect of our artillery and infantry fire, and from the fact that night was coming on, the pursuit was discontinued, and friends hastened to me and to members of the brigade, and repeated what the General had said. I was not aware that Governor Vance was acquainted with the facts until he delivered his address. But with that love for the North Carolina soldiers and pride in our native State, for which he was eminently distinguished, with pen and tongue he was ever ready to defend their good name, and see that justice was accorded them.

There was no such army as that which followed Lee. In its ranks were men from all orders of society, of property and of education. They were accustomed to the use of fire-arms and to riding horseback. There was a comradeship and individuality among them. Ever cheerful in camp or on the march, they discussed around the camp fire the conduct of the officers and the merits of the battles they had fought; and so resourceful were they in battle, that the commands of the officers were often unnecessary to enable them to seize strategic advantages, or even when dispersed, to rally in squads, and continue the struggle, inflicting severe punishment upon the enemy. This was never more apparent than during the day following the disaster at Sailor's Creek; for, notwithstanding its dispersion, the next day Grimes' Division was in good spirits, and seemingly as ready for battle as ever.

Upon an appeal from General Mahone, whose right was being turned, they rushed forward, and in a hand-to-hand encounter, recaptured a battery, restored the line, and stopped all further pursuit for the day.

The last scene of this fearful drama was rapidly drawing to a close. Having done all that valor and human endurance could accomplish, the inevitable result could not be much longer postponed without a needless sacrifice of human life. When directed to cut their way through the encircling ranks of the enemy they cheerfully attempted it. The army now reduced to two corps under Generals Longstreet and Gordon, moved over wretched roads steadily towards Appomattox Court House, our purpose being to reach Danville. By great effort, the head of the column reached Appomattox Court House on the evening of the 8th, and the troops were halted for rest. During the night, there were indications of a large force moving on our left and front. Besides his own division, General Grimes was put in command of the remnants of Bushrod Johnson's Division and Wise's Brigade. Just before daylight, Gordon moved his command through the village, and was supported by Fitz Lee's cavalry on his right. At 5 o'clock a. m., I received an order that on the firing of a cannon the division would move forward. This order was communicated to the Brigade Commanders through my Orderly, A. M. Powell (now Mayor of Raleigh). At this time the bronzed and scarred veterans of the division which had served under D. H. Hill, R. E. Rodes, S. D. Ramseur and Bryan Grimes, remained undaunted, and their devotion to their peerless chief, who had so repeatedly led them to victory, was unshaken; and thus stimulated, their faith rose superior to unrelenting fate, and their resolution never faltered. Even while their vigilant and gallant foe was hemming them in on every side, the word of command braced anew their expiring energies, and their brave hearts beat quick and responsive to the prospect of the renewal of the conflict. Therefore, when the signal to advance was heard, they promptly moved forward in echelon by brigades at intervals of one hundred paces.

Sheridan's dismounted cavalry was in our front and on our right, hopeful and exultant at the prospect of an early termi-

nation of the conflict, and the reward which awaited success. But they were destined to find that the lion, though so pressed and wounded, was a lion still.

The division had not proceeded far before Cooke's and Cox's Brigades were exposed to a murderous artillery fire, but, instead of halting and recoiling, they promptly charged and captured it. The engagement now became general along our front, and our cavalry, though worn down by incessant duties on the retreat, gallantly and bravely supported us on the right. The struggle, however, was unequal. The pistol and carbine were ineffective against the Enfield range and destructive "buck and ball," and but few infantry were supporting them. Retiring slowly at first, their retreat soon became a route as they hastened to their infantry supports in the woods, while riderless horses galloped over the field where lay their wounded and dying. An infantry Captain was captured and brought before me, and he gave me the first information that General Ord, with ten thousand infantry, was in our front. Upon taking a commanding position, I ordered a halt, when many columns of infantry were seen advancing, evidently with the intention of capturing us. Firing was now resumed, when General Grimes directed me through his courier, H. A. London, to withdraw. The armistice had evidently been agreed to, but I did not anticipate it. Still contesting the field, I retired slowly. The enemy seeing the movement, hastened their advance with the evident purpose of surrounding us, and moved so rapidly as to make some ruse necessary to check their zeal. In this emergency, through an Aide, James S. Battle, I ordered the regimental commanders of Cox's Brigade to meet me at the centre as we retired. I then directed their attention to a gradually rising hill, between us and the advancing columns of the enemy, and directed that they face their regiments about, and at a double quick charge to the crest of the hill, and before the enemy should recover from their surprise, halt, fire by brigade, and then with like rapid movement face about and rejoin the division. Raising the "rebel yell," the brigade with celerity and precision, promptly and faultlessly executed the order, and having gained the brow of the hill, the

enemy anticipating a determined struggle, commenced to deploy and prolong their line as if on parade. But before the movement was fully executed, the command rang along the Confederate line clear and distinct above the din of battle, "Halt, ready, aim, fire!" And while the encircling troops were surprised and stunned by the audacity of the charge and the unusual character of the fire, the brigade safely withdrew and regained the division, which in the meantime had been skirmishing as it withdrew. General Gordon, superbly mounted, as we passed by exclaimed, "Grandly and gloriously done!"

This was the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I have abundant cause to be proud of my brigade, and my obligations are due and cheerfully rendered to each and every brave soldier who contributed to its success.

Especially am I indebted to my regimental commanders, whose prompt obedience to orders and patient endurance greatly lightened my labors and responsibilities to whom, and to the members of the staff alone will the limits of this sketch permit me to individually refer.

It will be remembered that after the disaster to Johnston's Division at Chancellorsville, such members of the First and Third Regiments as escaped capture were consolidated and placed in my brigade. As many more of the Third than of the First Regiment escaped, H. A. Brown, the gallant and efficient Colonel of the First Regiment, was placed in charge of the corps of sharpshooters, where he won well merited distinction, while S. D. Thurston, the cool and accomplished Colonel of the Third, was placed in command of the consolidated regiments in which he served with great intelligence and acceptability. At the battle of Winchester, he was dangerously wounded and rendered incapable of rejoining his command. He was succeeded by W M. Parsley, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third, a gallant officer of great personal magnetism, who was killed on the retreat from Petersburg. During his service with me he had shown himself conspicuously brave and intelligent and his early death was greatly lamented.

The command then devolved on W. T. Ennett, Major of the same regiment, a physician by profession, highly accomplished, a brave soldier and a warm friend. He led his command in the last charge at Appomattox.

Upon my promotion to the command of the brigade, W. S. Stallings succeeded to the Colonelcy of the Second Regiment. He was ardent in his temperament, an excellent soldier and much beloved by his men. In the brief and severe engagement at Snicker's Gap, while in the fore-front of battle, he was mortally wounded and yielded up his life to the cause he loved so well.

John P Cobb, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second, was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment. He was cool, fearless, intrepid and where the battle was thickest you might expect to find him. In the battle of Winchester, he had one of his feet torn off by a cannon ball, but so enthused was he with the intrepidity of his men that he hopped about on his remaining foot and cheered them forward.

Now, the command passed to Major James T. Scales, whose coolness and philosophical bravery was ever noticeable and exercised great influence over his men, whom he likewise led in the last charge at Appomattox.

Following the promotion of Grimes, Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Wood succeeded to the command of the veteran Fourth Regiment and in camp and field showed himself to be eminently qualified for the position. He was attractive in person, refined and scholarly, faithful in the observance of every duty he gave promise of great future usefulness both as a soldier and a citizen. But like Stallings, he was mortally wounded at Snicker's Gap and his spirit passed through the morning gates while "our needs were the rarest."

Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Osborne was next in rank, and the command of the regiment devolved upon him. Osborne's polar star was duty, and though quiet and undemonstrative, he never forgot what was due to himself, to officers or men. His constitution was greatly shattered by severe wounds previously received in battle, which would have caused one less courageous and zealous to have retired from the service. A single instance of the courage and resourcefulness of this

officer under the most trying circumstances will illustrate the character of Osborne. While shot down and left upon the battle field, he observed an armed, prowling Yankee approaching. Drawing his gun he ordered him to surrender, which the Yankee did, when Osborne, by the assistance of his prisoner, was enabled to reach his friends. Further comment is unnecessary.

Major J F Stancill, who several times commanded the regiment, was a brave and faithful officer, who bore the scars of many wounds.

R. T. Bennett, Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment, was of imposing presence, strong individuality, and an able commander. His voice was clear and sonorous and there was no mistaking or disobeying his commands. When I was placed in command of the brigade, he was suffering from an unhealed wound, yet he promptly returned to duty. In the battle of Winchester, after having two horses shot under him, he on foot pressed so far to the front, when the brigade was changing its position to one of more effectiveness and the movement was so rapidly executed that he, with a few others on the right were taken prisoners.

Lieutenant-Colonel W A. Johnston, who was then on wounded furlough, subsequently returned and took charge of the command. He was a fine specimen of man and soldier, brave, dashing and impetuous. In the battles around Petersburg, seeing the sharpshooters in front of the works sorely pressed by the enemy, he ordered his regiment over the breastworks and rushed to their assistance, where I found him gallantly contending on equal terms. He likewise was with his command at Appomattox.

F. M. Parker, the courteous and refined Colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment, was a brave, cool, and excellent officer and ever observant of his duties to the cause and to his command. He was severely wounded in nearly every important engagement in which he participated, which so impaired his health that, to the general regret of all, he was compelled to resign.

Thereupon, Lieutenant-Colonel W W. Sellers was promoted to the Colonelcy. An officer, singularly quiet, and un-

assuming yet brave and fearless, he had not occupied the position a great while before he was mortally wounded at Kelly's Ford and slept "an iron sleep—slain fighting for his country."

Major Moore, of Edgecombe County, the next in rank, was absent on wounded furlough. So severe was his wound it was doubtful whether he would ever be able to join his command, but he did so before the wound was closed and before he received his promotion was shot through the body, while unnecessarily exposing himself, and instantly killed. He was an officer singularly attractive in person and manner and greatly beloved and admired by his friends.

Before and after the death of Major Moore, the regiment was under the command of Captain J. C. McMillan. His promotion had been marred by the want of that one essential of a commanding officer, "discipline," yet he was otherwise faithful and diligent in the discharge of his duties. While issuing an order to the regiment some three days before the surrender, he was shot through the body, and with the blood gushing from his nose and mouth, he turned and inquired of one whether the wound was fatal. He was placed in an ambulance, taken to the rear, and his wound dressed and in this condition remained with the army to the last.

The foregoing record of casualties among the field officers alone in the closing days of the war is a far more eloquent eulogy than mere words can express, of the devotion, the zeal and undaunted fortitude of this brigade, which General Lee declared was among the first of its rank in the service.

THE STAFF—RAMSEUR'S BRIGADE.

SEATON GALES, Major and A. A. G.
CALEB RICHMOND, First Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp.
W C. COUGHENOUR, Captain and A. I. G.
S. H. COLEMAN, First Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer.
J. W. WILSON, Major and Brigade Q. M.
B. D. WILLIAMS, Major and Brigade Q. M.
H. M. MILLER, Major and Commissary
G. W BRIGGS, Brigade Surgeon.

COX'S BRIGADE.

SEATON GALES, Major and A. A. G.
J. S. BATTLE, First Lieutenant and A. D. C.
W C COUGHENOUR, Captain and A. I. G.
JOHN B. BROWN, Captain and A. I. G.
J JONES, Captain and A. A. G.
S. H. COLEMAN, First Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer.
B. D. WILLIAMS, Major and Brigade Q. M.
W T. FAIRCLOTH, Captain and A. Q. M.
H. M. MILLER, Major and C. S.
G. W BRIGGS, Brigade Surgeon.
GEORGE L. KIRBY, Brigade Surgeon.

Major Gales was a man of varied accomplishments. He entered the service as Assistant Adjutant-General at the formation of the brigade and served with Anderson, Ramseur and myself until captured at the battle of Fisher's Hill. Before entering the service, he had an established reputation as a speaker and writer. As an officer of the brigade, I ever found him true and loyal to his commander.

Lieutenant Richmond, on the motion of General Ramseur, was transferred to the division staff.

W C Coughenour near the close of the war was transferred to Dearing's Brigade, afterwards Roberts' Brigade, as Assistant Inspector-General.

Gales, Richmond and Battle, during every engagement of their service, were kept on the firing line bearing commands from point to point as the battles progressed and proved themselves true and gallant soldiers.

Coughenour and Brown, while not required to be thus exposed, frequently volunteered for such duties and proved themselves efficient and fearless.

Drs. Briggs and Kirby were not only excellent surgeons, but in camp and hospital were excellent physicians, careful and attentive to the needs of the men.

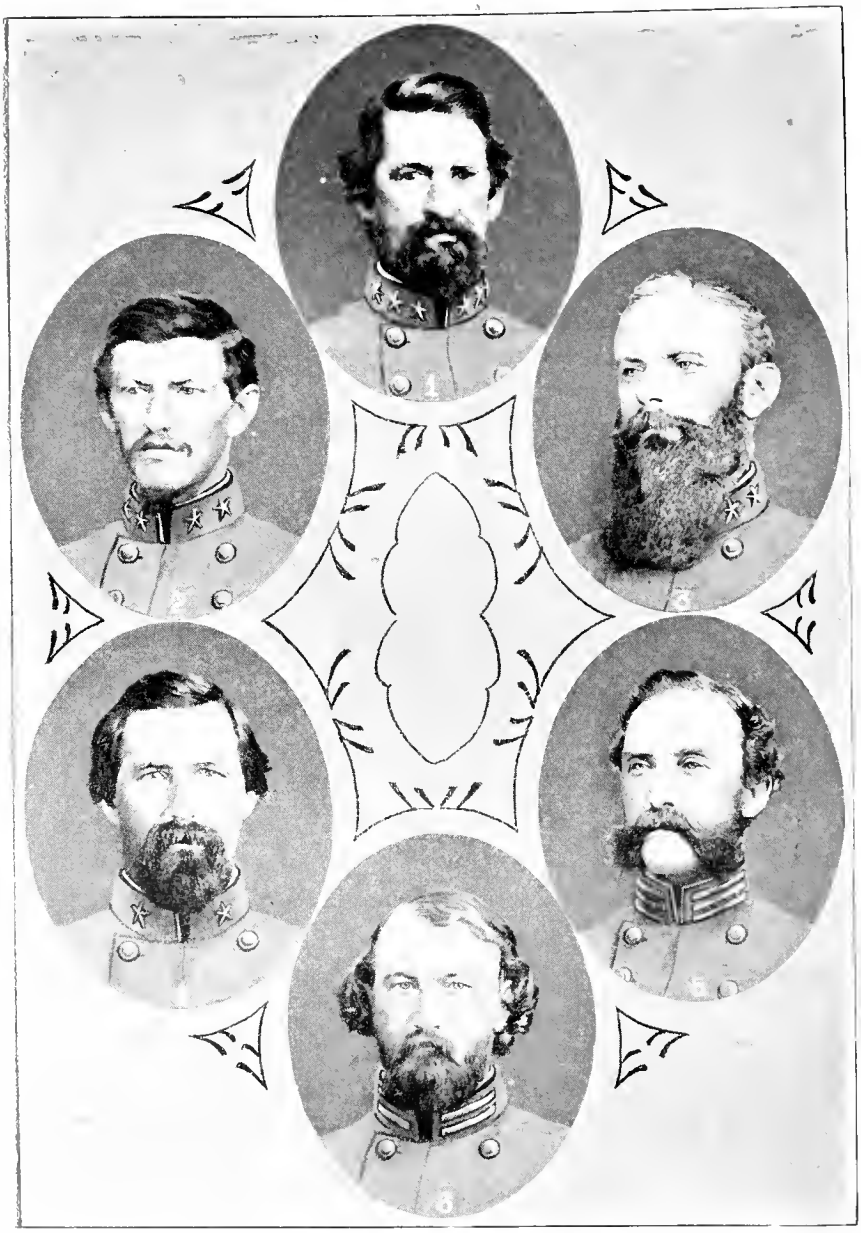
I must not omit to mention the couriers of this brigade, who were connected with it from its organization. James A. Stinson, a mere youth of 20, when shot down upon the battle field, signaled with his message for some one to take it to

the commanding officer. J B. Beggarly carried ammunition to the line in the horse-shoe at Chancellorsville, where it looked as if no one could live who was not behind the works.

To every member of my staff I return thanks for merited services upon the field and in camp, for in their respective positions they fully discharged every duty enjoined upon them.

W R. Cox.

PENELO, N. C.,
13 December, 1901.



BRANCH-LANE BRIGADE.

1. Reuben P. Campbell, Colonel, 7th Regiment.
2. J. McLeod Turner, Lieut.-Colonel, 7th Regiment.
3. Wm. Lee Davidson, Lieut. Colonel, 7th Regiment.
4. Wesley M. Campbell, Surgeon, 7th Regiment.
5. Pinckney C. Carlton, Captain, Co. A., 7th Regiment.
6. F. D. Stockton, Adjutant, 7th Regiment

THE BRANCH-LANE BRIGADE.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

This brigade was organized at Kinston and left the State for Virginia as a North Carolina Brigade, under General L. O'B. Branch. It was composed of the Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiments, and there was no change in its composition throughout the war. It was known as "Branch's Brigade" till after General Branch's death at Sharpsburg 17 September, 1862, and then as "Lane's Brigade" from the writer's promotion shortly thereafter to Brigadier-General, till 9 April, 1865. After reaching the Old Dominion, it was ordered over the mountains ostensibly to reinforce Jackson, but it did not cross the Blue Ridge. It was marched backwards and forwards between the foot of the mountains and a little town called Crigler's ville to deceive the enemy whose signal station was in full view, and whose flag was kept constantly waving during the day It was then suddenly ordered back to Gordonsville, from which point it was moved rapidly by rail to Hanover Court House. Shortly afterwards it made a gallant fight at Slash Church and Kinney's Farm against an overwhelming force of infantry, artillery and cavalry under Fitz John Porter, and was handsomely complimented by General Lee in a written communication which was read on parade. It was then assigned to A. P Hill's Light Division.

It was the first brigade of Lee's Army to cross the Chickahominy, which it did near "Half Link," and sweeping down its eastern bank, it cleared the way for the division to cross at Meadow Bridge. The official reports tell how nobly it fought and how terribly it suffered in those memorable seven days fights around Richmond.

At Cedar Run it was the first brigade of Hill's Division to go into action, and it there gallantly repulsed the enemy's infantry and cavalry, and restored Jackson's disordered left.

At Manassas Junction, in rear of Pope's Army, it chased, with rebel yells, Taylor's New Jersey Brigade, after it had been broken by the artillery fire, and made many amusing captures in the swamps of Bull Run.

On the extreme left at Manassas Plains, it and McGowan's splendid South Carolinians fought repeatedly over the same ground, while Jackson anxiously awaited the arrival of Longstreet.

It was one of the brigades that met the enemy at Ox Hill, and fought them successfully in a pouring rain.

It was this brigade that scaled at midnight the cliffs of the Shenandoah and lay concealed in the woods on the left and rear of the enemy on Bolivar Heights, ready and eager to charge; but Harper's Ferry having soon surrendered (14 August) under our concentrated artillery fire, it had no opportunity to do so.

It was also in that noted rapid march of the Light Division from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg, where it arrived in the afternoon of that long, hard-fought day of battle, just in time to help hurl back the fresh troops of the enemy and save the right of Lee's grand, but hard-pressed army. Here it was that the peerless Branch gave up his life in defense of the cause he loved so well, and Lane was called upon to take command of his heroes upon the battlefield.

It was one of the three brigades that formed the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia when Lee retired from Sharpsburg and recrossed the Potomac. There bravely facing the enemy, it held its ground until every wagon and ambulance had safely crossed—its own litter corps hauling an ambulance of brave wounded Georgians across that turbulent river, as the driver and others had mounted the mules and cowardly deserted them.

It was this brigade that chased the finely dressed Pennsylvania Corn Exchange Regiment over the banks of the river near Shepherdstown, and under a heavy artillery fire from the opposite side of the river, made the Potomac red with Yankee blood at the old dam just above the ford.

It was also this brigade that fought so stubbornly on the right at Fredericksburg, driving back two lines of battle after

a large force of the enemy had penetrated that unfortunate opening left between Archer and itself, turned its right, and caught its intended support with their arms stacked.

It was this North Carolina brigade that was ordered to the front to make a night attack in that matchless flank movement of Jackson at Chancellorsville, but the attack was abandoned on account of the wounding of Jackson and Hill. This brigade and Pender's braves constituted the front line that terrible night until after 12 o'clock, and it was Lane's men that repulsed Sickle's formidable midnight attack on the right.

This brigade was charged by some of the heroes of the rear with being unduly excited on that occasion, because the Eighteenth, under a misapprehension caused by the darkness, had fired upon its friends; and yet it stood its ground under three terrific and prolonged artillery fires which doubtless made those self-constituted critics of the rear quake; and it gallantly repulsed that formidable attack of Sickles, taking from him the colors of the Third Maine Regiment and a number of prisoners—officers and men. It was this censured brigade that carried the enemy's works next morning in a direct assault, but was forced to retire because its intended support broke under the tremendous fire, in the teeth of which Lane's men had so intrepidly advanced.

At Chancellorsville this brigade lost nearly one-third of its strength in killed and wounded, and of its thirteen field officers carried into action, all were shot down—killed or wounded—except the gallant young Barry. Here the noble and fearless Purdie, of the Eighteenth, the gentle, but courageous and dashing Hill, of the old Seventh, the heroic boy Captain, Johnnie Young, of the same regiment, Captain Kerr, Lieutenants Campbell, Bolick, Emack, Weaver, Bouchelle, Babb, Callais, Ragin and other noble spirits lost their lives in the gallant discharge of their duties, as did also General Lane's boy brother, J Rooker Lane, who was acting aide at the time.

In the first day's fight at Gettysburg, Lane's brigade was ordered from the centre of Hill's line, put on the right and charged with the responsible duty of protecting that flank of

the army. In the second day's fight, its skirmishers under that daring young Major, Brown, of the Thirty-seventh, elicited by their dauntless bearing a written compliment from General Ewell, who was in command of other troops. Next day it was on the extreme left of the Pickett-Pettigrew charge, and though flanked by a large force, it retired in order and reformed in rear of the artillery by order of the battle-scarred and experienced Trimble. How many of the brigades in that bloody charge reformed as close and stood ready to repulse the expected counter-charge?

A northern military writer informs General Lane that his brigade has never had justice done it for its valiant part in that great battle.

After boldly confronting the enemy at Hagerstown while the Potomac was "on a tear" in its rear, it withdrew in a rain and after a weary night's march, was ordered to act as rear guard to that portion of the army which crossed the Potomac on the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. There it stood alone, with the spirited young Crowell, of the Twenty-eighth, in charge of the skirmish line unerringly picking off every man that dared show himself too close, until every other command had crossed safely; then it retired to the Virginia shore in perfect order, and General Heth, in honor of such unusual fortitude and success, doffed his hat to these veterans as they proudly marched by him in columns of fours. Next day when Heth greeted Lane in the rain, while on the march, he told him it was an unexpected pleasure, as he feared when he ordered him to cover the rear that his whole command would be killed, wounded or captured.

It was the guns of this brigade as it went into action in the Wilderness, late in the afternoon of 5 May, 1864, that caused Colonel Venable to remark to Colonel Palmer: "Thank God! I will go back and tell General Lee that Lane has just gone in and will hold his ground until other troops arrive to-night." The brigade not only held its ground, but drove the enemy some distance.

It was this brigade that left the works, formed a new line and piled the Yankees in front of it at Spottsylvania Court House, early on the morning of 12 May, after they had

broken through Johnson's front. Its gallantry on that occasion caused a London correspondent to write to his paper that "Lane's North Carolina veterans stopped the tide of Federal victory as it came surging to the right." Later, it was this brigade that General Lee selected to cross the works and strike Burnside's Corps in flank, in which assault it captured between 300 and 400 prisoners, three flags and a battery of six guns, but was unable to bring off the latter, as they were without horses and could not be dragged through the woods. General Lee acknowledged the receipt of the flags in a complimentary note, written on the battlefield, which was read to the command by the Brigadier in person, and was received with the wildest rebel yells. Still later in the day it was that splendid body of tried men—the sharpshooters of Lane's Brigade—under the dashing and accomplished Nicholson, who were "*requested*" by General Lee, through their Brigadier, to make an important reconnoissance for him in front of Spottsylvania Court House, though they had been fighting all day, and there were fresh troops at hand.

At Jericho Ford this brigade advanced as far as, if not farther than, any other troops and held its ground until relieved that night.

At the second Cold Harbor it behaved as it did at the first. Here General Lane was severely wounded—it was feared at the time mortally—and had to be borne from the field.

Around Petersburg it was not kept in the trenches, but as "flying infantry" or "foot cavalry," under Colonels Barry and Speer, it behaved with its accustomed bravery in the fights at Riddel's Shop, Petersburg, Gravel Hill and Fussell's Mill.

Under General Connor it was one of the three North Carolina brigades that handled Hancock so roughtly in his entrenched position at Reams Station, after the failure of the first attack by other troops. It was this fight that caused General Lee to write that handsome letter to Governor Vance about the gallantry of Cooke's, MacRae's and Lane's Brigades,

NOTE.—On 3 August, 1864, Colonel Barry was made a (temporary) Brigadier General but was soon after wounded, and after General Lane's return became again Colonel of his regiment.—ED.

and also caused that grand old chieftain to tell General Lane, when he rejoined his command just before the battle of Jones' Farm, that those three brigades, by their gallantry at Reams Station, had placed not only North Carolina, but the whole Confederacy, under a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid.

In the Jones' Farm fight this brigade occupied the right, soon routed the enemy in its front and on its right flank, and captured a large number of prisoners.

It was in the Pegram House fight the next day that the modest, but daring young Wooten, with his sharpshooters, dashed into the enemy's works, which were being shelled by Brander's Artillery, and returned with more prisoners than he had men in his command. It was around that beleaguered city—Petersburg—that the sharpshooters of this brigade became still more famous and Wooten's name was made so familiar on the enemy's skirmish line by his frequent and most unexpected "pop calls." It was Wooten's brilliant Davis House surprise that elicited congratulatory letters from his Corps, Division and Brigade commanders, all of which were embodied in a general order and read on parade.

It was this North Carolina brigade that, after its attenuated line on the right at Petersburg had been broken by Grant in the spring of 1865, stubbornly fought the enemy from behind the winter quarters in real Indian style, as it slowly fell back towards the interior lines, some of the men being ordered to Battery or Fort Gregg, and others to the dam near Battery 45. It was chiefly the brave men of this brigade who were in Battery Gregg, assisted by supernumerary artillerists, that made the stubborn defense of that little earthwork one of the most brilliant events of the war. It was from this battery that James W Atkinson, Color Bearer of the Thirty-third, made his wonderful escape, after the parapet was crowded with the enemy and some of them firing down on our men, a feat that was eagerly watched by both armies. Once or twice he turned and waved his colors defiantly while the men wildly cheered as he entered the inner line in safety.

After the fall of Fort Gregg and the enemy had reached the river above and were enfilading the inner line, the brigade

was ordered to close to the right. The inner line had numerous high traverses and it was a fiery ordeal to all when they had to run around so many of them. It was of vital importance to hold the inner line until night that the army might withdraw under its cover across the only bridge left it over the Appomattox. Major Hale, the Adjutant-General, mounted one of those high traverses and stood there until the whole brigade had passed, cheering the men as they gallantly moved to the right, and thus kept the enemy from entering the inner line. Exposed as he was for such a length of time and to such a heavy fire, his escape was miraculous. A monument has been erected in Savannah to Sergeant Jasper, and counties and towns named for him, but his leaping the walls of Fort Sullivan and rescuing the fallen flag was as inferior to Major Hale's act as the hotness of the fire and the length of exposure in Jasper's case were less.

From Petersburg to Appomattox this brigade of brave and starving North Carolinians fought by day and marched by night without a murmur; and when at Appomattox it was ordered back from the front and told that General Lee had surrendered, officers and men burst into tears, and some were heard to remark most feelingly: "And have we endured all this for nothing?"

In a letter from a Northern military historian asking General Lane for information about the battle of Chancellorsville, he closes with the following playful, but gratifying words: "If Lane's Brigade had remained at home many New England regiments would have been happier. It is admitted here that Lane's boys were a bad, quarrelsome set of fellows, and too fond of a fight altogether."

General Lee's complimentary letters and note about the battles at Slash Church and Kinney's Farm and Reams Station, and the capture of the flags at Spottsylvania Court House have been published in the Southern Historical Society Papers; also General Trimble's admiration of the conduct of this brigade at Gettysburg. Copies of the congratulatory letters to Major Wooten are on file in the War Records Office in Washington. Most of the official reports relating to this brigade have been published in the "*Southern Histori-*

cal Society Papers" and in the "*Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,*" a voluminous work published by the United States Government.

Roster of the Field and Staff of the Brigade and also of the Field and Staff of all the regiments composing it, from its organization to its surrender at Appomattox Court House:

BRIGADIER GENERALS—L. O'B. Branch, James H. Lane, John D. Barry (temporary).

AIDES—W A. Blount, Oscar Lane, J. Rooker Lane, (acting), Everard B. Meade.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERALS—W E. Cannaday, Francis T. Hawks, George B. Johnston, Edward J Hale, Jr.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR GENERAL—Ed. A. T Nicholson.

ORDNANCE OFFICER—James A. Bryan.

QUARTERMASTERS—Joseph A. Engelhard, Geo. S. Thompson, A. D. Cazaux (acting), E. W Herndon.

COMMISSARIES—Daniel T. Carraway, Thomas Hall McKoy.

SURGEONS—James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescot.

SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

COLONELS—Reuben P Campbell, Ed. Graham Haywood, Wm. Lee Davidson.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—Ed. Graham Haywood, Junius L. Hill, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner.

MAJORS—Edward D. Hall, Junius L. Hill, Robert S. Young, Robert B. McRae, Wm. Lee Davidson, J McLeod Turner, James G. Harris.

ADJUTANTS—J P Cunningham, John E. Brown, Frank D. Stockton, Ives Smedes, John M. Pearson.

QUARTERMASTERS—William A. Eliason, John Hughes.

COMMISSARIES—William H. Sanford, Thomas Hall McKoy

SURGEON—Wesley M. Campbell.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS—William Ed. White, Alfred W. Wiseman, J R. Fraley.

CHAPLAIN—M. M. Marshall.

EIGHTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

COLONELS—James D. Radcliffe, Robert H. Cowan, Thos. J Purdie, John D. Barry.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—O. P Meares, Thomas J Purdie, Forney George, John W McGill.

MAJORS—George Tait, Forney George, R. M. DeVane, John D. Barry, Thomas J. Wooten.

ADJUTANTS—Charles D. Myers, Samuel B. Watters, William H. McLaurin.

QUARTERMASTER—A. D. Cazaux.

COMMISSARIES—Duncan McNeill, Robert Tait.

SURGEONS—James A. Miller, John Tazwell Tyler, Thos. B. Lane.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS—Charles Lesesne, William Brower, Alexander Gordon, Simpson Russ.

CHAPLAIN—Colin Shaw

TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

COLONELS—James H. Lane, Sam. D. Lowe.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—Thomas L. Lowe, Sam. D. Lowe, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer.

MAJORS—Richard E. Reeves, Sam. D. Lowe, William J Montgomery, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer, Samuel N. Stowe.

ADJUTANTS—Duncan A. McRae, Romulus S. Folger.

QUARTERMASTERS—George S. Thompson, Durant A. Parker.

COMMISSARY—Nicholas Gibbon.

SURGEONS—Robert Gibbon, W W Gaither.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS—F N. Luckey, R. G. Barham, Thomas B. Lane, N L. Mayo.

CHAPLAINS—Oscar J. Brent, F Milton Kennedy, D. S. Henkel.

THIRTY-THIRD NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

COLONELS—L. O'B. Branch, Clark M. Avery, Robert V Cowan.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—Clark M. Avery, Robert F. Hoke, Robert V Cowan, Joseph H. Saunders.

MAJORS—Robert F Hoke, W Gaston Lewis, Robert V Cowan, Thomas W Mayhew, Joseph H. Saunders, James A. Weston.

ADJUTANTS—John M. Poteat, Spier Whitaker, Jr.

QUARTERMASTERS—Joseph A. Englehard, John M. Poteat, John R. Sudderth.

COMMISSARIES—J A. Gibson, Robert A. Hauser.

SURGEONS—R. B. Baker, J H. Shaffner, Ed. G. Higginbotham.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS—J H. Shaffner, John A. Vigal, J. L. McLean.

CHAPLAIN—T. J. Eatmon.

THIRTY-SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

COLONELS—Charles C. Lee, William M. Barbour.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—William M. Barbour, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris.

MAJORS—John G. Bryan, Charles M. Hickerson, William R. Rankin, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris, O. N. Brown, Jackson L. Bost.

ADJUTANTS—William T. Nicholson, David W. Oates.

QUARTERMASTERS—Robert M. Oates, Miles P Pegram.

COMMISSARIES—Herbert DeLambert Stowe, Miles P Pegram.

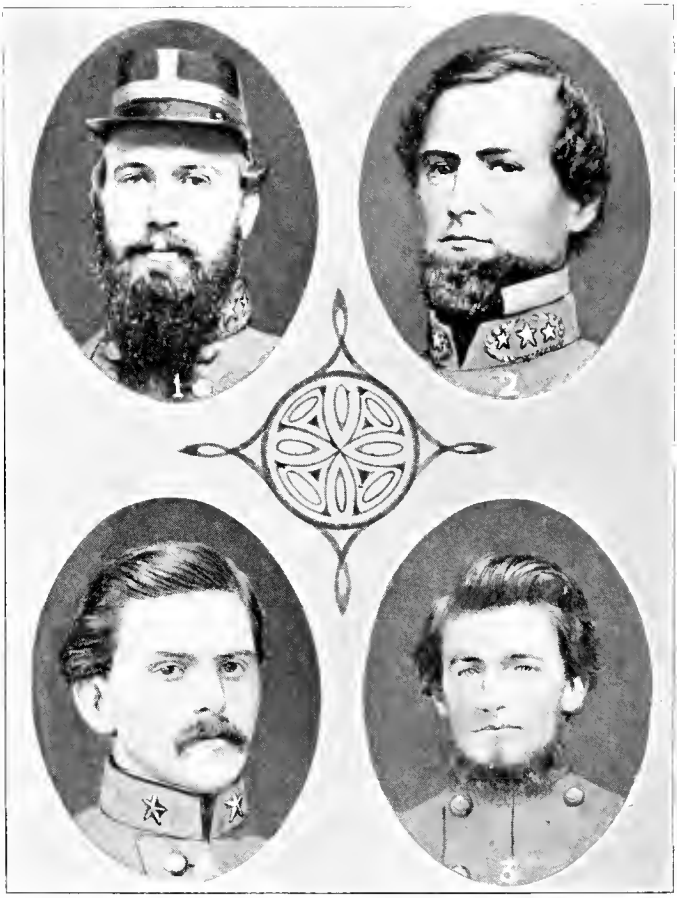
SURGEONS—James Hickerson, George E. Trescot.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS—J W Tracy, J B. Alexander, G. B. Moffitt, Daniel McL. Graham.

CHAPLAIN—A. L. Stough.

CORPS OF SHARPSHOOTERS OF LANE S BRIGADE.

The Corps of Sharpshooters of Lane's Brigade was organized after it went into winter quarters at Liberty Mills, Orange County, Virginia, in 1863. Picked officers and men were detailed from the regiments in proportion to their respective strength and put in charge of Captain John G. Knox, of the Seventh, who was a cool, brave and popular officer, and a splendid tactician. They were excused from all camp and picket duties, and thoroughly drilled in their special duties. When the following campaign opened, this corps was as fine a body of soldiers as the world ever saw



BRANCH-LANE BRIGADE.

1. James H. Lane, Brigadier-General.
2. Lawrence O'B. Branch, Brigadier-General.
3. John D. Barry, Brigadier-General.
4. E. J. Hale, Major.

In the Wilderness, on 5 May, 1864, the brigade was assigned a position on the left of the road near the home of a Mr. Tuning, and the corps was pushed far to the front. Soon afterwards the brigade was ordered to form at right angles to its original position for the purpose of sweeping the woods in front of another command. The corps returned at a double-quick and deployed while the brigade was taking its new position. The enemy opened, and the corps dashed forward, poured a destructive fire into them, killed a large number and captured one hundred and forty-seven, including eight commissioned officers.

When the brigade was ordered to the right of the plank road that afternoon, where our troops were hard pressed, the corps fought on the extreme right, where Captain V V Richardson, a gallant officer and second in rank, was severely wounded. The fight continued until after dark in the woods, through the dense undergrowth. The contending lines were close to each other and when the enemy attempted to turn our right, Knox was captured, and he was succeeded by the accomplished and gallant Captain William T. Nicholson, of the Thirty-seventh.

On 12 May, at Spottsylvania Court House, in front of the salient on the left of the Fredericksburg road, this corps behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the presence of General Lee. That afternoon, after the brigade had attacked Burnside's Corps in flank, General Lee sent for General Lane, told him he had witnessed their gallant behavior and the cheerfulness with which they had borne the hardships of the day, and he did not have the heart to order them forward again; and yet, he wished them to make an important reconnoissance for him on the Fredericksburg road. When assured that they would cheerfully do whatever he wished, he replied: "Tell them I request it and do not order it." When Nicholson reported for instructions, General Lee repeated his caution to him to let his men know that he would not send them unless they were willing to go. It was an inspiring sight when those brave fellows marched past their beloved chieftain. Every cap was waved, and cheer followed cheer. General Lee, superbly mounted, gracefully bared his head and uttered

not a word, while the troops in the works joined in the cheering as those tired and hungry heroes went to the front.

On 18 May, while General Early, temporarily in command of A. P Hill's Corps, and Generals Wilcox and Lane and a number of staff officers were standing near the brick kiln, the enemy honored the group with a short, but rapid artillery fire, under which Nicholson was severely wounded. Major Thomas J Wooten, of the Eighteenth, was then ordered to take charge of the corps and he continued in command until the surrender at Appomattox Court House. Young, cool and brave, but modest as a girl, he was a worthy successor of Knox and Nicholson.

This corps rendered splendid service from Spottsylvania Court House to Petersburg. Its first brilliant exploit near the "Cockade City" was the surprise and capture of the enemy's videttes and reserve, without the loss of a man. The following will tell how it was appreciated:

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,
September 9, 1864.

General Orders No. 21.

The following communications are published to the brigade, not only as an act due the distinguished merit of their gallant recipient, but with the hope that it may encourage officers and men to emulate this noble example:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
September 7, 1864.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the report of Major T. J. Wooten, commanding the skirmishers of Lane's Brigade, containing an account of his surprise of the enemy's videttes at the Davis House and attendant capture. The Lieutenant-General commanding desires that you will congratulate Major Wooten for his handsome success, and to assure him that he highly appreciates the activity, ability and gallantry which he has displayed in his present responsible position.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
W. N STARKE.

HEADQUARTERS WILCOX'S LIGHT DIVISION,
September 7, 1864.

MAJOR:—The Major-General commanding desires me to express his gratification in transmitting the enclosed letter from Major Starke, A. A. G., Third Army Corps, conveying the congratulations of Lieutenant-General Hill to you upon your handsome capture of the enemy's videttes at the Davis House, and also to acknowledge his own appreciation, not only of this affair, but of the valuable service rendered by you and the gallant officers and men under your command, during the arduous campaign of the last four months.

I am, Major, very respectfully,
THOS. A. ENGLEHARD.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE.

Major T J Wooten, Commanding Sharpshooters:

MAJOR:—The Brigadier commanding feels a proud pleasure in transmitting to you the congratulatory notes of Lieutenant General Hill and Major-General Wilcox. And while he adds to these well-earned compliments his own hearty congratulations upon the brilliant accomplishment of your well conceived purpose, he rejoices that you have furnished him this fitting opportunity formally to thank you and your gallant command for the steady performance of every duty—whether of dangerous enterprises or laborious watching—which has distinguished your action since the campaign began. With respect, your obedient servant,

E. J HALE, JR., A. A. G.

By command of Brigadier-General J H. Lane.
E. J HALE, JR., A. A. G.

Major Wooten was never more happy than when engaged in his "Seine Hauling," as it was called by the brigade. He would steal up to the enemy's skirmish line—sometimes crawling until within easy running distance—then dash forward, halt on the line of pits, and just as the rear of his command passed him, he would order both ranks to face outward and wheel; and they coming back in single ranks and at a run, would capture everything before them and not fire a

gun. In all of his dashes, he never lost a man—killed, wounded or captured. The Yanks often called to our pickets to know "when is your Major "Hooten" coming this way again?"

The morning of 30 September, 1864, troops were ordered from the right of Petersburg to support those engaged on the north side of the James, leaving the works at the Pegram House to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. The order was countermanded soon after we had crossed the Appomattox, and we were moved back, as our right was threatened in force. That afternoon the brigade was ordered to the right of the road leading to the Jones House; and, as the enemy were driving the cavalry rapidly, Wooten came up at a double-quick, deployed, pushed rapidly to the front, opened fire, and the blue-coated prisoners came streaming to the rear. The whole affair was witnessed by a group of general officers, one of whom declared it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

Next day when Brander had thrown the enemy into confusion at the Pegram House by his well-directed artillery fire, Wooten dashed into the works, and brought back more prisoners than he had men in his command.

After Gordon's attack on Fort Stedman, 25 March, 1865, the enemy swept the whole Confederate skirmish line from Hatcher's Run to Lieutenant Run. General Wilcox was sick at the time and Lane was in command of his division. Next morning General Lee sent for Lane to know if he had re-established his part of the line, and when told that he had with the exception of a hill, from which the enemy could fire into his winter quarters, General Lee asked if he could take the hill, and he replied: "I will have it to-night if you say so." When Lane and Wooten were examining the ground that beautiful Sunday morning, one of the men called out: "Look yonder, fellows; that means fighting, and somebody is going to get hurt." The attack was made by the sharpshooters of the whole division under Wooten, and the hill was carried without the loss of a man.

During that winter, General Lane received a note from General Wilcox, asking if he could "catch a Yankee" that

night for General Lee, as some of the enemy were moving and he could not get the desired information through his scouts. Wooten was sent for and the note handed him. After sitting a while with his head between his hands, he looked up with a bright face, and said: "I can get him." Early next morning, followed by a crowd of laughing, ragged rebels, he marched seven prisoners to headquarters, and with a merry good morning, reported: "I couldn't get that promised Yankee for General Lee, but I caught seven Dutchmen." They were sent at once to division headquarters with a note from the Brigadier, giving the credit of the capture to Wooten, and stating that if General Lee could make anything out of their "foreign gibberish," it was more than he could.

After our line had been broken by Grant in the Spring of 1865, and the brigade driven from the works, this corps very materially helped to retake the same works as far as the Jones' Farm road, where it was confronted by two lines of battle and a heavy skirmish line. To escape death or capture, the brigade was ordered back to Battery Gregg and Howard's Dam, near Battery 45.

In the retreat to Appomattox Court House, this corps was kept very busy, and it was often engaged, when not a shot was fired by any of the regiments.

JAMES H. LANE.

AUBURN, ALA.,
9 April, 1901.

CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE.

1. Thos. L. Clingman, Brigadier-General.
2. W. H S. Burgwyn, Captain, Acting Assistant Adjutant General. Clingman's Brigade.
3. Hal. H. Puryear, 1st Lt., Aid-de-camp on General Clingman's staff.

CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE.

By CAPTAIN W. H. S. BURGWYN, A. A. G.

Believing his paramount allegiance was to his State, when North Carolina seceded from the Union—20 May, 1861—Senator Thomas Lanier Clingman left his seat in the United States Senate and tendered his services to his State as a soldier to defend his country from invasion, and was Volunteer Aide to General Johnston at the first battle of Manassas 21 July, 1861. This was his first experience in war.

He was then 49 years of age and had borne an honorable and prominent part in his State's civil history. A first honor graduate (1832) of the State University, he was a member (1835) of its House of Commons; thence, he was advanced to the State Senate of which he was a conspicuous member for years. Elected to the United States Congress in 1843 as a Whig, he continued to represent his district in Congress as an adherent of that political party until 1852, when he gave his support to the Democratic Presidential nominee (General Pierce) and was again elected to Congress, and this time as a candidate on the Democratic ticket. Appointed in 1858 by the Governor to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate, which appointment was ratified by the ensuing Legislature, in 1860 he was re-elected United States Senator, and at the special session of the Senate 5 March, 1861, he was sworn in for a six year's term. Both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States, he had attained conspicuous prominence by his ability, acumen and fearlessness in debate, his learning and scholarly attainments.

In August following, he was elected Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Regiment North Carolina Troops, infantry, a regiment composed of companies organized in the counties of Buncombe, Cherokee, Haywood, Henderson, Jackson and Transylvania, counties in the western part of the State, which he had represented in Congress.

Company G, of the regiment, had so many Georgia volunteers in it as made it essentially a Georgia company. Its Captain was William S. Grady, of Georgia, the father of the late lamented orator and Southern journalist, Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta.

It was not until after the battle of New Bern (14 March, 1862) that Colonel Clingman was promoted to Brigadier-General, his commission bearing date 17 May, 1862.

The regiments then and subsequently assigned to his command, and to remain under his command during the entire war—for General Clingman never received further promotion and always was on duty with his brigade except when on furlough from the wound received in August, 1864—were as follows: Eighth, Thirty-first, Fifty-first and Sixty-first North Carolina Troops, infantry. The brigade staff was constituted as follows: Captain Edward White, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain Frederick Blake, Assistant Inspector-General; Major Alfred M. Erwin, Quartermaster; Major —. —. Gage, Commissary; Lieutenant Du Heaume, an English gentleman, Ordnance Officer, and Lieutenant Hal. S. Puryear, Aide-de-Camp.

In January, 1864, Captain Wm. H. S. Burgwyn, then of Company H, Thirty-fifth North Carolina Troops, Ransom's Brigade, was assigned to duty on the brigade staff, and at different times acted as Assistant Adjutant and Assistant Inspector-General. A brief reference to the regiments and their commanders is all that the space allowed for this sketch will permit.

The Eighth Regiment was organized in the summer of 1861, at Camp Macon, near Warrenton, N. C., and the Hon. Henry M. Shaw, of Currituck County, was elected Colonel. This was a most excellent selection. Colonel Shaw was a physician by profession, but had twice represented his district in the United States Congress, was an eloquent speaker and effective debater on the hustings, and a man of commanding influence in his community. He and his regiment were made prisoners at the capture of Roanoke Island by General Burnside 10 February, 1862, and it was not until the exchange of officers and men of the regiment and the re-

assembling of the command at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, in September, 1862, that the regiment was assigned to Clingman's Brigade. The Companies of this regiment were volunteers chiefly from the counties of Alamance, Cabarrus, Cumberland, Currituck, Franklin, Granville, New Hanover, Pasquotank, Pitt, Rowan and Warren.

The Thirty-first Regiment elected John V Jordan, of Craven County, as Colonel, commissioned in September, 1861. Colonel Jordan with many of his regiment, were captured at the fall of Roanoke Island, and after their exchange, the regiment was assigned to Clingman's Brigade. The men of this regiment came from the counties of Anson, Craven, Edgecombe, Harnett, Hertford, Orange, Robeson and Wake. The late Governor Daniel G. Fowle was its Lieutenant-Colonel, and captured at Roanoke Island, but after his exchange he resigned to accept the position of Adjutant-General of the State.

The Fifty-first Regiment was organized in April, 1862, by the election of Captain John L. Cantwell, of Company G, from New Hanover County, as Colonel. This officer resigned, and so did his successor, Colonel Wm. A. Allen, from Duplin County, and in July, 1863, the gallant young Major Hector McKeithan, from Cumberland County, was promoted to the Colonelcy and continued in command until the end. The companies of the regiment were recruited almost entirely from the counties of Cumberland, Duplin, New Hanover, Robeson and Sampson.

The Sixty-first Regiment was organized in the summer of 1862, and Colonel James D. Radcliffe, formerly Colonel of the Eighteenth North Carolina Troops, was elected Colonel. Colonel Radcliffe resigned in October, 1864, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. S. DeVane, from Sampson County. On the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel DeVane, Major Edward Mallett, from Craven County, became Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Mallett was one of the best and bravest officers in the brigade. He was killed at the battle of Bentonville, 19 March, 1865, the last battle in North Carolina before General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman on 26 April, 1865. The men of this regiment

came from the counties of Alleghany, Beaufort, Chatham, Craven, Greene, New Hanover and Sampson.

FIRST MILITARY SERVICE.

The brigade performed its first service as a brigade in doing picket duty during the months of October and November, 1862, below Kinston, N. C. From there it was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., and stationed at Camp Whiting, named in honor of the commanding General of the department. In December it was ordered to Goldsboro, N. C., to oppose General Foster's advance from Kinston upon that place, and took an active part in repulsing the enemy's attempt to capture the town.

The late Judge Thos. C. Fuller, in writing of the part taken by Clingman's Brigade in this fight, says:

"When Foster in December, 1862, attempted to capture Goldsboro, I commanded a section of Starr's Battery and acted with Clingman's Brigade. There could not be a man braver in the hour of fiercest battle than was Clingman on that occasion.

"He rode up and down the line on horseback, absolutely without fear, giving his commands: 'Fire slowly, men; keep it up.' The brigade repulsed every assault and unsupported, charged Foster's attacking columns, and the latter's army retreated to New Bern."

SERVICE AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

In February, 1863, the brigade was transferred to Charleston and pitched its tents on James Island. During the time of its encampment on James Island, there was much sickness, and many deaths from the malaria emanating from the swamps and marshes of the locality. In May there was a brief respite from these unpleasant surroundings in the return of the brigade to Wilmington. In the large oak grove near old Topsail Sound, about twelve miles from the city, the command found an ideal location for a camp, and to honor a name distinguished in the annals of the Cape Fear section of the State, the station was called "Camp Ashe."

But this respite was of short duration, and in July the

brigade was ordered back to Charleston to take part in the defense of that important seaport. The enemy had gained a footing on Morris Island, and was preparing to attack Battery Wagner, the strong earthwork the Confederates had erected to defend the entrance to the harbor of Charleston.

On the night of 18 July, 1863, the enemy made a bold assault on the work and were signally repulsed with great loss to the attacking forces, principally among the negro troops who were put in the advance. The enemy now settled down to a regular siege of the place, which lasted fifty-eight days. The approaches were in parallels, each parallel bringing the besiegers nearer to the battery. Five parallels were thus constructed, the last one approached within about one hundred yards of the Confederate works. On the night of 6 September, 1863, the Confederate troops quietly and undisturbed, evacuated the fort and retired to Sullivan's Island.

The services of the brigade in this defense of Battery Wagner were of the most trying and dangerous character. Says a member of the brigade, Historian Ludwig, of the Eighth Regiment: "The men were at all times exposed to the enemy's fire, both from the land and from the sea. An attack had to be prepared for at any instant, either night or day

"It was no place for rest. The men had to keep under cover of the battery or in pits near by dug in the sand hills along the beach. There was no place for cooking. All the rations had to be prepared elsewhere and carried there. The water too, was bad. Under such circumstances, it was necessary to relieve the men and officers about once every seven or eight days." It must not be supposed the enemy were left undisturbed while they were making things so uncomfortable for the Confederates. It was no easy task the Federal troops were called upon to perform. Hundreds and thousands succumbed to the climate and the fire of their opponents. There was organized in Clingman's Brigade a corps of sharpshooters armed with the Whitworth (globe sighted) rifle, the first ever used in our army and imported from England. The service of this Corps was so effective under Lieutenant Dugger, of Company F, of the Eighth Regiment, and the other officers commanding this corps, that the enemy were

seldom permitted to show their heads above the ground in the parallels they were digging. It was a veritable target practice between sharpshooters every day, and any reckless or careless exposure on either side meant work for the ambulance corps.

Morris Island having been abandoned, the brigade was assigned to duty on Sullivan's Island, where it remained employed in strengthening its fortifications until 30 November, 1863, when it was ordered, first to Kinston, N. C., and then to Petersburg, Va., where it arrived about 14 December, and established its camp about two miles from the city, just beyond what afterwards became celebrated as "Hare's Hill" (Fort Stedman).

In January, 1864, Captain Wm. H. S. Burgwyn, Company H, Thirty-fifth Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, was assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant-General on Clingman's staff.

EXPEDITION TO CAPTURE NEW BERN.

On 29 January, 1864, the brigade left its confortable winter quarters at Petersburg to unite in the expedition under Major-General George E. Pickett, commanding the department, to capture New Bern, N. C. The troops detailed for this work consisted of Corse's, Hoke's, Ransom's, Barton's, and Clingman's Brigades, with artillery and cavalry. Disembarking from the cars at Kinston, the brigade under forced marches, proceeded in the direction of New Bern and bivouacked on the night of 31 January near the enemy's pickets guarding the crossing over Bachelor's creek, about ten miles from New Bern. Before daybreak next morning the brigade resumed its march, and while halted in the road awaiting the forcing of the passage over the bridge across the creek, some two hundred yards distant, defended by a block house strongly garrisoned, Colonel Shaw, of the Eighth Regiment, who was sitting on his horse at the head of his regiment in company with General Clingman and his staff, was hit in the head by a bullet fired from those contesting the passage of the creek and instantly killed.

The death of Colonel Shaw was an irreparable loss to his

regiment. He was regarded by his brother officers with the highest esteem, and as the one best qualified for promotion to the command of the brigade, should a vacancy occur. To perpetuate the memory of this gallant officer, Major-General Whiting, then commanding the Department of the Cape Fear, headquarters at Wilmington, on 9 March, 1864, issued a General Order (No. 29) directing that "Hereafter the battery on Oak Island, between Caswell and Campbell, will be known as '*Battery Shaw*,' in honor of the late Colonel Henry M. Shaw."

The passage of the creek having been forced, the brigade was put in advance and hurried in the direction of New Bern to intercept the troops of the enemy stationed on the railroad where it crossed the creek. We arrived at a double-quick at the juncture of the road we were on and the railroad leading to New Bern, just in time to see the train go by loaded with soldiers with an iron-clad car attached to the rear on which was mounted a heavy piece of ordnance which fired at us as the train sped past. We intercepted and captured several hundred of those retreating on foot down the railroad. The same afternoon, the brigade was moved around to the right and made a demonstration against the town and dispersed a cavalry command sent out to attack us.

On the night of our arrival before New Bern, Colonel Wood, of President Davis' staff, in command of some boats, gallantly attacked a gun-boat (the *Underwriter*) in the Neuse, boarded and burnt her right under the guns defending the town.

While halted here in line of battle, the enemy's artillery opened on us, and a shell exploding near where General Clingman was standing, he was hit by several shrapnel balls and a piece of shell, but only bruised. The town now invested, General Pickett, undecided whether to assault the formidable works defending the place—part of his forces on the opposite side of Trent river, who were to capture the line of communications leading from New Bern to Morehead City, and thus intercept the enemy's retreat, not having succeeded—called a council of war. Clingman's voice was for making a demand for unconditional surrender, and in default

of an affirmative answer, he was for an immediate assault. He was overruled. The troops lay on their arms all night and the next day, and in the night time quietly withdrew and we ingloriously retraced our steps to Kinston. Within the next few days the brigade returned to its winter quarters at Petersburg.

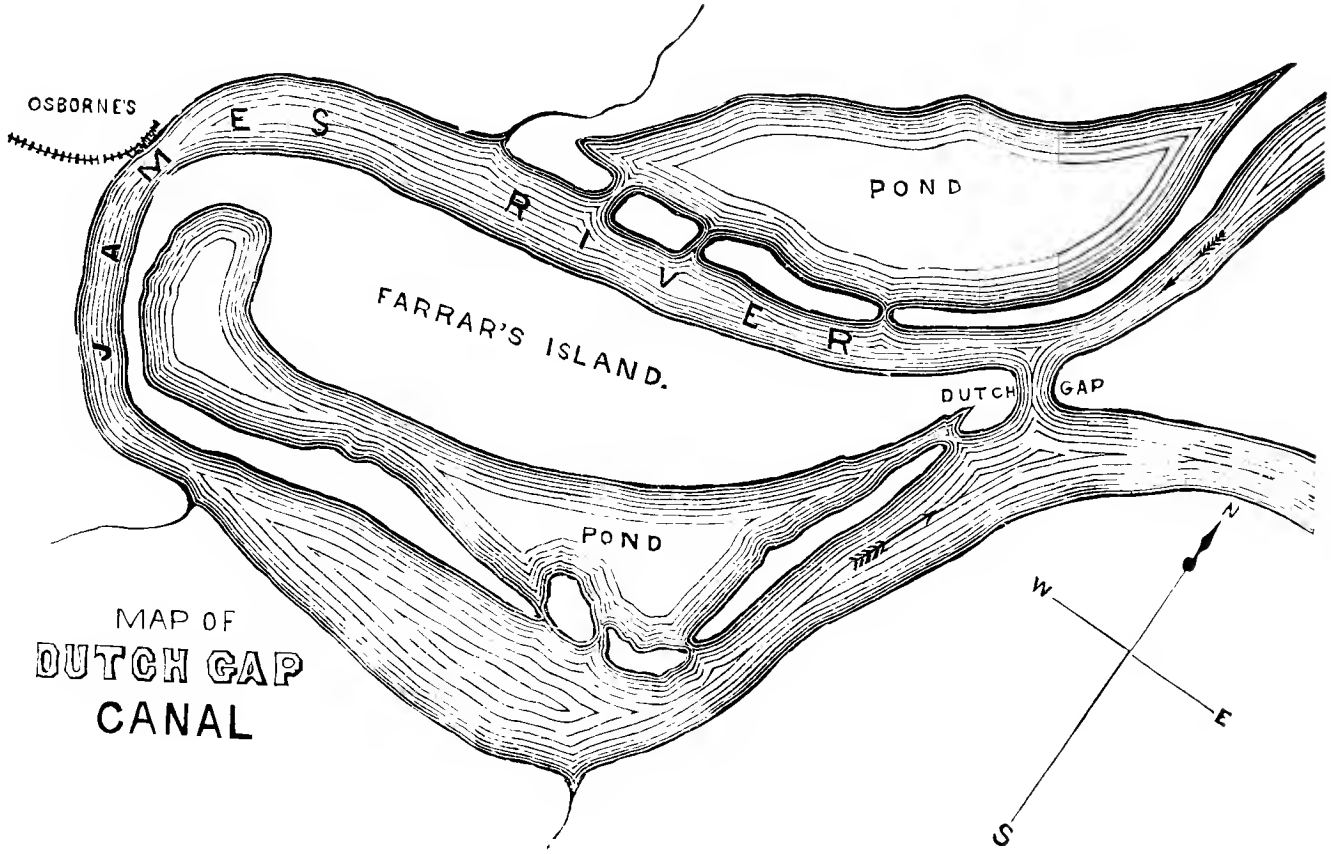
Shortly after our return, the Eighth and Sixty-first Regiments were detached to picket the country along the Blackwater. In his report of the part taken by his brigade in this expedition against New Bern, General Clingman says: "It gives me pleasure to be able to state that though exposed on flank and front to artillery fire, threatened constantly with attack by the enemy's cavalry and infantry, the troops under my command performed the movements ordered with as much coolness and precision as I ever saw them on drill."

In the latter part of March, 1864, the Eighth was temporarily assigned to General M. W Ransom's Brigade in the expedition against Suffolk, in which expedition General Ransom succeeded in capturing the town and large quantities of provisions.

About the middle of April, General Clingman was ordered to make his headquarters at Ivor Station, on the railroad between Petersburg and Suffolk. While here, the Eighth Regiment was again temporarily detached and formed part of General Hoke's troops detailed for the expedition against Plymouth, in North Carolina. In this brilliant victory, the Eighth Regiment attached to Ransom's Brigade, did its full duty and bore a distinguished part.

Under the command of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Murchison, an officer soon to fall at the head of his regiment leading it in a charge at Cold Harbor (1 June, 1864), this regiment, in the early dawn of 20 April, was in line of battle forming part of Ransom's command which was to assault the town. As the signal rocket went up, the order to charge was given, and the Eighth Regiment, in front of one of the forts, rushed upon the works, leaped into the ditch surrounding the fortifications and attempted to scale the walls.

Driven out of the ditch by hand grenades the enemy threw



MAP OF
DUTCH GAP
CANAL

down upon them from the walls above, the men swung around to the right and tried to force the palisades. These were loop-holed, and as the enemy inside would withdraw their guns to reload, the Confederates outside would thrust their guns in and in this way get an aim on the enemy. The gate in the rear of the fort was now burst open and the men rushing inside, the enemy surrendered. Historian Ludwig, of the regiment, from whom the above account is chiefly taken, (p. 400, Vol. 1 of this work) places the loss of the regiment at 154 in killed and wounded; about one-third of those engaged.

About 12 M.. 3 May, 1864, General Clingman at Ivor Station, received a telegram from General Pickett ordering him to return immediately to Petersburg. The brigade reached Petersburg the same night. Next morning, 5 May, General Clingman with the Fifty-first Regiment, and Captain Owens' Battery of artillery, marched out to meet the enemy who were reported advancing from Bermuda Hundreds. About 5 p. m. he was reinforced by part of Hagood's Brigade, which took position at Fort Walthall, on the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond. Here a sharp engagement was had with the enemy During the night General Bushrod Johnson's Brigade arrived, and next morning, 6 May, the enemy attacked with heavy force and drove the Confederates from their position protecting the railroad, and we retired to Swift Creek, about three miles. On the 7th, General Clingman was ordered to return to Petersburg to meet the advance of the enemy approaching on the City Point road. On 9 May General Clingman, with his own and Hoke's Brigades and Sturdivant's artillery, made a reconnoissance on the City Point road for about two and a half miles, at which point they met the enemy's picket lines and halted, and later returned to our intrenchment. About 10 a. m. on the 10th General Clingman was ordered to report with his brigade on the Richmond Turnpike to General Hoke (Robert F.). Here we joined General Hoke during the night, and became a part of Hoke's Division, from which Clingman's Brigade was never separated during the remainder of the war.

BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

Hoke's Division now took position in the outer line of

breastworks around Drewry's Bluff on the right of General Bushrod Johnson's command. In the afternoon of 12 May General Matt. W Ransom, who had been ordered to the extreme right of the breastworks with his brigade, was suddenly attacked from the rear by the enemy who had gotten on his right flank under cover of the woods, and his men were compelled to jump over on the opposite side of the works and fight from that side. They made a most brave fight against overpowering numbers. Here Captain Cicero Durham, known in the brigade as the "fighting Quartermaster of the Forty-ninth Regiment," who had recently been put in command of Ransom's sharpshooters, was mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Waverly Johnson, of General Ransom's staff, painfully shot. On 13, 14 and 15 May, Clingman's Brigade had some sharp skirmishing with the enemy who gradually forced our lines back, until finally Hoke's Division occupied the inner line of entrenchments around Drewry's Bluff, with a line of pickets some 150 yards in advance in pits and holes dug in the ground. On the night of 13 May, General Beauregard arrived and assumed command, bringing with him Colquitt's Georgia Brigade and Colonel Baker's cavalry regiment (Forty-first North Carolina). The service of those in the picket lines at this time was very dangerous and trying. The pickets could only be relieved at night, as the enemy's advance lines of sharpshooters were so close any one appearing over our works was the target for a hundred rifles.

Captain T. J Jarvis, of Company B, Eighth Regiment, since Governor, United States Senator and United States Minister to Brazil, while on duty on this picket line, received a wound in the right arm, necessitating a resection of part of the bone from which he has never fully recovered.

Captain Junius N Ramsay, of Company I, also of the Eighth Regiment, mounting the breastworks to get a better view of the enemy, was painfully wounded, necessitating a lengthy absence from service in the field. This officer and Color-bearer Thos. L. Emry, of the Twelfth North Carolina Regiment, were among the first soldiers to volunteer from North Carolina. They joined the South Carolina Volunteers under General Beauregard and took part in the bom-

bardment of Fort Sumter. Captain Ramsay fired the second cannon that was aimed at the fort in the bombardment.

About 8 p. m. on the night of 15 May, orders came from General Beauregard to be ready to attack early next morning. At the given signal the brigade mounted its works, crossed the ditch in front, formed on the opposite side under a hot fire from the enemy directly in front, and advanced. So impetuous was the charge that we penetrated far into the enemy's lines and unsupported were fired upon on either flank by the enemy now in our rear. The brigade held its ground however, and General Butler was soon thereafter seen withdrawing from the field and we followed him in pursuit to his entrenched camp at Bermuda Hundreds.

[NOTE.—The above concise account of the part taken by Clingman's Brigade in this battle is probably sufficient from an historical point of view, but the Editor has been favored with an account of this fight more in detail, written in the diary of Captain Wm. H. S. Burgwyn on the day after the battle. It is evident the account was never intended to be read by others than the writer's immediate family; but as illustrative of the conduct of thousands of our enthusiastic young Confederate soldiers on just such occasions, and as showing how battles were fought and won in those days, the Editor gives it just as it was written more than thirty-seven years ago:

"About daybreak General Robert Ransom, on our extreme left, opened the fight with his division, and succeeded in driving the enemy before him, capturing many prisoners and some artillery. General Bushrod Johnson then engaged the enemy, driving them before him till he reached the lines we evacuated on the morning of the 13th. General Hoke then attacked with our (Clingman's) and General Corse's Brigades at about 9 a. m. At the word "Charge," our two regiments, the Fifty-first and Thirty-first—the Eighth and Sixty first being temporarily detached—in concert with Corse's Brigade, but which, shortly after the charge commenced, faced to the right to meet the enemy on their flank, sprang upon the parapet and with a yell started for the enemy. As soon as the word "Charge" was given, I sprang upon the parapet, waved my hat and yelled with all my might. As soon as I could cross the ditch in front I ran ahead of the regiment, waved my hat and called on the men to follow, and nobly did they come on, though the enemy's sharpshooters fired as fast as they could pull trigger from rifles that shot seven times in succession (Spencer rifles). Though the line was considerably disorganized in crossing the ditch and in going through the thick underbrush, not a man faltered. About three hundred yards from our works, fearing the enemy's fire and the bad ground before us might throw the men into confusion, there appearing some hesitation in the advance, I seized the colors of the Fifty-first Regiment and called on the men to follow. Running in advance about 200 yards, we came to the enemy's first line posted by squads in pits. As we rushed upon one of these pits occupied by four men and an officer, I fell exhausted, which probably saved my

COLD HARBOR.

We remained facing General Butler's army which was "bottled up" in Bermuda Hundreds, our pickets daily subject to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters and the gun-boats in the river, but meeting with few casualties, until the night of 30 May, 1864, when the division hurriedly left for Richmond; and next afternoon was in a severe fight near Cold Harbor in which Captain Edward White, Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, was painfully wounded by a piece of shell. Early next morning we began to entrench the best we could, using our bayonets, tin cups and hands. There was more or less fighting all day in our front, when about 5 p. m. the brigade, intent on defending its lines from an attack from the front, were surprised by seeing a large force of the enemy emerge from the woods in our rear in line of battle preparing for a charge.

As was afterwards ascertained, the troops on our immediate left had been ordered to another part of the field and none had been sent to take their places. The enemy perceiving this, had hurried a division of infantry through this undefended part of our lines and formed to take us in the rear.

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life, as the men fired as I fell, one ball passing through the brim of my hat. Rising with a shout, I rushed past the pits, and the Yankees surrendered in crowds. I had then just time to hand the colors to the color-bearer, when I fell down almost fainting, and a severe fit of vomiting seized me; but by the time the regiment had gotten somewhat into line, this passed off and seeing a piece of artillery about 250 yards distant firing at us, I again seized the colors and called on the men to charge the battery. With a yell that must have caused the Yankees to quake, we started, passed by the gun and kept on at full speed to charge the enemy's main line of battle about 450 yards off, posted behind rifle pits. Giving the colors to the color-bearer, I ran in advance, took off my hat, waved it over my head, cheering as loud as I could, which was not very loud, as I was now as hoarse as a raven. The first to reach the works I fell down again exhausted, but rising up as the men commenced to mount the works, I climbed over and we started after the flying enemy. But now, not only in our immediate front, but on both flanks the enemy were in tremendous odds, and opened fire on us. With the enemy in front and on both flanks and no supports, we fell back, first to the last works we charged, and then to the next, and finally to the line of the enemy we first struck in the charge, and there reformed.

About 5 p. m., we started in pursuit with General Bushrod Johnson's Brigade and halted for the night close up to the enemy, who were in the woods south of the Half-way House. The Fifty-first regiment lost about 119, and the Thirty first about 70, in this charge and during the day's fighting. Next day the brigade pursued Butler's army to Bermuda Hundreds."—ED]

The Eighth Regiment on the extreme left of the brigade was the first attacked. It made a gallant fight, its commander, the brave Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Murchison, losing his life leading his regiment in a counter-charge. For a time there was much confusion; but to hesitate was to be beaten, and General Clingman, dispatching Captain Blake for reinforcements, but without waiting for instructions, ordered the men out of the rifle pits, formed them in line of battle, faced to the rear, and with the Twenty-seventh Georgia Regiment of Colquitt's Brigade, which had come to our assistance, gave the order to charge the advancing foe, who by this time were in easy range of us and had opened fire. As one man the line rushed to meet the enemy. The contest was brief, but bloody. The enemy, flushed with apparent victory, made a stubborn resistance, but were finally driven back, our lines re-established and what might have been a disaster affecting the very safety of the army, resulted in a brilliant victory for the Confederates and in heavy loss to the Federals. Our own casualties were large. Captain Burgwyn, who on the wounding of Captain White, had been assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, was badly wounded in the charge, as was Captain Blake, the Assistant Inspector-General. The Eighth and Fifty-first Regiments sustained the heaviest losses. The Eighth regiment, the first attacked, having to force its way out, was badly cut up; the Fifty-first Regiment, while gallantly charging under its brave Colonel McKethan, lost many of its best and bravest, but that important position was saved to the army. On 2 and 3 June, Hoke's Division held its lines at Cold Harbor against General Grant's desperate assaults to carry the position.

HOKE'S DIVISION.

Assigned to Hoke's Division, Clingman's Brigade, helped to win the victory of Drewry's Bluff. Transferred to the northern bank of the James, it aided to save the day at Cold Harbor. Hurried again to the southern side of the James, it reached the works defending Petersburg just in time to assist in saving the city on the memorable attack 17 June, 1864.

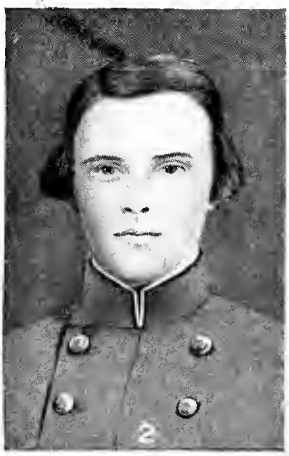
ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE PETERSBURG 16, 17 AND 18 JUNE, 1864.

So dispirited and demoralized became the Army of the Potomac by their defeats and the fearful slaughter sustained, its commander abandoned further attempt to capture Richmond from the north side of the James, and on the night of 15 June began the transfer of his army across that river in a second attempt to capture Petersburg by surprise.

Hoke's Division was detached to meet this move and early on the morning of 16 June reached Petersburg. The following account of the important service rendered by Clingman's Brigade in this defense of Petersburg is thus given by a member of the brigade staff, the young and Gallant Aide-de-Camp, Captain Hal. S. Puryear:

"We reached Petersburg early in the morning and went at once into line just where we had spent the winter in quarters (Hare's Hill), and were attacked by Grant's columns on our old camping ground. There were no troops there—at the first attack—except Hoke's. We were on the right, and the entire attack was on our position, no other part of the division being engaged. On the next day Wise's Brigade was put into position on our right. On the afternoon of that day Grant renewed his attack in stronger force. The charge was made in four or more lines of battle, each after the first line being fifteen or twenty paces in rear of the preceding. Wise's Brigade abandoned its position in a panic, without firing a gun, leaving the works on our right undefended. Our men were at once ordered to give the enemy a volley to the right oblique. The effect was terrific, and the second fire sent them back and in confusion. This charge was repeated in quick succession several or more times, with the result in each instance as in the first, and accomplished in exactly the same way.

"Night now came on. Then the enemy, under cover of the darkness, got possession of our abandoned works and began to give us an enfilade fire down the line. We gave them in return a lively response. I was then ordered by General Clingman to go down the line and detail every third man and form them in front of that portion of our works in possession of the enemy. This I did, and thus we sustained the



CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE.

1. A. H. Gregory, Captain, Co. D, 8th Regt. Wounded at Plymouth, 1864.
2. Isaac J. Moore, Private, Co. G, 61st Regt. Killed in the trenches at Petersburg, 28 July, 1864.
3. J. R. Paddison, Private, Co. A, 61st Regt.

unequal fight until Ransom's Brigade came up and retook the lost position. Very early next morning, I went on orders to General Hoke's headquarters. On my way I met a newsboy with an early edition of a Petersburg paper. I got one and saw in it this paragraph:

'Hoke's Division stood last night like a rock wall and saved the city. They may be overrun, but no power on earth can drive them from a position.'

On reaching the division headquarters, I showed the paper to General Hoke, and he remarked, 'They should have said Clingman's Brigade, for no other troops of my command were engaged.' This was literally true, for on that occasion our brigade unaided, until Ransom's gallant brigade came to our assistance in the night, held Grant's army in check and saved the city of Petersburg. When the mine was sprung 30 July, 1864, the Eighth and Sixty-first Regiments were detached from their positions in the trenches and participated in the charge by which our lost works were retaken. We were next engaged in the attack on Grant's lines near the Lead Works (19 August, 1864), when we brought off the field three times as many prisoners as we had men in the fight."

General Clingman here received a painful wound in the leg, from which he never sufficiently recovered to take active command of his brigade in the field, though he was with his command in Johnston's retreat before Sherman through Raleigh, and at the surrender of Johnston's army at Greensboro 26 April, 1865.

ASSAULT ON FORT HARRISON.

The brigade occupied the trenches in the lines protecting Petersburg until 29 September, when it was ordered to Chaffin's Farm to retake Fort Harrison, captured the previous day by General Butler's troops.

Clingman's Brigade was selected to lead the assault, supported by Colquitt's Georgia Brigade of the division. The troops were formed for the assault in a ravine some two hundred yards from the fort. The enemy had diligently strengthened its defences since the day before and, in anticipation of the attack, had massed his troops in several ranks deep, and

they were armed with the Spencer repeating rifles. Realizing how great would be the loss of his men in such a charge, General Hoke importuned General Lee, who was directing the movement in person, not to order it to be made; but to select a new line of defence on ground equally as favorable and which his men were then holding. General Lee's reply was that he would first reduce the enemy's works by his artillery before the assault should be made, and create a diversion by an attack on the enemy's flank simultaneously with Hoke's advance. In answer to the question where would the artillery be placed, the point was designated by the General of Artillery Said General Hoke: "I had rather you would not fire a shot from your guns, sir! You will demoralize my men more by your shells falling short and bursting among my men, than you will inflict damage on the enemy. If you will bring your guns up to my line and charge with my troops you may do some good, but not otherwise."

"But," said the Artillery General, "my horses will all get killed." "Yes," says General Hoke, "and my men are going to be killed. Are your horses of more value than the lives of my soldiers?" The Artillerist had his way. He cannonaded the enemy; the ground shook with the mighty concussion; the smoke enveloped the field, the enemy retreated under the protection of his earth works. At the given signal, Clingman's Brigade rushed for the works. As one man the enemy flashed his defiance from a thousand guns; the flank attack miscarried; the supports failed to come up; the charging line melted away; the fort was reached but no farther. As many as were able, in the darkness of the night got back to our lines. The wounded and captured were taken to northern hospitals and northern prisons. The dead were buried under the flag of truce, but the artillery horses were saved.

The brigade felt the losses sustained in this assault the balance of the war. It could never afterwards recruit up its depleted ranks. About a third of those in the charge were either killed, wounded or captured. The wounded were probably all captured, as towards night the enemy sent over the works a body of men who captured all those lying on the ground wounded or unable to get back to our lines. A few

of those unhurt favored by their location and the darkness, made their escape, but many were too close up to the works to get away and were taken prisoners as above stated.

Among the wounded and captured were Captain Wm. H. S. Burgwyn and First Lieutenant L. Banks Holt, commanding Company I, Eighth Regiment. Lieutenant Holt was shot through the thigh and the bone fractured, entailing a long and painful recovery. He was confined at Point Lookout and Fort Delaware prisons until released in June, 1865.

Hector McKethan, the young, chivalrous and daring Colonel of the Fifty-first, was in command of the Brigade, and as long as he lived never could speak of this day without quivering lips and moistened eye when he described the fearful slaughter of his brave men in so hopeless an undertaking. The writer well remembers Colonel McKethan's anxious solicitude for the result of the assault as he lay on the ground awaiting the signal to charge It was the first occasion on which Colonel McKethan commanded the brigade in a fight and he was supremely anxious the men should acquit themselves creditably in the trying ordeal. He never tired in his encomiums upon the officers and men for their gallant conduct on this occasion. The supports utterly failed to come to his assistance.

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER.

From the disastrous attempt to capture Fort Harrison, until 22 December, 1864, Hoke's Division did duty defending the lines protecting Richmond north of the James river. On that day the division was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., and taking the cars at Richmond we reached Wilmington about the 28th of the month.

Going into quarters at Camp Whiting, on 12 January, 1865, we were ordered to Sugar Loaf Battery, about four miles from Fort Fisher, and proceeded to fortify

In the assault on Fort Fisher 15 January, 1865, the division made a demonstration in the direction of the fort, but accomplished but little. After the fall of Fort Fisher, the Confederate forces remained confronting the enemy until 18 February, 1865, when they fell back towards Wilmington

and on the night of the 20th evacuated that city. Clingman's Brigade did noble service in protecting the rear of our retreating forces. "The men seemed to appreciate the importance of the duty they were called upon to perform." After a few days rest at Northeast river, the brigade was ordered below Kinston to oppose the enemy's advance from New Bern. On 8, 9 and 10 March, there was fighting, at times severe, and quite a number of the command were killed and wounded, but the enemy in overwhelming numbers now confronted the small Confederate force and the latter had to fall back, first to Goldsboro, thence to Smithfield and on 17 March united with the remnants of the Western army under General J E. Johnston just before the battle of Bentonville (19-21 March, 1865). This battle was one of the most hotly contested fights of the war, entirely creditable to the Confederate arms and Clingman's Brigade in this, its last battle, sustained its honorable record. In the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Mallett, commanding the Sixty-first Regiment, the brigade lost one of its most meritorious officers, who had won his promotion by years of honorable service.

After the battle of Bentonville, General Johnston retired his army to Smithfield, where he remained confronting General Sherman for some three weeks. While here General Johnston held a review 6 April, at which many ladies and civilians from Raleigh, including Governor Vance and officers of the State and Confederate Government were present. The army presented a fine appearance and the men were in excellent spirits. There were in this army remnants of commands who under Albert Sidney Johnston won the first day's battle of Shiloh, and nearly annihilated Grant's army. Men who under Bragg, had won the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, and under Johnston had confronted Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta; and men who under Hood, had been in the disastrous battle of Franklin; who had sustained all the horrors of a siege at Vicksburg; who had followed Forest and Wheeler and Hampton and had successfully defended Fort Sumter for four years against the combined land and sea forces of the United States, and the

brigades of Hoke's Division, who had won enduring renown in the Army of Northern Virginia. Here also were assembled those regiments of Junior Reserves, who under Colonels Hinsdale, Anderson, Broadfoot and Walter Clark emulated the heroism of their veteran comrades, and who on the battlefields of Kinston and Bentonville had shown they were of the same metal as their sires and deserving of imperishable record in the history of their country.

It was a splendid body of American soldiers; survivors of a hundred battlefields; and as they marched proudly in review before their General, they were conscious of duty nobly done and nerved for any further service that might be required of them in defence of their country General Clingman visited his brigade while in camp at Smithfield, and though on crutches, asked of General Johnston the honor of commanding the rear guard. This was denied him, as he was physically unable to perform such duty, and he addressed the Southern commander as follows:

"Sir, much has been said about dying in the last ditch. You have left with you here thirty thousand of as brave men as the sun ever shone upon. Let us take our stand here and fight the two armies of Grant and Sherman to the end, and thus show to the world how far we can surpass the Thermopylæ of the Greeks."

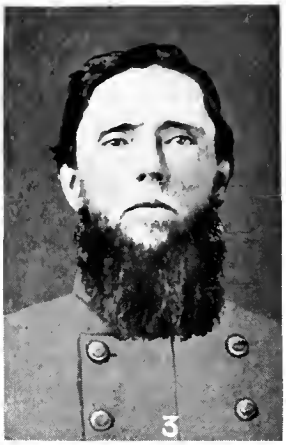
This brave, patriotic man of extraordinary mental endowments, great learning, boundless ambition; who gave up the goal of his life when he resigned his seat in the United States Senate to take up arms in defense of his State, after serving faithfully in the army for four years, was allowed to retire to private life, and, except a brief service in the Constitutional Convention of 1875, never again filled public office in his State.

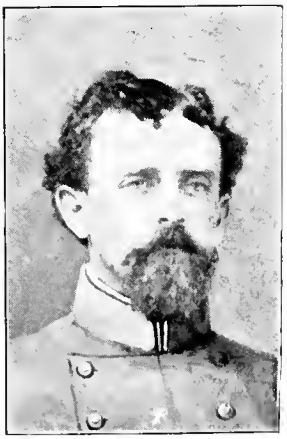
The last shot had been fired, the last charge had been made; the last rifle pit had been dug; never more was the rebel yell to be heard in fierce combat and exulting triumph. The little army under Joseph E. Johnston sadly took up its retreat through the once proud Capital of North Carolina. Now all was wrapped in gloom, uncertainty and dread. As day followed day, disaster succeeded disaster. First, the news of Gen-

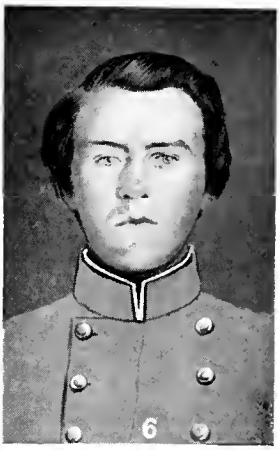
eral Lee's surrender at Appomattox (9 April, 1865); then, of the assassination of President Lincoln (14 April); then, of the repudiation by the new President—a Southern man by birth, education and residence—of the statesman-like terms of capitulation agreed to by Generals Johnston and Sherman; and at last, the surrender of his army by General Johnston; and on 26 April, 1865, was ended the greatest of modern wars, in which more than half a million of men lost their lives in battle, or by wounds and disease, and eight billions of property were sacrificed.

WM. H. S. BURGWYN.

WELDON, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.







COOKE'S BRIGADE.

1. Joel Jackson Denmark, 2d Lt., Co. A. 27th Regt. Killed at Bristoe Station, Va.
2. John Thomas Rhodes, 1st Sergt., Co. B, 27th Regt.
3. W. R. Parker, Private, Co. A, 27th Regt.
4. J. M. Walker, 1st Lt., Co. C, 48th Regt.
5. Jas. M. Ragland, Private, Co. E, 46th Regt.
6. Jno. H. Ragland, Private, Co. E, 46th Regt.
7. Abram W. Hedgepeth, Corporal, Co. G, 27th Regt.

COOKE'S BRIGADE.

By CAPTAIN JAMES A. GRAHAM, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, North Carolina Troops.

In order to give a correct history of this brigade, it is necessary to begin at a period prior to the time when the brigade was given this name and to refer to the movements of J G. Walker's brigade, which comprised—along with the regiments from other States—most of the North Carolina regiments that afterwards formed this brigade.

In June, 1862, the Twenty-seventh North Carolina Infantry, Colonel John R. Cooke, found itself at Drewry's Bluff, Va., and in a brigade, commanded by General J. G. Walker, and composed of the following regiments:

Twenty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel John R. Cooke.
Forty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel E. D. Hall.
Forty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel R. C. Hill.
Thirtieth Virginia, Colonel —. —. Bouldin (I think).
Third Arkansas, Colonel Van. H. Manning.
Second Georgia Battalion, Major —. —. Ross.

In the seven days battle around Richmond, we were in the division commanded by Major-General T. H. Holmes and held as a part of the reserves; though on the evening of the battle of Frazier's Farm we were on the river road and subjected to a heavy shelling from seven gun-boats and thirty-four pieces of artillery, while we waited for Huger's command to join us in order that we might break through the enemy's lines or turn their rear.

I recollect, distinctly, hearing General Holmes say to the courier who came to him and reported that Huger was at White Oak Swamp, some three miles off: "Go back and tell General Huger that he is entirely too late. He should have been here three hours ago." That night, with canteens and everything that could rattle muffled, we had to slip out, as the enemy were in heavy force, having landed 10,000 fresh troops who had moved up right in our front.

The next day this brigade was in reserve at the battle of Malvern Hill, and lay just behind the attacking line, receiving the shot and shell that passed over them. We then returned to camp at Drewry's Bluff.

About 7 July, 1862, our brigade was moved to Merchant Hope Church, below Petersburg, and on the morning of 11 and 12 July the Twenty-seventh North Carolina and the Second Georgia Battalion, under the command of Colonel Cooke, were secreted on the bank of James river, at Fort Powhatan, and fired on the transports and other vessels passing up the river to McClellan's camp at Harrison's Landing. Each day, as soon as the gun-boats would run down and begin shelling, we would retire to our camp, some five miles from the river. After two days of this, McClellan threw a strong force over to our side of the river and we retired to Petersburg.

We rested near Petersburg, Va., until, in the latter part of July or the first part of August, we formed a part of the support of the artillery that shelled McClellan's camp at Harrison's Landing. 26 August, 1862, we left Petersburg and a day or two after were at Rapidan Station, Va.

1 September, 1862, (this brigade having been put in a division with Robert Ransom's North Carolina Brigade and Brigadier-General J G. Walker, our Brigadier, given command of the division), we started on the Maryland campaign as the rear guard of Lee's army. Upon Walker's assuming command of the division, Colonel Van H. Manning, of the Third Arkansas (a native North Carolinian, having been born in Martin County), became commander of the brigade. We took little part in the operations in Northern Virginia until 12 September, 1862, when the Twenty-seventh North Carolina and Thirtieth Virginia captured Loudon Heights at Harper's Ferry, and the Forty-sixth North Carolina took, and held, the road around the foot of the mountain along the Potomac. At the capture of Harper's Ferry the Forty-eighth North Carolina held a position on the side of the mountain, just over the town.

After the surrender of Harper's Ferry, we were moved rapidly by way of Charlestown, Halltown, and Shepherds-

town, to Sharpsburg, Maryland, arriving there on the afternoon of 16 September, 1862.

17 September, 1862, shortly after daylight, we found ourselves on the extreme right of the Confederate lines. About 8:30 o'clock we were ordered double-quick to the left center.

When we reached a point near the Dunkard Church, the Twenty-seventh North Carolina (Colonel Cooke), and the Third Arkansas (Captain Reedy, commanding), were ordered "by the right flank, double-quick," and sent immediately into the fight, while the other regiments of our brigade and Ransom's Brigade moved further to the left.

This gave Cooke a little command—two regiments—and they fought all the balance of the day under him.

History tells how well these two regiments performed their duty. Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, all mention them, and their action that day was what made John R. Cooke a Brigadier. *They held their line for two hours without a cartridge.*

After Sharpsburg we moved by easy stages via Martinsburg, Winchester, etc., to Culpepper, Va.

In November, 1862, General Walker was promoted to Major-General and ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Upon the promotion of Walker, Cooke (though the junior Colonel of the brigade), was made Brigadier-General on account of the action of his command at Sharpsburg. General Robert Ransom succeeded General Walker in command of the Division.

General Walker had as his staff Lieutenant —. —. Galt, A. D. C.; Major E. M. Braxton, Quartermaster; Major John S. Hays, Commissary; Lieutenant —. —. Wright, Ordnance Officer, and an Adjutant-General whose name I cannot recall.

When Colonel Manning became commander of the brigade he appointed his Adjutant, H. A. Butler (who was a native "Tar Heel," having been born in Granville County, N. C.) as Adjutant-General. Walker took with him only his Adjutant-General and Aide-de-Camp. So, Cooke found himself with a staff, not of his own selection, and not one of whom came from a North Carolina regiment. The only appointment left for him was that of Aide-de-Camp. This he gave to Hugh Patton, of Virginia, a personal friend.

Shortly before Cooke was made Brigadier, there was a general change in the brigades in the Army of Northern Virginia, and the regiments were brigaded by States. At this time the Thirtieth Virginia was sent to Corse's Brigade; the Third Arkansas—the only regiment from that State in the Army of Northern Virginia—to Hood's Texas Brigade, and the Second Georgia Battalion to Wright's Georgia Brigade. The Fifteenth North Carolina, Colonel Wm. McRae, was transferred from Cobb's Brigade to Cooke's. Thus Cooke's North Carolina Brigade was now composed of the Fifteenth North Carolina, Colonel Wm. McRae; Twenty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel John A. Gilmer, Jr.; Forty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel E. D. Hall; Forty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel R. C Hill.

In November, 1862, we moved to Fredericksburg, Va. About the middle of December, 1862, Lieutenant Wright, having been elected a member of Congress from Georgia, resigned his position as Ordnance Officer of the brigade. Cooke appointed Lieutenant J A. Graham, of Company G, Twenty-seventh North Carolina, to the place, and on his declining it, appointed Lieutenant B. G. Graham, of Company B, Twenty-seventh North Carolina, as Acting Ordnance Officer. This brigade took an active part in the battle of Fredericksburg 13 December, 1862, the Twenty-seventh and Forty-sixth North Carolina being behind the rock wall at the foot of Marye's Heights, and the Fifteenth and Forty-eighth on the top of the hill just above the wall.

General Cooke, while with his two front regiments (Twenty-seventh and Forty-sixth North Carolina), *at the rock wall*, at the foot of Marye's Heights, was severely wounded by a bullet just over the left eye At the time he was wounded, Cooke was talking with General Cobb, of Georgia, who was killed a moment after Cooke fell. Everybody admits that Cobb's Brigade was *at the rock wall* and that General Cobb was killed there Yet Longstreet and others try to put Cooke's Brigade among the reserves during this memorable battle.

How could that be, when Cooke was wounded while talking with Cobb; Colonel Gilmer, Twenty-seventh North Car-

olina, wounded, and Lieutenant S. P Weir, Forty-sixth North Carolina, killed, *at the rock wall?*

After the wounding of Cooke, Colonel E. D. Hall, of the Forty-sixth North Carolina, commanded the Brigade until Cooke was able to return to duty, about February, 1863.

3 January, 1863, we were ordered south, and passing through Virginia and North Carolina without any incidents worthy of note, reached Charleston, S. C., 22 February, 1863. It was intended for this brigade to go to Morris' Island, but when we reached Charleston, it was found that Cooke outranked the officer at that point, and it was not desired to displace him. So, after remaining one day at Charleston, we were ordered to Pocataligo, S. C., and became a part of General W S. Walker's command, and spent about two months at Pocataligo and Coosawhatchie. 26 April 1863, we left Coosawhatchie, S. C., and after short stops at Wilmington, N C., Magnolia and Goldsboro, we reached Kinston, N. C. While here we assisted in driving back the enemy who had attacked and almost overpowered Ransom's Brigade at Gum Swamp.

Early in June, 1863, we were ordered double-quick to Richmond and destined to form a part of Heth's Division in the Gettysburg campaign. On arriving at Richmond, we were, however, at the request of General Elzy, retained there and assigned to his command.

During the summer of 1863, we were kept on the move around Richmond and Fredericksburg and the points between them and had several little "affairs" with the enemy, but no regular battle. In September, 1863, we were reassigned to Heth's Division, and 8 October, 1863, started in the pursuit of Pope.

14 October, 1863, we struck the enemy at Bristoe Station, near Manassas, Va., and although Cooke protested against the advance and informed A. P Hill, our Lieutenant-General, that the enemy in front far outnumbered him and that he was flanked on the right by a heavy force, yet our brigade was sent in for slaughter by a peremptory order from Hill.

In less than thirty minutes we had lost 700 men and officers out of about 1,400 carried in.

Kirkland's North Carolina Brigade, on our left, the only other troops sent in with us, lost 560 in the same charge.

There were two whole divisions of A. P Hill's Corps just in our rear, and yet not a single company or regiment was sent to our aid.

Cooke was severely wounded in this battle and Colonel E. D. Hall, Forty-sixth North Carolina, became commander of the brigade.

In the latter part of November, 1863, we were moved to Mine Run, Va., and took part in all the movements at that place, though our loss was but slight. About 3 December, 1863, we returned to our picketing along the Rapidan and Robertson rivers.

About December, 1863, or January, 1864, after we had moved back to Rapidan Station, Va., Colonel Hall resigned and Colonel Wm. McRae (Fifteenth North Carolina) became commander of the brigade. Colonel McRae appointed Lieutenant B. T. Hart, of the Fifteenth North Carolina, as Acting Inspector-General. We had not had so far as I recollect, an Inspector-General prior to this time, though other brigades had.

Early in 1864 Lieutenant R. Walker Anderson was assigned to this brigade as Ordnance Officer. He was a North Carolinian and had been A. D. C on the staff of his brother, General George B. Anderson.

About the first of February, 1864, we were relieved from picket duty along the Rapidan and went into winter quarters near Orange Court House, Va. Our stay there was but short, for 7 February we were ordered to Clark's Mountain, on the Rapidan, to meet a reported advance of the enemy. This advance was not made and, after spending a day and night on this errand, we returned to our cosy winter quarters.

We were not allowed a long rest, however, for on 4 March, 1864, we, with the rest of A. P Hill's Corps, were ordered, in haste, to Madison Court House to intercept a column of the enemy who had moved in that direction.

The weather was terribly cold and that may have helped in changing the ideas of the enemy, for, on reaching Madison Court House we found that they had turned back and were

again on the other side of Robertson river, and we returned to our quarters.

Cooke, having recovered from his wound, returned to duty about the middle of April, 1864.

23 April, 1864, he appointed Lieutenant J. A. Graham, Company G, Twenty-seventh North Carolina, Captain and Inspector-General of the brigade.

This appointment was not confirmed, as the authorities at Richmond on 28 May, 1864, issued an order that "no Inspector-General would be allowed to Brigades." Yet, at this very time, every brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia had an Inspector-General, except Cooke's North Carolina. On 4 May, 1864, our rest was broken and we started on the memorable campaign of 1864.

On 5 May, 1864, Cooke's Brigade, being the leading brigade of our Corps, struck the Federal army at the intersection of the Plank road, along which we were moving, and the Brock road, by which they were passing—and the battle of the Wilderness began. In the fight of this afternoon, our loss was severe, being 1,080 out of about 1,800 carried in. Among our killed was Lieutenant R. W Anderson, Brigade Ordnance Officer. That night our lines were withdrawn, or moved back, about a mile, or a mile and a half. On the morning of 6 May, Grant attacked us in force and had broken the troops on both sides of us, when Longstreet's Corps arrived and saved the day.

From this time to the end of the summer this brigade was engaged taking part in most of the principal battles and in many small affairs and skirmishes.

I regret that I am unable to give a list of all of our engagements during this campaign, as I was wounded at the Wilderness, 5 May, and have been unable to get a list of all the fights in which the brigade took part. (Even the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* give very meagre accounts of the operations on either side during that summer.) There was no time for officers to make up official reports of battles. I know, however, that Cooke's Brigade was engaged at Spottsylvania Court House, Tottapotamy river, Pole Green Church, Second Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad (or

Yellow Tavern) and Reams Station, and many other engagements of greater or less importance, and that it was never driven by the enemy from any position it had taken during this whole campaign. And further, that while its losses, in killed and wounded were exceedingly heavy, yet it lost only thirty-five captured during this whole campaign and *not a single one captured from its line of battle*, all of those captured being either on picket or scouting duty. Its action at Reams Station, Va., 25 August, 1864, was highly complimented by General Lee in his official dispatch.

About the end of August it found itself in the trenches in front of Petersburg.

On 30 September, 1864, it left the trenches and assisted in an attack on the enemy near Fort McRae, on the right of Petersburg. From that time on its position was near the right of Lee's line of battle, generally on the extreme right. So that by the end of October—which was generally considered the end of this campaign—it had reached Hatcher's Run, seven miles from Petersburg. Here we spent the winter of 1864-'65.

Upon the death of Lieutenant R. W Anderson, Lieutenant W N Mebane, of Rockingham County, N. C., (since Judge of the Superior Court), had been appointed Ordnance Officer of the brigade.

Some time in the summer or early fall of 1864—I cannot give the date—the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel J. K. Connally, which had been in Davis' Mississippi Brigade, was attached to our brigade and remained with us during the balance of the war.

The opening of the campaign of 1865 for this brigade was 5 February, 1865, when another brigade from our left, was moved to our position and we, going a mile or a mile and a half up our lines to the left, passed to the front, with Archer's Tennessee and Virginia Brigade and Cook's Georgia Brigade, and attacked the enemy *just in front of the position from which we had been moved.*

That night we returned to our original place; but, the next morning were moved again to the front of our line and held the left bank of Hatcher's Run to prevent the Federals from

crossing and flanking Pegram, who was attacking them on the right bank of the creek.

After this we were allowed quiet for a while and were actively engaged in strengthening our breastworks and building new ones, until 24 March, 1865. That night we were ordered, in a hurry, to Petersburg, and on the morning of 25 March, acted as a part of the reserve of Gordon's command which made the attack on the Federal works on Hare's Hill. When Gordon was repulsed and had returned to his breastworks, we were hurried back to our place at Hatcher's Run. In the meantime the Federals had captured our picket line (which had been left in charge of our disabled men), as well as the picket lines of two other brigades, on our left. Within an hour after our return, *we recaptured our picket line,* but the enemy kept those on our left. For a day or two we had a little rest and, after that, we were kept busy replying to the enemy and dodging their shells and sharpshooters, though we had no regular engagement.

Before day on the morning of 1 April, a detachment from this brigade, with the Second Mississippi Battalion, attacked the Federal picket line in our front and captured and held, a small part of it for a while; but, as day broke, we were compelled to fall back. On the night of 1 April, we were moved across the creek (Hatcher's Run), into Fort Euliss and, as day broke, 2 April, the storm opened again.

The lines were broken between us and Petersburg and about 8 or 9 o'clock that part of Lee's army on the side of the creek farthest from Petersburg began its retreat. The enemy followed, and we had a sharp engagement at Sutherland's Tavern, on the Southside Railroad, that day. Cooke was the ranking officer in the four brigades thus cut off. Still retreating and endeavoring to find Lee's main army, we had a sharp skirmish "affair" at Deep creek, on Monday, 3 April. Tuesday morning, 4 April, we rejoined Lee and continued the retreat, acting a part of the time as the rear guard.

We were under heavy fire near Farmville, Va., and Thursday, 6 February, the Twenty-seventh and Forty-sixth North Carolina Regiments were sent to attempt to drive off a brigade of Sherman's cavalry which was burning our wagon

train. As the two regiments numbered only 97 men we did not accomplish very much.

The end was drawing near and we continued on without molestation, to Appomattox Court House. There, at the command of the immortal Lee, we laid down our arms.

In the foregoing I have endeavored to give an account of the movements of Cooke's North Carolina Brigade, somewhat in detail.

I have refrained from trying to give a full description of any of its battles, as they are described in the historical sketches of the different regiments composing the brigade.

In concluding this history, I deem it proper to refer to one circumstance to show how the "Tar Heels" were treated by the authorities at Richmond and, also, to show what General Lee thought of Cooke's Brigade.

In July, 1864, General Cooke again applied for an Inspector-General for his brigade and recommended his appointee of April, 1864, stating that said officer, while acting in this position, had been severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, and was not now and probably never would again be, able for active duty on foot.

Cooke's application was approved by General Harry Heth, our Major-General, and A. P. Hill, our Lieutenant-General, and endorsed by General Lee. "The brigades are so small that they hardly need Inspectors-General, but as every brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia has an Inspector-General, except Cooke's, respectfully forwarded approved."

Under date of 24 July, 1864, this application was returned endorsed by the War Department, "Disapproved. No inspectors will be allowed to brigades."

(This application, with its endorsements, was given to me by General Cooke in September, 1864.)

Within a week after the above noted endorsement of 24 July, 1864—and, as I now recollect, on 26 July, 1864—a Mr. Balfour, of Mississippi, was appointed Captain and Inspector-General and assigned to Cooke's North Carolina Brigade Balfour, having been granted a furlough at the time of his appointment, did not report to General Cooke until some time in September, when Cooke informed him that he

had no place for him and no need for him. He did not come back.

After this second refusal of his choice of an Inspector-General, Cooke would not allow his Adjutant-General to make the Inspector-General's reports.

This called forth from General Chilton, Lee's Inspector-General, a personal letter to Cooke in which he urged Cooke to have inspection reports made. Chilton stated that, if it was not done, proceedings would have to be taken against Cooke. Of course, this meant court-martial, and he stated further, that he (Chilton) knew that General Lee would dislike very much to be compelled to take such proceedings, for he knew the fact to be, that General Lee looked upon him (Cooke) as "*the* Brigadier and his brigade as *the* brigade of his army." (This letter was shown to me by General Cooke on 14 or 15 October, 1864.)

General Cooke did not receive a military education, but was a civil engineer and in 1858 was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army. About June, 1861, while stationed in Arizona or New Mexico, he learned of the secession of his father's native State—Virginia. He immediately tendered his resignation and started for the Confederacy. After many trials, he arrived at Richmond, Va., and offered his services to the Confederate States.

He was appointed Quartermaster and assigned to the staff of General T. H. Holmes. Shortly thereafter, he was elected Captain of a Battery of Light Artillery, raised at Fredericksburg, Va., and soon after he was made Major and Chief of Artillery on the staff of General Holmes.

16 April, 1862, he was elected Colonel of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina, and from that time his name is connected with the history of the North Carolina troops.

He was always firm in the enforcement of his orders, yet not a martinet. On duty, he required that he be recognized, officially, and his orders obeyed. Off duty, he was as kind and pleasant a companion as I ever met. He was always kind to his men and looked after their welfare.

I very well recollect that in September, 1862, while Colonel of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina, near Leesburg,

Va., he rode all night with Captain Morrill, our regimental Commissary, hunting for something for his men to eat and the next morning we had good rations, while the other regiments had but little There are several other incidents of this kind that I could mention, but it is not necessary. Suffice it to say that his kind and considerate care of his men caused him to be loved by all of them and they were always ready to follow him. He never pushed his command forward. He always *led it.*

Though not a North Carolinian, yet he was proud of the Old North State and her troops. I have often heard him speak of it.

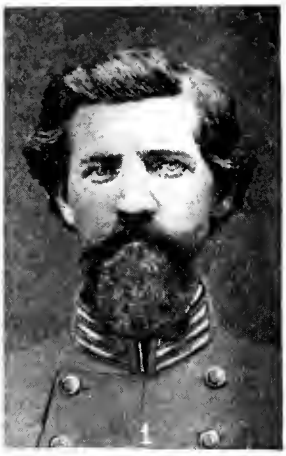
I have stated above that his staff were not North Carolinians. Yet they were all true believers in the Old North State.

Even our Quartermaster, Major Braxton—one of the most quiet and sedate gentlemen that I ever knew—could not contain himself when, in 1864, he heard a young officer speak disparagingly of the North Carolina troops; but sprang from his chair, with the remark, "You don't know what you are talking about! North Carolina has more troops in Lee's army than any other State, and they are the best troops that Lee has."

General Cooke was a Missourian by birth, but his nearly four years of service in command of North Carolina troops, whose dangers and hardships he shared entitles him to be recorded as a North Carolina General. There was also a Cook's Georgia Brigade, commanded by General Philip Cook. This is sometimes confounded with Cooke's North Carolina Brigade.

JAMES A. GRAHAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
9 April, 1901.



GRIMES'S BRIGADE.

1. Wm. Edw. Stitt, Captain, Co. B, 43d Regt., Commanding Sharpshooters, Grimes's Div.
2. Lewis G. Grady, Private, Co. A, 43d Regt.
3. George F. Boyd, 2d Lt., Co. A, 45th Regt.
4. A. A. Springs, Private, Co. B, 53d Regt.

THE DANIEL-GRIMES BRIGADE.

By CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. LONDON, A. A. G.

This Brigade was organized in the Summer of 1862, and was composed of the Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-third Regiments, North Carolina Troops, and Second North Carolina Battalion. Junius Daniel was commissioned Brigadier-General 1 September, 1862, and was assigned to its command. His staff was composed of the following:

Captain W M. Hammond, A. A. G.
Major James Edmundson, A. Q. M.
Major R. C. Badger, A. C. S.
Lieutenant W R. Bond, Aide.
Wharton J. Green, Volunteer Aide.

In the Spring of 1863 T McG. Smith acted as Inspector-General. In the Summer of 1863, after the Gettysburg fight, Captain W L. London, Company I, Thirty-second Regiment, was detailed as Inspector-General and was commissioned A. A. G., and assigned to this brigade after Captain W M. Hammond resigned. Captain John L. Frensley, A. Q. M., Thirty-second Regiment, acted as A. Q. M. to the brigade after Major James Edmundson resigned in 1864. Lieutenant Robt. E. Ballard, Company K, Thirty-second Regiment, acted as Aide after Lieutenant W R. Bond was captured, in July, 1863, until death of General Junius Daniel.

General Junius Daniel was born in Halifax County, N. C., 27 June, 1828, graduated at West Point in 1846, and remained in the service of United States until 1857 when he became a planter in Louisiana. At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, though offered position in Louisiana, he promptly offered his services to Governor Ellis. He was elected Colonel of the Fourteenth North Carolina, which was a twelve months regiment; he was soon afterwards elected Colonel of

both the Forty-third and Forty-fifth North Carolina Regiments, which had enlisted for the war, and accepted the Colonelcy of the Forty-fifth, both of which regiments became a part of this brigade. When promoted to Brigadier-General 1 September, 1862, he immediately took command of this brigade, which was stationed around Drewry's Bluff, Va. He was a good organizer and a strict disciplinarian, but always looked after the wants and comfort of his men. His brigade was considered one of the best in the division, which was the celebrated Rodes' Division.

The brigade was ordered to North Carolina under General D. H. Hill, in December, 1862. It took an active part in the campaign against New Bern and Washington, N. C., and was highly complimented by General D. H. Hill. In May, 1863, it was ordered back to Virginia and became a part of Rodes' Division, Ewell's Corps. Soon after its arrival General Lee commenced his move into Maryland and Pennsylvania and in this memorable campaign this brigade made a noble record and the discipline of General Daniel showed itself both on the march and in battle; so much so, that at Carlisle, Pa., General Ewell complimented them very highly and presented them with the only regular Confederate flag that was in the corps (all the other flags were battle flags) and the Thirty-second Regiment carried that flag in the battle of Gettysburg. This brigade went into the first day's fight at Gettysburg about 2 o'clock and lost over 600 men that afternoon and in this campaign lost almost half of its men. General Daniel's conduct in this fight won for him the highest praise, both from his men and superior officers. On the retreat, he was placed in command of the rear guard and by his good management and skill kept the enemy from making any effective attack.

After getting back into Virginia, this brigade was not in any great battle until 5 May, 1864, at the Wilderness, when, owing to General Daniel's skill and promptness in throwing in his brigade at the right moment, he saved the day when others were falling back, and still history gives this credit to higher officers when the move was made by him alone, and higher officers knew nothing of it until it was over. The bri-

gade was fighting, more or less, every day until 10 May, 1864, at Spottsylvania, when this brigade lost very heavily, particularly the Thirty-second Regiment and Second Battalion. That gallant and splendid officer, Colonel Brabble, was killed; also Major Iredell, of the Fifty-third, commanding Second Battalion. On 12 May the enemy again took the lines on the right and it was then, while acting with great valor, that the gallant General Junius Daniel received his death wound, from which he died the next day.

Colonel Bryan Grimes was then placed in command of the brigade and was commissioned Brigadier-General 19 May, 1864. General Grimes was born in Pitt County, N. C., 2 November, 1828, and graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1848. He was elected to the State Convention, known as the Secession Convention, in 1861, and resigned his seat after the ordinance of secession was passed and offered his services to Governor Ellis, who appointed him Major of the Fourth Regiment, State Troops; afterwards he became Colonel of this splendid Regiment, which position he held when assigned to command of this brigade. The first fight this brigade had after Colonel Grimes took command, was on 19 May, 1864, and he handled the brigade so well and the brigade did such good service that General Rodes stated he had saved Ewell's Corps and his commission as Brigadier-General bears that date. About middle of June, 1864, this brigade with balance of Early's Corps, were ordered to Lynchburg, Va., to meet the Federal General Hunter, which they did and soon drove him entirely out of Virginia, although he had a much larger force than General Early. Then the brigade was turned towards Staunton and, after a forced march down the Valley, capturing Harper's Ferry; crossed the Potomac and threatened Washington City, D. C. This brigade took part in almost all the fights and skirmishes that Rodes' Division was in. In the campaign made by Early's Corps at the battle of Winchester, our division commander, General Rodes, was killed, one of the best officers of the Confederate army. In this fight this brigade bore the brunt of the battle and General Grimes distinguished himself by his great gallantry; three of his staff officers were severely

wounded: Captain W L. London, A. A. G.; Lieutenant W. S. Barnes, Aide, and Captain W E. Stitt (who was acting on his staff) and who was commander of sharpshooters. On 19 October, 1864, General Ramseur (one of North Carolina's best officers), who commanded this division after Rodes' death, was killed, and General Grimes was placed in command of the division and commissioned Major-General 15 February, 1865, and commanded this division until General Lee surrendered.

Colonel D. G. Cowand, of the Thirty-second Regiment, was then placed in command of the brigade, which he commanded until the surrender. Colonel Cowand enlisted in May, 1861; was appointed Second Sergeant of his company at the organization of the regiment; was made Major; afterwards became Colonel. He was a brave and good officer, and was very much liked by his officers and men. This brigade participated in all the fights and hard marches in Early's Valley campaign and in the latter part of December, 1864, was ordered to the vicinity of Petersburg, Va. This division lost more men in the campaign of 1864 than they started that year with. This brigade occupied a position in the trenches in front of Petersburg during February and March, 1865; participated in the battle of Hare's Hill 25 March, 1865, and suffered very severely. No one who has ever tried the trenches, can imagine what this brigade went through during that Spring, up to their knees in mud and water; not half enough to eat; cold and wet; very often fighting; until General Lee evacuated the trenches and fell back towards Appomattox this brigade bringing up the rear most of the time and checking the enemy whenever they advanced too near. On the morning of Lee's surrender this brigade, with others, was ordered to drive the enemy from our front, which they gallantly did, capturing a battery and driving the enemy before them when the sad news came to fall back, that General Lee had surrendered and the gallant Tar Heels under General W R. Cox fired the last volley.

Captain W M. Hammond, of Anson County, was appointed by General Daniel A. A. G. and Chief of Staff in September, 1862, as soon as the brigade was organized, and a

splendid officer he made, attentive to duty and always to the front when there was any fighting going on. He enlisted as a private in the Fourteenth Regiment and was promoted to Lieutenant and then to Captain and A. A. G. He resigned his position in the Fall of 1863. He is now a lawyer in Georgia. After Captain Hammond resigned Captain W L. London, who had been acting as Assistant Inspector-General, was commissioned as A. A. G. and assigned to this brigade. W L. London was born in Pittsboro, N. C., 1838, enlisted in Chatham Rifles, the first company that volunteered from his county; was elected Third Lieutenant, and when the regiment was formed, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and at the reorganization of his company he was made Captain, his company having been transferred from the Fifteenth Regiment to the Thirty-second Regiment. Captain London was severely wounded at Malvern Hill in 1862; was again wounded at Gettysburg, 1863, and again at Winchester 1864. While at home wounded he married Miss Carrie Haughton on 14 November, 1864. He returned to his command and remained with the brigade until the surrender. Since the war, he has been honored by his comrades and made commander of the Second North Carolina Brigade, United Confederate Veterans.

Richard C. Badger was born at Raleigh 8 August, 1839; graduated at University of North Carolina in 1859, studied law under Judge Pearson and was licensed to practice law in 1860; the same year he was elected County Attorney for Wake County. In the Spring of 1861, he was very active in getting up the Raleigh Rifles and was Sergeant of said company, which company became a part of the Fourteenth Regiment. When General Daniel was promoted, he appointed Sergeant Badger Major and Brigade Commissary, and he made a good one, for if any of the brigades had anything to eat, Badger had his share for his brigade. He resigned on account of his father's health in the Winter of 1864, and accepted a position given him by the Legislature. While a soldier, he did his duty manfully in every position. He died in Raleigh 22 April, 1882.

Major James Edmundson was appointed Assistant Quar-

termaster at the organization of the brigade and remained with the brigade until 1864, when he resigned. He was a fine officer and the Quartermaster Department was always managed well, and General Daniel had less trouble with his wagon train than most of our Generals. After Major Edmundson resigned, Captain J L. Frensley, Quartermaster of the Thirty-second Regiment, acted as Quartermaster until Lee surrendered.

Lieutenant W R. Bond was born August, 1839, in Halifax County He enlisted in the Second Regiment Volunteers, which became the Twelfth Regiment 20 May, 1861, as a private. In February, 1862, he was promoted to Second Lieutenant, Forty-third Regiment, and as soon as General Daniel took charge of the brigade he made Lieutenant W R. Bond his Aide-de-Camp, which position he held until he was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and captured on the retreat with a part of the wagon train and carried to Northern prison. Lieutenant Bond was very popular with the brigade, as he was always courteous and polite, as well as a very gallant soldier. Since the war he has made a name for himself by his history of the Pickett-Pettigrew charge at Gettysburg. After his capture, General Daniel appointed Lieutenant R. E. Ballard, of Company K, Thirty-second Regiment, as his Aide. Lieutenant Ballard was born in Franklin County, and enlisted as a private 20 May, 1861. His company became a part of the Fifteenth Regiment and was afterwards transferred to the Thirty-second Regiment. He was promoted in May, 1862, to Lieutenant in his company at the reorganization, and was known in the regiment for his bravery, so General Daniel appointed him to his staff, which position he held with great honor until General Daniel was killed. Lieutenant Ballard was very near General Daniel when he was shot and remained with him until he died and carried his body home. General Daniel's death ended Lieutenant Ballard's duties as a staff officer and he returned to his company

When General Grimes took charge of the brigade he appointed W S. Barnes as his Aide. Barnes enlisted 20 June, 1861, as a private; was made Corporal in his company, F, Fourth Regiment; was afterwards Sergeant Major of that

Regiment. His bravery attracted General Grimes' attention and he made him his Aide. The Army of Northern Virginia had not a better or braver soldier. Lieutenant Barnes was severely wounded at Winchester, September 1863, and at Hare's Hill in 1865, and did not return to the brigade again, but has recovered since and is still one of North Carolina's best citizens.

Wharton J. Green was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Battalion and captured at Roanoke Island. After his return he was without a command and did good service to General Daniel as Volunteer Aide. He was wounded at Fort Hill, near Washington, N. C., in the Spring of 1863, but went with the brigade back to Virginia; was severely wounded during the first day's fight at Gettysburg, and was captured on the retreat and sent to Northern prison, where he remained until the close of the war. Since the close of the war he has represented his district in Congress.

The writer regrets that he does not know of other members of staff who served as Ordnance Officer, Surgeon and others, but he does not think that he ought to close without mentioning the two courier boys who served with the brigade a part of General Daniel's and all of General Grimes' term. Two more deserving, brave couriers no brigade had during the war, than Sherwood Badger and Thomas P Devereux, of Raleigh, N C Both were mere boys, but were as cool and brave in every danger as any soldier, and never hesitated in carrying a message into the hottest fight, so much so that the writer had to speak to them several times about exposing themselves so much.*

WILLIAM L. LONDON.

PITTSBORO, N. C.,
1901.

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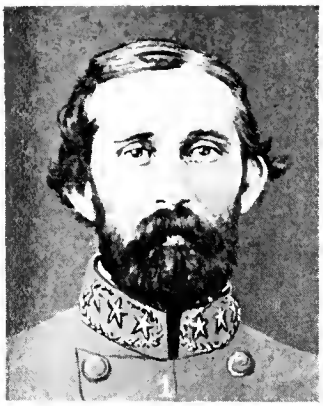
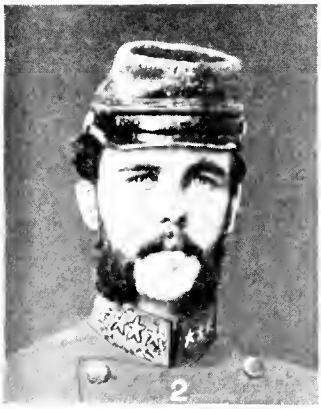
*Captain London's delicacy has made him refrain from mentioning his brother, Henry A. London who was also courier to General Grimes, and as gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray. Since the war he has been a leading lawyer and editor, and one of the most prominent men in the State, and now represents Chatham County in the State Senate.—ED.





JOHNSTON-TOON BRIGADE.

1. R. D. Johnston, Brigadier-General.
2. Thos. F. Toon, Brigadier-General.
3. Captain E. A. T. Nicholson, Inspector-General.

THE GARLAND--IVERSON--JOHNSTON BRIGADE.

By FIRST-LIEUTENANT JAMES F JOHNSTON, A. D. C.

This brigade was organized in June, 1862, just before the Seven Days Battles around Richmond, and was composed of the Fifth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-third North Carolina Regiments, and Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, of Virginia, was placed in command. The Staff were:

Captain Wood, of Virginia, A. A. G., and after Malvern Hill, Captain D. P Halsey, of Virginia.

Lieutenant Robert Early, of Virginia, Aide.

Lieutenant Holliday, of Virginia, Ordnance Officer.

Major W M. Payne, of Virginia, Brigade Quartermaster.

Major A. B. Garland, of Arkansas, Brigade Commissary.

Major R. I. Hicks, of North Carolina, Surgeon.

The brigade followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia in the first Maryland campaign, participating in the battles of South Mountain, Sharpsburg and others. At South Mountain 14 September, 1862, when its commander, the gallant Gordon, fell, it met the charge of Reno's Division and it was in its front General Reno was killed. The compiler of the Federal records at Washington has informed me that the Twenty-third Regiment of this brigade bayonetted quite a number of Reno's Division before it was overwhelmed and drawn back.

Upon the death of General Garland, the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel D. K. McRae, of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment, by seniority, and he was in command at

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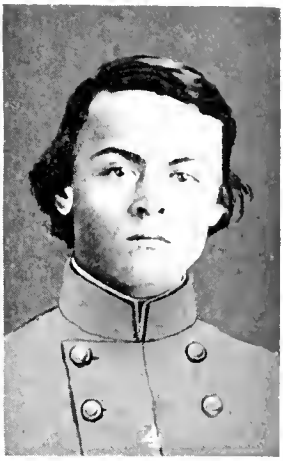
The author of this sketch since Governor of Alabama was a most gallant officer.—Ed.

Sharpsburg, until both he and Colonel Iverson went to the hospital on account of injuries. Then Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston assumed command of the brigade and fought under General Tige Anderson, of Georgia, until night. The next night the army was withdrawn to the Virginia side of the river. Colonel Iverson, of the Twentieth Regiment, was promoted to Brigadier-General and assumed command of the brigade. There was no change in the staff. In October, 1862, the Thirteenth Regiment was transferred to Pender's Brigade. The brigade was with General Stonewall Jackson 2 May, 1863, when he executed the flank movement turning the right of General Hooker and securing a glorious victory for the Confederates.

It was in the charge that captured the enemy's breastworks on the bloody field of Chancellorsville and fought till darkness came, side by side with Pender's Brigade. It was part of the Army of Northern Virginia in the second invasion of Maryland and participated in all the engagements. At the battle of Gettysburg on the first day, by some misehance, it was thrown single-handed against a division of the enemy behind a rock wall in a railroad cut where, without faltering, it charged almost to the very wall. Its dead were so thick and in so exact a line that one could have walked from one end of the line to the other and never taken the foot off dead men.

Immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, Brigadier-General Iverson was transferred to the Western Army and Lieutenant-Colonel Robert D. Johnston, of the Twenty-third North Carolina Regiment, was promoted to be Brigadier-General 1 September, 1863.

During the winter following the brigade was stationed at and near Hanover Junction to cover Richmond from cavalry raids, and successfully discharged that duty. It rejoined the division to which it was then assigned, commanded by General Early, at the Wilderness on 6 April, and with Gordon's Brigade, assisted to drive in the right of the Federal army, capturing some 2,000 prisoners, including General Lyman, of New York. At Spottsylvania Court House it recaptured on 10 May, 1864, the lines from which Rodes' old brigade had been driven. It was here that General Lee, who



IVERSON-JOHNSTON BRIGADE.

1. A. M. Luria, 2d Lt., Co. I, 23d Regt.
2. William Currin, Private, Co. I, 23d Regt.
3. J. Andrew Willborn, Private, Co. I, 23d Regt. Killed at Gettysburg.
4. William Addison Laws, Private, Co. E, 23d Regt. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.
5. Jno. R. O'Brant, Private, Co. E, 23d Regt.
6. J. B. Jones, Private, Co. A, 1st Batt. Sharpshooters.

was in plain view, and within 100 yards of the enemy, saw the charge of this brigade and complimented it highly. On 11 May General Lee wrote the Secretary of War complimenting the "Twentieth North Carolina under Colonel Toon," who had driven back the enemy who had found a temporary lodgment in our works and captured the enemy's flag. The Secretary of War sent the flag to Governor Vance, with a copy of General Lee's letter, by Hon. Josiah Turner, then member of Congress. The brigade recaptured 12 May a part of the line in the bloody angle that Ed. Johnson's Division had been driven from, and its commander, General R. D. Johnston was wounded as he sprang upon the contested breastworks.

Colonel T. F. Toon, of the Twentieth Regiment, was made a temporary Brigadier-General 31 May, 1864, and commanded the brigade until General Johnston was able to return in August following.

The brigade participated in all the engagements of that year of the Army of Northern Virginia until sent first to Lynchburg and then to the Valley of Virginia under General Early. In the meantime Early had been made Lieutenant-General and Ramseur was promoted to (temporary) Major-General and assigned to the command of this division.

At Winchester 19 September, 1864, the battle in which the lamented Rodes was killed, the brigade covered the retreat of General Early, repeatedly repulsing the assaults of Sheridan's cavalry and preserving its organization and discipline, though surrounded by demoralization. Halsey was succeeded as Adjutant-General of the brigade by E. A. T. Nicholson, who was a most capable and courageous officer; E. Hayne Davis was Inspector-General and J. Forney Johnston was A. D. C., and Captain J. S. Northington Brigade Quartermaster. A. M. Benton, of Duplin, and John A. Sherrill, of Catawba, were couriers. At Hare's Hill on 25 March, 1865, General Johnston was disabled, Captain Nicholson was killed, Davis lost his arm and Lieutenant Johnston, who had been promoted to the Captaincy of Company A, Twelfth North Carolina, was wounded. The First North

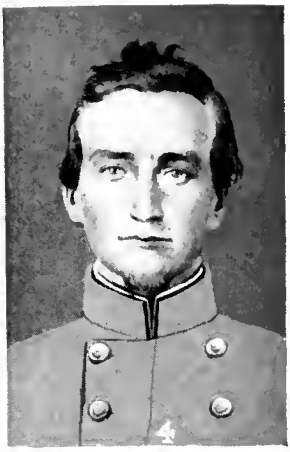
Carolina Battalion became a part of the brigade in the winter of 1863-'64, and rendered splendid service.

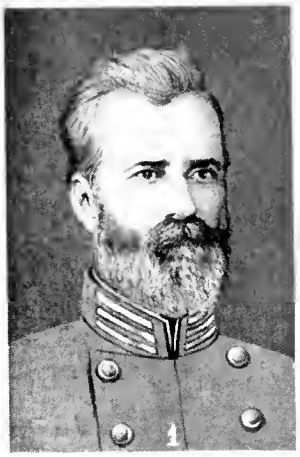
Upon the return from the Valley, the division was commanded by Pegram, and was placed in Anderson's Corps, commanded by Major-General John B. Gordon. It was stationed to cover the right flank of Lee's army some eight or ten miles southeast of Petersburg. In February the Federals attempted to turn the flank and the battle of Hatcher's Run was fought. This brigade held three divisions of the enemy in check, being deployed as skirmishers until Mahone's Division could reach them, being distant several miles and, then it renewed the assault with Mahone and drove the enemy from the field. Major-General Pegram was killed here in the field.

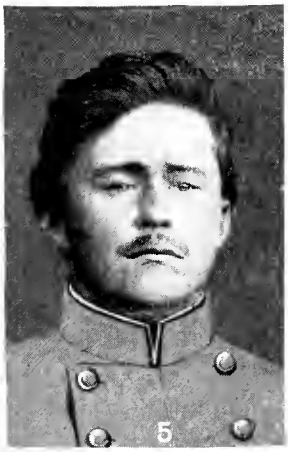
The brigade surrendered at Appomattox. It was then commanded by Colonel Jno. W. Lea, of the Fifth Regiment, and was in the charge driving the enemy before them shortly before the news of the surrender reached them. It numbers at the surrender were reduced to 30 officers and 433 men. *95 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1277*

JAS F JOHNSTON.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
13 December, 1901.







HOKE-LEWIS BRIGADE.

1. W. K. Parrish, Capt., Co. B, 6th Regt.
2. John S. Lockhart, 1st Lt., Co. B, 6th Regt.
3. A. S. Carrington, Corporal, Co. B, 6th Regt.
4. Nathan Lunsford, Private, Co. B, 6th Regt.
5. James D. Tilley, Private, Co. B, 6th Regt.
6. A. H. Martin, Capt., Co. G, 54th Regt.
7. W. F. Stoner, Private, Co. A, 54th Regt.

THE HOKE--GODWIN--LEWIS BRIGADE.

By MAJOR JAMES F. BEALL, Twenty-First N. C. Troops.

Colonel Robert F Hoke took charge of Trimble's Brigade a short while before the battle of Fredericksburg (13 December, 1862). That brigade was composed of the following Regiments: Twenty-first Georgia, Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-first North Carolina, Fifteenth Alabama.

The brigade was engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg 13 December, 1862, Colonel Hoke commanding. Just after this fight he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and was assigned to a North Carolina brigade composed of the Sixth, Twenty-first, Fifty-seventh and Fifty-fourth North Carolina Regiments and First North Carolina Battalion. The First Battalion was transferred to General R. D. Johnston's Brigade in 1864. This brigade was engaged in the battle of Chancellorsville, General Hoke commanding, James Adams, Acting Adjutant-General. General Hoke was severely wounded in this battle. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Colonel Isaac E. Avery, of the Sixth, who commanded the brigade in the battles of Winchester, Martinsburg and Charlestown, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, where this gallant officer was killed while leading a successful charge on the enemy's works at Cemetery Hill.

The brigade was again engaged in the battles of Plymouth 20 April, 1864; New Bern same month; Drewry's Bluff and Cold Harbor in summer of 1864. At Plymouth General Hoke was promoted to Major-General. Again the brigade was engaged at the battle of Lynchburg. After this Colonel A. C. Godwin, of the Fifty-seventh, who had just returned from prison, was put in command of the brigade and promoted to Brigadier-General 5 August, 1864. He fell while gallantly leading his men in the battle of Winchester 19 September. A detachment took part in the battle of Monocacy 9 July,

1864. July 12 the brigade was engaged in a severe skirmish in front of Fort Stephens. On 4 October, 1864, the brigade was engaged in a battle near Strasburg, Va.; also at Hatcher's Run 16 February, 1865. On 25 March, 1865, this brigade, the advance of the assaulting column, successfully charged the enemy's works at Hare's Hill and Petersburg. In the last five of these battles the brigade was under the command of General W Gaston Lewis. The brigade continued under the command of Brigadier-General Lewis in the retreat from Petersburg, and until the battle of High Bridge, near Farmville, Va., where he fell severely wounded. The brigade was in command of Captain Jno. Beard, of the Fifty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, at the surrender at Appomattox, and then numbered 26 officers and 421 men. *95 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1277*

The Adjutant-Generals were successively Captain James Adams and Drury Lacy, Jr.; Brigade Quartermaster, Major John Hughes; Brigade Commissary, Major James Lyon; Inspector of Brigade. Lieutenant John Justice lost a leg; Captain Huffman, killed.

The writer deems it unnecessary to give even a limited sketch of the military record of the Generals of the brigade. General Hoke held, in a pre-eminent degree, the confidence of his men, being trusted and idolized by them, and they knew that he trusted them. His appearance in battle always inspired the greatest confidence and enthusiasm.

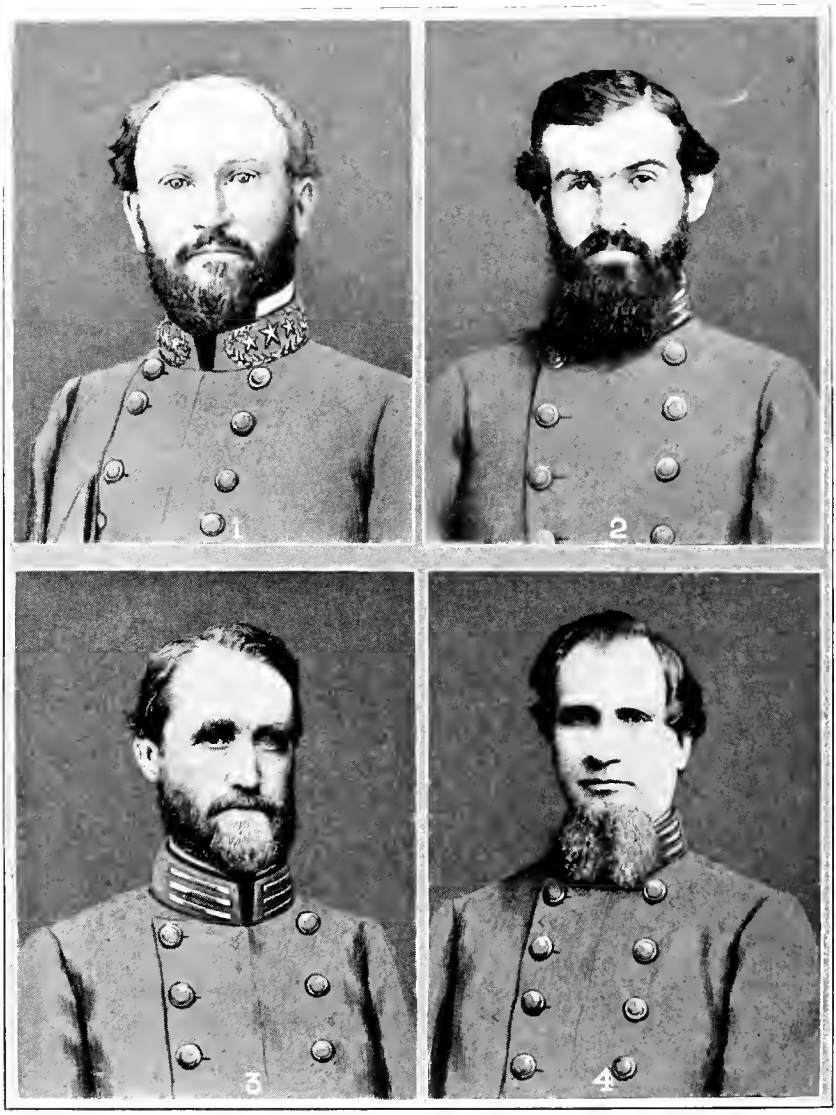
General Godwin was a brave and accomplished officer—a leader of men. His military career, cut short by his untimely death, was limited but brilliant.

General Lewis was an exceptionally good officer—an honorable man, and skillful officer, he classed among the bravest of the brave, and held to the last the confidence of his men.

This brigade was especially fortunate in its commanding officers, never being placed in a false alignment, or sacrificed in battle (as many others were) by rash and incompetent officers.

JAMES F BEALL.

LINWOOD, N. C.,
19 October, 1901.



MARTIN-KIRKLAND BRIGADE.

1. James G. Martin, Brigadier-General, also Adjutant-General of North Carolina.
2. Charles G. Elliott, Captain and A. A. G.
3. John S. Dancy, Captain and A. Q. M., 17th Regiment, Acting Brigade Q. M.
4. L. D. Starke, Captain and Acting Inspector-General.

THE MARTIN-KIRKLAND BRIGADE.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES G. ELLIOTT,* A. A. G.

In the fall of 1863, Brigadier-General James G. Martin, commanding the District of North Carolina, with headquarters at Kinston, was by the Secretary of War directed to organize a brigade from the troops in his district and assume the command for service in the field. This was composed of the Seventeenth North Carolina Troops, Colonel William F. Martin; the Forty-second North Carolina Troops, Colonel John E. Brown; the Fiftieth North Carolina Troops, Colonel George Wortham, and Sixty-sixth North Carolina Troops, Colonel A. Duncan Moore.

The brigade staff consisted of Captain Charles G. Elliott, Assistant Adjutant-General; Major A. Gordon, Quartermaster, succeeded by Captain John S. Dancy, Assistant Quartermaster; Major James DeMille, Commissary, succeeded by Captain Lucien D. Starke, Assistant Commissary; Lieutenant Theodore Hassell, Ordnance Officer; Lieutenant William B. Shepard, Jr., Aide-de-Camp; Surgeon, Dr. Virginius Harrison.

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Soon afterwards ordered to Wilmington in the department commanded by Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, the bri-

*Since this admirable sketch of his brigade was written Capt. Elliot has died at Healing Springs, Va., 14 August, 1901. He was born at Elizabeth City 18 March, 1840. At the outbreak of the war he at once joined the army. Captured at Roanoke Island, on being exchanged he was appointed Adjutant-General of Martin's brigade which post he filled under successive commanders till the close of the war, conspicuous in all its battles and never absent from duty a single day from sickness or any other cause. There was no better officer of his rank in the Confederate Army. On many occasions he was practically in command of the brigade. He commanded the entire confidence and esteem of both officers and men. A most gallant, capable officer and courteous gentleman, to know him was to love him. The writer wishes to put on record not only his acknowledgment of this admirable sketch but his indebtedness to Capt. Elliott for valuable assistance in getting the histories of the several regiments of his brigade written.—Ed.

gade was placed in camp near the city and for several months went through a rigid course of instruction and discipline from "squad drill" to "evolutions of the line" and became as well drilled as a corps of regulars, and as well clothed and equipped as a Confederate brigade could be. No enemy appeared in front of Wilmington, but when General George E. Pickett was sent with his division to Kinston and ordered to attack and recapture New Bern—on 2 February, 1864—General Martin was sent from Wilmington on an expedition to cut the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad and destroy the bridge at a village called Shepperdsville, now known as Newport, a few miles west of Morehead City. General Pickett's demonstration was feeble and completely failed, but Martin successfully accomplished the task assigned to him after a very long and fatiguing, but energetic march, most skilfully concealed from the enemy, and a spirited battle with the forces protecting the railroad bridge. His force consisted of two regiments of his brigade, the Seventeenth and Forty-second, a squadron of cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffords, and a battery of artillery, Captain Paris. Finding White Oak river bridge destroyed, General Martin's Commissary, Captain Starke, acted as engineer and quickly constructed with pine trees a sort of dam over the stream, without nails—over which the command passed going and returning. The enemy was surprised, vigorously attacked, driven out of his forts and block houses, abandoned his quarters and lost cannon, arms and a large quantity of supplies and many prisoners. The bridge was burned. But as Pickett had failed, Martin was compelled to return to Wilmington.

When the Confederates from Lee's army under General Robert F Hoke assaulted and captured Plymouth, N. C., after a bloody engagement (with the valuable aid of the ironclad ram Albemarle, which was built at Edwards' Ferry on Roanoke river under contract with the Confederate States Navy Department by Lieutenant Gilbert Elliott, of the Seventeenth North Carolina Troops, detached), Martin's Brigade was ordered to relieve Hoke's command, which made another demonstration against New Bern without material results.

PETERSBURG.

Soon after this all available forces in the Carolinas and at South Atlantic posts were concentrated at Petersburg and south of the James to resist Butler's army. Martin's Brigade (except the Fiftieth Regiment which was left in North Carolina) reached Petersburg and reported to Major-General W H. C Whiting on 14 May 1864. The commanding general Beauregard, was then fighting Butler's army near Drewry's Bluff. Having driven the enemy towards the river Beauregard planned a great general battle to "bottle him up"—and directed Whiting to co-operate. General Whiting's infantry consisted of the brigades of Martin and Wise. He had the valuable assistance of Major-General D. H. Hill, then without a command, and Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor was serving with him as a mounted scout. As some of General Whiting's staff officers were left in Wilmington and General Martin had a full staff, he directed me to offer my services to General Whiting, and I rode with him part of the day when his unfortunate failure occurred. Butler's army having seized the main road between Richmond and Petersburg, General Beauregard sent a staff officer by a long detour through Chesterfield County to ride with a battle order to Whiting. I saw General Whiting have the order and heard him read it It plainly ordered him to advance from his position, which was then across Swift Creek, on the morning of 17 May and "move rapidly forward in the direction of the heaviest firing"—along the Petersburg & Richmond road and towards Port Walthall Junction—the point where a road crosses the former and leads to James river. Had this junction been seized Butler's army would have been cut off. But General Whiting would not advance after forming his line of battle, because he did not hear *heavy firing.* There must have been a condition of the atmosphere to prevent it, for the sound of the firing was *not heavy.* From this General Whiting claimed that Beauregard had ceased to fight and feared that he would endanger Petersburg and expose his own right flank—if he moved forward. General Pryor told him he had been seven miles down the Appomattox and there was no en-

emy to flank him. General Hill, General Martin and General Wise urged him to go forward, but he would not give the order. There was but a feeble skirmish line of cavalry in our front. The history of the great battle shows that Butler's army retreated by the very road that Whiting could easily have reached and held. General Whiting the next day admitted his blunder—was relieved of the command and returned to his post at Wilmington. A few days afterwards this brigade and Wise's were placed under the command of General D. H. Hill and on 20 May, anniversary of the day on our battle flags, Martin's Brigade was formed on the right of Beauregard's line of battle, with Wise in reserve. After a heavy artillery duel of an hour the charge began from the left, and as the rebel yell came up the line like a tornado, under its inspiration Martin ordered his brigade to forward, guide center, charge!—the Seventeenth on the right, the Forty-second on the left and the Sixty-sixth in the center.

The General, with Captain L. D. Starke and myself, moved immediately behind the Sixty-sixth, all on foot, the line with great enthusiasm charging through a field of small grain into a pine thicket where the enemy was strongly entrenched, and supported by his artillery. During the charge General Martin ordered me to tell Colonel Moore, of the Sixty-sixth, that his regiment was advancing too rapidly ahead of the right and left, and to preserve the alignment. When I gave the order to Colonel Moore he seized his colors, planted the staff upon the ground, and lifted his sword in the air above his head, the well known signal, and his command *halted, dressed on the colors* until the regiments on the right and left came upon the same line, then, with a start, all three sprang forward and rushed upon the enemy's ranks. The foe retreated, and our men held the line, subjected to a severe artillery fire. Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, of Williamston, N. C., of the Seventeenth North Carolina, sprang on the breastworks, cheering his men, and fell mortally wounded—a most gallant, able and efficient officer cut off in the flower of his youth. He fell with the shouts of victory from his beloved men resounding in his ears. Observing the enemy moving to our right, General Martin directed me to go to General Hill and ask for

troops upon our right flank. Going to the rear, on this errand, I met General Hill coming up with Wise's Brigade, delivered my message, and received his order to direct that brigade to the line at the point of junction with our own, which I did. Our men converted the enemy's works into our own defensive line, Butler being then bottled up at Bermuda Hundreds. We called this action of 20 May the battle of Howlett's House, as a Mrs. Howlett lived on the grounds.

ASSIGNED TO HOKE'S DIVISION.

In a few days a new division was organized under Major-General Robert F. Hoke, of North Carolina, promoted for his gallant capture of Plymouth and hard fighting under Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff, and for his great merit, the division being Martin's North Carolina, Clingman's North Carolina, Colquitt's Georgia and Hagood's South Carolina Brigades of Infantry, with Reid's Battalion of artillery. General Hoke hesitated about commanding General Martin, an old soldier, who, as Adjutant-General of North Carolina, had commissioned Hoke as a Lieutenant, but Martin insisted that he should include his brigade in the new division and it so remained until the close of the war.

The personal bravery of General Martin in the charge at Howlett's was so conspicuous, and his bearing so cool and inspiring, that his men after the battle carried him around on their shoulders, shouting: "Three cheers for Old One Wing," he having left one arm on the field of Cherubusco, in Mexico. Although this disturbed his dignity, it was very gratifying to the General, for his strict and severe discipline had not made the men very affectionate towards him. From this time on he was the object of their admiration, and so was Captain Starke, who acted with great coolness and courage on the field, and also, as Commissary, always fed them as well as he possibly could. Captain Starke, in addition to his duties as Commissary, acted also as Assistant Inspector, and in every battle accompanied General Martin, and conveyed his orders with coolness and gallantry.

From this point Hoke's Division marched to Cold Harbor to re-enforce Lee, arriving at Turkey Ridge and taking posi-

tion on the right of the line, under fire, on the evening of 2 June; Martin's Brigade on the extreme right, the Seventeenth on the left, Forty-second in center, and Sixty-sixth on the right of the grand army, all digging for dear life, and by next morning completing a fair line of entrenchments.

Breckinridge's Division coming up, one of his brigades, Echols', was put on the right of the Sixty-sixth and Finnegan's in reserve. Artillery from A. P Hill's Corps supported our line, firing over our heads. Among these was Major Charles R. Grandy's Battery, Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.

COLD HARBOR.

Just at dawn, on 3 June, the enemy's line advanced. Echols' Virginia Brigade, on our right, *broke and ran away,* General Martin sent me to Colonel Moore with an order to protect his flank by retiring his right wing to the rear. The Sixty-sixth nobly held its ground and fired hotly upon the enemy in front and on the right. Finnegan's Florida men came gallantly to the front and recaptured the trenches from which Echols' men had ingloriously fled. Then the fierce battle raged of which so much has been written. General Martin cheered his men, and their enthusiasm was great. Mostly armed with smooth-bore muskets, they poured an incessant fusillade of buck and ball into the brave lines that charged and re-charged, and fell, many of them, on our works. The slaughter was terrific. I did not see one man on our side falter. It was a great victory from the start, but deeply saddened by the death of Colonel A. D. Moore, of the Sixty-sixth, killed by a sharpshooter after the charge—a noble, brilliant, gallant young officer.

A few days afterwards, meeting a Federal surgeon under flag of truce while burying the dead in front of Martin's Brigade, he told me that his command, Corcoran's Irish Legion, from New York, had but twelve men who had escaped death or wounds in that charge, our buck-shot peppering nearly all of them. No men or officers ever made a braver charge than did these Federals on 3 June. But the flame of continuous fire from Martin's Brigade was too much for them or any

men to overcome, and our line would not yield an inch. My position in the center and on a ridge gave me a splendid view of the grand encounter, and I could see the battle far down to the left. Never will the inspiring sight be effaced from my memory. For about ten days we remained in these trenches, enduring and exchanging the sharpshooting combat, strengthening the works in every way possible, as General Lee fully believed Grant would assault him again at this same point. It was very uncomfortable and beginning to be quite warm and dusty, and good water was scarce. But General Lee caused full rations of onions to be issued, causing the men to cheer as if they had gained another victory.

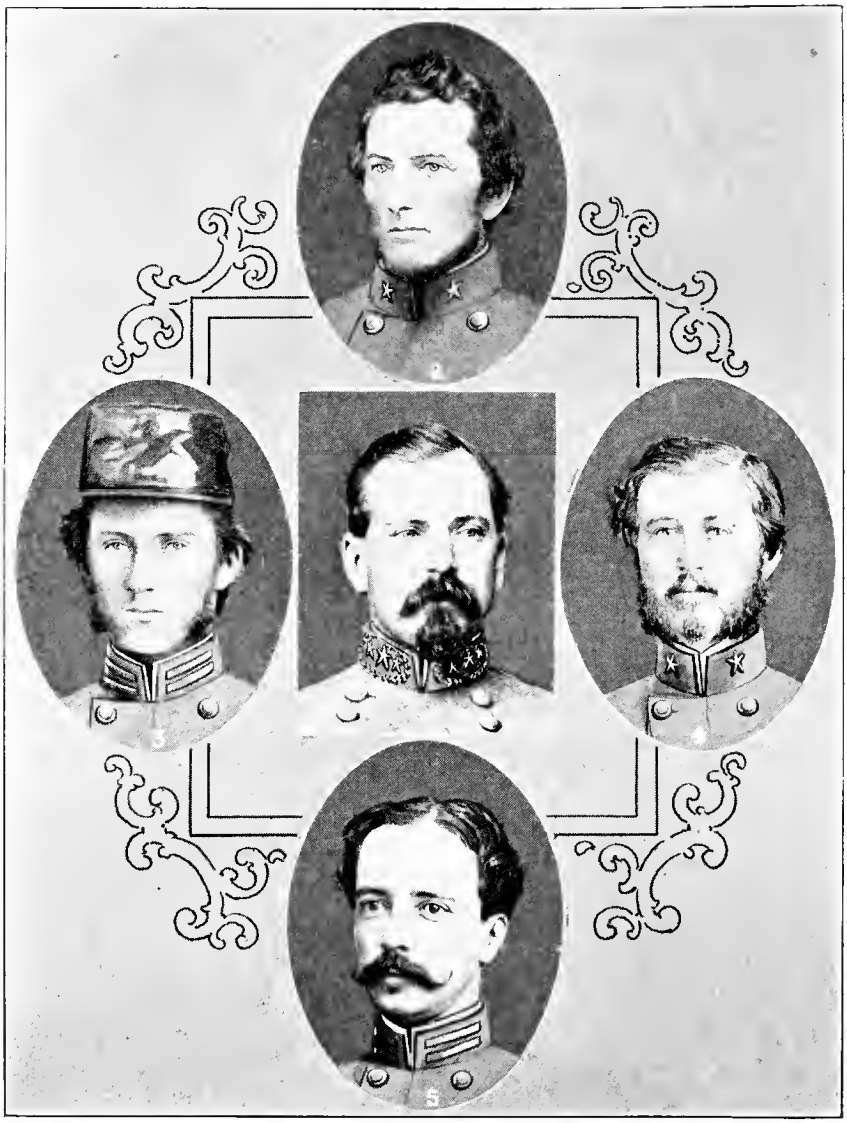
While occupying the trenches at Cold Harbor, our headquarters being in a ditch a few feet from the line, General Martin had a visit from a General Smith, an engineer officer serving with the Commander-in-Chief, General R. E. Lee. Old army soldiers, they greeted each other familiarly as "Smith" and "Martin." In my presence General Smith said: "Martin, I come to you with a message from General Lee, who desires me to say that he regrets that his duties prevent his calling on you in person to say that he is glad to hear you have come to his army. He directs me to come, not through your Major-General, but directly to you, to say that he is deeply concerned about this point in the line occupied by your brigade, which he considers the key to his position. He believes that Grant is massing his army in your front, preparing to make an attack to carry this point if possible. I am ordered to place eighteen-inch siege-guns in your works and strengthen them in every way possible, and you must assist me in doing so. And further, as yours is comparatively a new brigade, not having seen much hard field service, he desires you to candidly let him know whether you can rely upon your men in case of such a powerful assault. If not, he will relieve your command and send here another, veteran troops, as he wishes to take no risk whatever at this point."

I well remember General Martin's very earnest reply: "Smith, say to General Lee, with my compliments, that my men are soldiers, and he has no brigade in his army that will hold this place any longer than they will. I know them and

do not fear their giving way But, tell him further that, in my judgment, he is mistaken. Grant is withdrawing his army from our front and going to City Point, and General Lee should at once return Hoke's Division to General Beauregard for the defense of Petersburg. Grant is going to attack Richmond from the rear, as the Army of the Potomac should have done long ago."

General Smith replied: "No, Martin, our information is different, and General Lee expects another attack right *here*." So our command went to work to strengthen the line and place abatis in front of it and prepare for the attack, which *never came*. History records that Beauregard was urging the War Department to send him Hoke's Division *at that very time*, and also begging General Lee for the same, as he looked for Grant to attack Petersburg. But we remained there several days until the enemy *disappeared* from our front and then after some hesitation, doubt and delay, we were suddenly hurried to Petersburg.

If Hancock had not been disabled by wounds from commanding his corps he would have occupied Petersburg before Hoke could reach Beauregard. But fortunately for our side Major-General Smith commanded Grant's advance and the small band under Wise, Ferebee, Graham and others, *heroically* held the enemy at bay until our arrival. Our division crossed the James on a pontoon bridge near Drewry's Bluff, and my brigade took the shortest cut, through fields and dusty roads, and reaching the Appomattox, crossed the bridge after midnight and moved out on the City Point road. Bushrod Johnson's Division had also been ordered there, but when we marched out *there was not a Confederate line between the city and the Federal army*. I walked with General Hoke down a ditch to within a few yards of the Federal pickets and saw no Confederates. Our men could not be formed in line for the immediate night attack ordered by General Beauregard, but fell asleep upon the ground from *sheer exhaustion*. By early dawn they were aroused to meet the fierce onslaughts of Grant's army, so graphically described by General Beauregard in an article entitled, "Four Days of Battle at Petersburg—June 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1864."



MARTIN-KIRKLAND BRIGADE.

1. William W. Kirkland, Brigadier General.
2. L. J. Johnson, Major, 17th Regiment, Acting Inspector-General.
3. Theodore Hassell, Lieut. Co. A., 17th Regiment, Acting Ordnance Officer.
4. C. W. Grandy, Major, Quartermaster.
5. A. H. Stoddard, 1st Lieut., and A. D. C. to General Kirkland.

PETERSBURG 15-18 JUNE, 1864.

In these great defensive battles General Martin and his brigade displayed a courage, fortitude, endurance and discipline unsurpassed by any They held every position assigned them and fought with great coolness and enthusiasm, and when Beauregard retired to his new line they marched in perfect order, and after a few days occupied the salient in front of Hare's house, called by the enemy Fort Steadman—our salient being called Colquitt's, as his brigade held it jointly with ours. Before the siege had progressed very far General Martin showed physical weakness under the severe strain and exposure and was relieved of command and assigned to command the District of Western North Carolina with headquarters at Asheville. Later he applied to the Secretary of War through me for my transfer to his staff at Asheville. But I decided to remain with the brigade and share its fortunes for good or ill. Malarial fever, diarrhœa, scurvy and other diseases, hard guard duty every night for every man and casualties from shot and shell, soon thinned the ranks of our brigade, although Colquitt shared our hardships, relieving us three days in each week. This life in the trenches was awful—beyond description. The lines were nearer together there than elsewhere, and the sharp-shooters never ceased firing, while the mortar shells rained down upon us incessantly day and night. Finally at the "headquarters" of the brigade—a hole in our embankment—I was left the only staff officer, and the brigade was commanded by one of the Junior Captains of the Seventeenth Regiment, Captain Geo. B. Daniel, of Granville County, N. C., all the field officers being *"hors du combat."* I sent for Major-General Hoke and told him the hazardous situation, and he sent to command us Colonel Zachary, of the Twenty-seventh Georgia, of Colquitt's Brigade, an amiable and very brave officer, with whom my relations were very pleasant. I was feeble from exposure, but did not leave the men for a single day. How I survived all this I do not know.

GENERAL KIRKLAND ASSIGNED.

In August General W W Kirkland, a North Carolinian,

was permanently placed in command of the brigade, relieving Colonel Zachary Kirkland had commanded a brigade in Heth's Division, but was disabled by a wound at Bristoe Station, and General William McRae took his place as Brigadier. When Kirkland got well he came to us. He made no change in the staff, except to bring an Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant Albert Stoddard, of Savannah, a relative of Kirkland's wife, who was a niece of Lieutenant-General W J Hardee. He was very courteous and agreeable at all times, and he became greatly attached to his brigade.

NORTH OF THE JAMES.

In September our division was relieved from guarding the hard lines they had held, and moved out of the trenches. During the fall and winter of 1864 we were attached to Longstreet's Corps in the works on the north side of the James near Chafin's Bluff. There we built winter quarters and had some rest. Clingman's Brigade and Colquitt's were in the attack on Fort Harrison made by General Lee to recover that strong position, without success, but we were not engaged. We marched under Longstreet around Grant's right flank on the Darbytown and Charles City roads and had some fighting, but not very severe.

General Lee gave orders that the earthworks should be strengthened and the camp carefully policed. He rode along the line almost daily. One day he halted on our line and sent for General Kirkland. I rode up with the latter to meet our chief. He asked Kirkland for some couriers and sent for the other Generals of the corps. When they came he pointed to our camp and works and said: "Gentlemen, this is the only brigade that has obeyed my instructions. I wish you to make your camp and line conform to this one General Kirkland, I am glad to see the condition of your command." Kirkland, flushed with pride, thanked General Lee for the compliment to his brigade, but added that its high state of efficiency was due to its former commander, General Martin, and he had only tried to maintain the command as he found it. A manly statement from a gallant soldier! General Lee replied: "General Martin is one to whom North

Carolina owes a debt she will never pay." I told this to General Martin after the war, and the old General said he would like to have that saying recorded. It was said in my hearing, and made me proud also. General Lee was fond of General Martin, but I believe President Davis was not, owing to a difference in the old army.

During its eight months' service in Virginia, this brigade, under Martin and Kirkland, in the armies of Beauregard and Lee, was as effective, as brave, laborious and faithful as any brigade in the army, and its losses from casualties and disease were very heavy. Almost continuously under fire, it never failed in attack, and was never driven from its position by the enemy. This testimony is cheerfully given by one who was never absent a single day from its front line, having never been disabled by wound or sickness, and is proud to have shared all its hardships, exposure and dangers.

Our division commanders were Whiting, D. H. Hill and Hoke; corps commanders, Lieutenant-Generals R. H. Anderson and Longstreet.

General D. H. Hill impressed me as a zealous, unselfish patriot and great soldier, who knew not fear and shrank from no duty. His Christian faith was unbounded. He could always be found at the most dangerous place in the line, doing what he could to encourage and also protect the men.

Hoke, as a division commander, was the peer of any in the army. Conspicuous for his bravery, coolness and good judgment, the youngest Major-General in the army, his rapid promotion from the grade of lieutenant was due alone to his gallant and meritorious conduct and *fitness to command.*

Hoke had many able officers and men under him who have been distinguished in public life since the war. Jarvis, of Clingman's Brigade; Colquitt, of Georgia, and Hagood, of South Carolina, were Governors of their respective States at the same time. One of his gallant young staff officers, Captain S. B. Alexander (taken from the Forty-second North Carolina Troops), has honorably represented his county in the Legislature and his district in Congress, and at the same session of the latter Lieutenant W. A. B. Branch, one of Hoke's aides, son of the hero L. O'B. Branch, was his colleague.

Lieutenant A. Leazar, of the Forty-second North Carolina Troops, and Adjutant George M. Rose, of the Fiftieth North Carolina Troops, were both Speakers of the General Assembly of North Carolina.

Captain Lucien D. Starke, our faithful Commissary, distinguished for gallantry in battle while acting also as Inspector-General, removed to Norfolk after the war and engaged in the practice of law. He soon became one of the leaders of the people, represented the city in the General Assembly of Virginia, took a high stand in his profession and enjoys the highest esteem and confidence of a large circle of friends and clients in both States.

To the field officers of the regiments was largely due the efficiency of Martin's Brigade. Colonel William F. Martin, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Sharpe, Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, and Major Lucius J Johnson, of the Seventeenth, Colonel John E. Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W Bradshaw and Major T. J Brown, of the Forty-second; Colonel A. D. Moore, Colonel John H. Nethercutt, Lieutenant-Colonel Clement G. Wright and Major David S. Davis, of the Sixty-sixth were each and all brave, intelligent, faithful and true under all circumstances. Nearly all of these are now "resting from their labors."

RETURN TO NORTH CAROLINA.

During the fall and winter of 1864 Longstreet's Corps, composed of the divisions of Field, Kershaw and Hoke, defended the lines on the north side of James river confronted by General B. F Butler's "Army of the James."

Late in December Butler's army was sent on its expedition against Fort Fisher, N C., and Hoke's Division was ordered to proceed to Wilmington to meet Butler. Kirkland's Brigade, the Seventeenth, Forty-second and Sixty-sixth North Carolina Troops, was moved first to Richmond. Having been recruited in winter quarters, the command made a fine appearance marching through the streets of the capital, with three brass bands and three drum and fife corps, its steady step and fine bearing eliciting cheers from the people. Officers and men felt the thrill which comes to the young sol-

dier's heart from "the pomp and circumstance of war" and the approving smiles of woman. The troops were very enthusiastic when told they were going to defend the soil of their native State.

As the railroad from Petersburg to Weldon was closed to us our only route was via Danville, Greensboro and Raleigh.

Leaving Richmond by the Richmond & Danville Railroad, Kirkland's Brigade reached Wilmington, N C., after a long and fatiguing ride on the cars in extremely cold weather, and Kirkland marched at once with the two regiments which arrived first, viz: the Seventeenth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Sharpe, and Forty-second, under Colonel Brown, for Sugar Loaf, a point a few miles above Fort Fisher. Our horses and wagons had not come, so all of the mounted officers were *on foot* (as an Irishman would say). On the march at night we heard a loud explosion and saw a great light towards the ocean, which we thought was the bursting of a magazine on one of the Federal ships, and the men gave three cheers. But we afterwards learned it was the explosion of Butler's famous "Powder Boat," which he thought would scare the poor rebels away

FIRST BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER.

In the morning we halted at Sugar Loaf. The fleet had been bombarding Fort Fisher, but the enemy had not landed.

The Confederate forces under Bragg, outside of Fort Fisher, consisted of a small body of Senior Reserves, aged from 45 to 50, and some little cavalry. It was pitiful to see some of those gray-haired patriots dead in the woods, killed by shells from the fleet. Among those who carried a musket there was Mr. William Pettigrew, brother of the heroic General—since a venerable minister of the Gospel.

Kirkland placed one company from the Forty-second, under Captain Koontz, in Battery Gatlin, a small fort on the sea beach at the southern end of Masonboro Sound, and held the rest of his command on the road covered by the thick woods and dense undergrowth.

I had found a pony at an abandoned farm house and mounted him, so as to convey orders, but he was new to the

business and did not like my spurs. Kirkland ordered me to ride down to the beach to see if there were any signs of landing troops from the transports. I did so, and saw the ships extending as far as I could see down the beach, but no indication of landing. Returning, I reported this to the General, but in a few minutes a soldier came running up, almost breathless, and told us that the enemy had lowered his boats on the side opposite the shore, pulled rapidly to the land and captured Captain Koontz and his company, but few escaping. We rode down through the woods and found a large force on the beach and more coming, while the woods around us were filled with shrieking shells. General Kirkland promptly ordered his small command forward to the edge of the woods which skirted the shore and deployed both regiments as skirmishers. By his direction I rode down the line and told the men to keep up the fire upon the enemy and cheer as much as they could, but if they were hard pressed to fall back from pine to pine in the direction of Wilmington, and not let the enemy cut us off.

General Butler's forces, being thus very promptly checked, began at once to throw up breastworks on the sand shore. As they consisted of at least six times our numbers we could not have prevented their advance. But General Butler greatly exaggerated our force, and I have always believed that his examination of Captain Koontz had something to do with his false impression. As it was these *two regiments* held his army at bay (or *at ocean* perhaps I should say) the entire day, which was Christmas, 1864. By pushing our line close to his we escaped much injury from the ships' guns, their shells passing over our heads. We had the help of Southerland's battery of artillery (Company I, Tenth North Carolina) and Lipscomb's South Carolina Cavalry. During the night the troops began to come in from our division. But a reconnoissance the next morning showed that General Butler had taken advantage of the darkness, re-embarked his army and abandoned his expedition.

The navy had bombarded Fort Fisher for two days, but inflicted slight loss. Kirkland's bold and spirited defense must have convinced Butler that we had a large force, as

Koontz had told him that Longstreet was there with his three divisions—Hoke, Field and Kershaw.

The *fact* is that we did not have 2,000 men of all arms to oppose him, and no infantry except two regiments of Kirkland's Brigade. Why Butler was considered fit to be a *General* I don't know, unless his tyranny and oppression of non-combatants qualified him for "crushing out the rebellion."

CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

Soon after this battle General Bragg, the Department Commander, ordered Hoke's Division to Wilmington—not expecting a renewal of the attack on Fort Fisher. We marched, with colors flying and bands playing, into the city and were enthusiastically received by the people as their victorious defenders. General Bragg reviewed the division and made preparations for a new campaign—for the capture of New Bern, N. C. This was kept a secret, but it came to my knowledge. Our brigade had orders to prepare three days' rations, and all got ready for a march—destination unknown. But during the very night previous to this intended movement we were suddenly ordered to move to the wharf and take boats down the river to Sugar Loaf, Kirkland's Brigade again in the advance, as the enemy had reappeared in front of Fort Fisher, the army this time being commanded by an able Federal soldier, General Terry. When we reached Sugar Loaf we found that Terry had *landed* his forces without opposition, and we began skirmishing with them at once. But the enemy had intrenched his line from the ocean across the narrow peninsula to the Cape Fear river, between Sugar Loaf and Fort Fisher. We threw up a line in his front, Sugar Loaf being our base, but were enfiladed by the fire from the enemy's fleet.

Terry's command consisted of two divisions. One of our brigades (Hagood's South Carolina) was detached to the south side of the river to assist Fort Caswell. During the action Colquitt's was sent too late to reinforce the garrison of Fort Fisher, leaving Hoke the two brigades of Kirkland and Clingman, with some artillery and Lipscomb's cavalry regi-

ment, which were confronted by Paine's Division of colored troops and Abbott's white brigade behind intrenchments and protected by the *great Federal fleet to rake the intervening space with shot and shell, grape and canister,* while Terry with the white forces stormed Fort Fisher. Bragg moved Hoke's two brigades forward to attack. We easily drove in the enemy's skirmish line, occupied their rifle pits, and our skirmishers were making their main line keep their heads down behind the intrenchments. When we all expected the order to *charge* a courier came to Hoke from Bragg ordering him to withdraw to Sugar Loaf. My recollection is that we confidently expected to run over the troops in our front and drive them in confusion upon Terry's attacking column. But we obeyed orders and fell back to the line at Sugar Loaf, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and there we laid down, shelled by the ships, and heard the musketry fire at Fisher until its brave garrison was overcome at 11 o'clock that night. The rockets from the fort said, "Come and help us," but we were not moved; and sad was the sight when the rockets from the ships and display of colored lights and blowing of whistles announced the surrender of the fort. I felt that all had not been done to save it.

General Bragg has been severely censured in the official reports of Whiting and Lamb and by their friends for not moving Hoke forward. He said he did not think that Hoke's small force could succeed with the fleet on their flank; and General Hoke since the war has told me that he concurred with Bragg. The impartial reader of history must decide. A Federal Colonel, after the surrender at Greensboro, told me he thought if Hoke had advanced Terry would have been beaten. I believe our *charge* would have been successful, because the troops in front were *blacks.*

In a few days Terry advanced, and we slowly fell back to Wilmington, Kirkland's Brigade fighting this time as the rear-guard, skirmishing behind the pines. The retreat through the city was gloomy indeed, for we had many streng personal friends among its kind and hospitable people. Still forming the rear guard of the infantry column, our brigade crossed North East river on a pontoon bridge very near the

railroad bride, which was burned. I was directed with two companies of the Seventeenth North Carolina to prevent the enemy from crossing by the railroad bridge, to cover the withdrawal of all our cavalry over the pontoon. At this point we had a spirited affair with the enemy from opposite sides of the river, but he was not allowed to cross until our forces were all safely over on our side, when we quietly rejoined our column on the march to Goldsboro. I remember Lieutenant Wilson G. Lamb, with one of the companies of the Seventeenth, as displaying coolness and conspicuous bravery. Indeed, the entire command at the burning bridge was efficient and brave. Our campaign in the barren turpentine peninsula was very uncomfortable. Food was scarce, and we all got *smutted* by lightwood fires.

In fighting Terry's troops we encountered the first enemy armed with repeating rifles, one of his regiments (I believe the Tenth Connecticut) having Spencer seven-shooters.

SOUTH WEST CREEK.

Soon after reaching Goldsboro we were moved to Kinston, and General Bragg was reinforced by troops from Hood's army, now commanded by General D. H. Hill.

The enemy came out from New Bern under General Cox, and Bragg advanced to meet him at or near Wise's Fork. Hoke's Division was put in motion in the night, Kirkland's Brigade this time leading, and by a long detour through woods and swamps completely turned the enemy's right and advanced upon his rear.

About noon on 8 March, 1865, Hoke formed his division in line for attack, Kirkland's Brigade on the right, and there was no sign that the enemy knew we were in the dense swamp or pocosin behind him. Hoke summmoned all his Brigadiers to the extreme right for consultation, and these with their staff officers made a party of about twenty mounted officers. The General concluded to extend his line still further to the right, and, thinking we were not discovered by the enemy, moved by the right flank—all these horsemen in front, with no skirmish line out, but followed by Colonel John N Whitford's Sixty-seventh North Carolina. Suddenly while the

men were knee-deep in water a Federal regiment rose up out of the bushes and fired into the head of our column. They had discovered us just in time to throw this one regiment forward. Some of our cavalry in search of *buttermilk* had strayed off and aroused the foe. But it was too late. This sudden check to Hoke and his Generals was startling, and here the Major-General displayed his genius. He did not order his division "Forward into line!" but raised his hat and shouted to those around him, "Make all the men cheer!" Shout and cheer they did like a tornado among the pines and rushed with great spirit upon the enemy. Hoke thus prevented either his own troops or the enemy from seeing that he was for the moment himself surprised. But this unexpected fire in the rear completely demoralized the forces of General Cox at this point. They fled before us in confusion, leaving several hundred prisoners and a battery of light artillery in our hands, besides their camp and many small arms. Our line was reformed after the pursuit and the division resumed its position on the right of Bragg's army, highly elated at the success of the day. Kirkland's Brigade was in front in this assault.

The next day, 9 March, Bragg attempted a flank movement around the enemy's right, D. H. Hill's command in advance, but found intrenchments and resumed his former position. Again, on the 10th, he moved Hoke around by our right flank to attack the enemy in rear, Kirkland's Brigade in front. After much marching through the swamps and pocosins and dense pine forests Hoke decided to attack. The enemy showed a very strong skirmish line, which stubbornly resisted Kirkland's battalion of sharpshooters commanded by Major Robinson, of the Sixty-sixth, who fought them bravely. On my reporting to Kirkland that Robinson could not drive back the enemy's skirmishers General Hoke ordered Kirkland to support them with his entire brigade and we formed line with the Forty-second on the right, Sixty-sixth center and Seventeenth on the left, and moved forward. I rode with the Seventeenth, and Major L. J Johnson, Inspector, with the Forty-second, Kirkland with Lieutenant Stoddard in rear of the center As we advanced to the front the guide, named

Wooten, passed me going to the rear, and said: "Captain, your brigade has not gone far enough to the right, and Hoke is doing wrong to attack here." Hoke says he told Kirkland to feel the enemy, but not to attack breastworks. But the brigade made a charge through the woods, which were very thick, with great spirit and drove the skirmishers before them. We encountered a brisk fire of musketry and artillery. As I heard a battery to our right and rear I changed the direction of the Seventeenth, and told them if they would push on they would turn and capture that battery They sprang forward with a cheer. I was riding on their extreme left and remember Captain Daniel and Lieutenant Wilson G. Lamb waving their swords and urging on the men. All the field officers of the regiments were on foot except Colonel Nethercutt. As soon as our line emerged from the woods we ran up against a very strongly intrenched line of the enemy, obstructed by trees they had cut down, and supported by artillery They poured a hot fire into us and we made our men lie down. I told the Seventeenth, Lieutenant-Colonel Sharpe, to hold their position and I would go to General Kirkland and get reinforcements from our division. I then rode to Kirkland and told him we had struck a strong line of works. He replied: "Go back and hold our line and I will go to Hoke for help." During this time the Forty-second had broken its lines and rapidly fallen back, leaving Major L. J. Johnson, our Inspector, a prisoner. Colonel Nethercutt tried to force his regiment over the works, and I learned that he rode his horse right up among the obstructions. But the Sixty-sixth followed the Forty-second; then Colonel Sharpe withdrew the Seventeenth, which fell back in good order, shouting defiance to the foe and daring them to come out of those woods. The enemy meantime threw out a regiment on our left, which was unprotected. So when I returned to the front, instead of finding friends, I rode into the advance skirmish line of the enemy, as the woods were very thick. Four of them halted me and inquired who I was. The shells and bullets were still falling fast around us and my captors were dodging and did not make me dismount. I took advantage of this, told them to put down their guns and go with me or we would all be killed. They fool-

ishly did this and we started towards the rear, or away from danger, as we thought. Suddenly we came upon a Federal regiment in line of battle. My captors made signals not to shoot and seemed delighted to find friends. I turned my mare and ran off in the opposite direction, both spurs in her flanks. A volley from their skirmishers passed me without harm and I made *excellent time* through briers and thickets and over a very wide ditch, and most happily emerged into an open field directly in front of Colquitt's Georgia Brigade. They met me with cheers and laughter, seeing how I was *running*, and I rejoined my brigade, which had been rallied and reformed into line. Our troops were withdrawn by Hoke and fell back to Kinston. Lieutenant Stoddard was captured, with some men from the Sixty-sixth, and some of our wounded also became prisoners. Our loss was quite heavy, but the spirit of the brigade was not broken.

I have heard that Hoke censured Kirkland for making the disastrous charge on the 10th, but did not hear of it at the time. If Wooten spoke the truth Hoke should have heeded his advice and moved further to the right. Then we should have turned the enemy and had a complete victory Kirkland did not know of the existence of the strong breastworks when he charged his men through the woods. I am sure I did not until we came within a very short distance of them. It may be true that Kirkland should have moved slowly until he ascertained the true situation and then reported it to Hoke. I have never seen Lieutenant Stoddard nor Major Johnson since. Our courier was also captured riding my black horse, which I had loaned him that day—a brave and dashing fellow, George Tonnoffski, now living in Raleigh.

Major Johnson was taken North, grew worse and worse with consumption, and died soon after his release, at his home near Woodville, Perquimans County, N. C His conduct in that fight of the 10th was most daring and knightly Mounted on a large gray, he was last seen with hat in hand trying to lead the Forty-second over the works. Johnson was a fine lawyer, Christian gentleman, thorough soldier and unselfish patriot.

The day was rather a disastrous one for our brigade staff.

A few days before our gallant and noble Ordnance Officer, Lieutenant Theodore Hassell, was killed in an artillery duel between the two armies on the 6th or 7th. First Lieutenant George W Grimes, of Company G, Seventeenth North Carolina Troops, one of the best officers in our command, was severely wounded and captured, and still carries the bullet in his body, suffering great pain therefrom.

BENTONVILLE.

The enemy moved up from New Bern, Terry's command came up from Wilmington, and Sherman's great army was coming via Fayetteville. Bragg, with all the odds and ends, and Hoke's and Hill's commands, joined General Joseph E. Johnston at Smithfield, under whom the remnants of our Southern armies were being concentrated. Soon after this followed the great battle of Bentonville, in which General Johnston displayed his great ability and his soldiers unequaled valor, fortitude and heroism. The history of this battle must always be interesting to the student of our war—showing how the Southerners fought when under the most adverse circumstances and when the Cause was almost entirely lost. General Johnston's narrative and an article published in the *Century* war papers by General Wade Hampton descriptive of this battle will repay perusal. Kirkland's Brigade is especially mentioned with high praise.

The army bivouacked the night before the battle, 18 March, 1865, without fires, on the wet ground, to prevent the enemy from learning the movement. The next morning Colquitt, Clingman and Hagood were placed in the line under Bragg, with the brigade of North Carolina Junior Reserves on the extreme left and Kirkland's Brigade in reserve, a short distance behind the Juniors. Soon the battle began with the fierce onslaught under Hardee and D. H. Hill on the right, driving the enemy before them. But the Federals assailed our left with vigor and General Johnston ordered Kirkland's Brigade to relieve the Juniors on the front line. Our entire division held its ground and repulsed the enemy, but unfortunately General Bragg became uneasy and called upon Johnston for help, and McLaw's command was withdrawn from

Hardee's attacking column and sent to our assistance when not needed.

The next morning, while making a reconnoissance, I lost the faithful sorrel mare that saved me on 10 March, shot by the enemy's pickets, and I had to ride an "old plug" during the rest of the battle. This was one of the saddest incidents of my experience.

Major Hahr, an accomplished Swede, served as Aide-de-Camp to General Kirkland during this battle, and was cool and efficient under fire.

When Johnston found that Sherman's right wing was approaching in his rear he changed front to rear on his right wing to meet him. Kirkland's Brigade was directed to deploy and skirmish with the enemy, holding him in check while the army took its new line at right angle to the former. But an opening was left for us in the line of battle at the main road. We fought and slowly fell back until ordered to take our place in the line. Then we moved by the right flank quickly down the road. Coming to the line, the command was given by Kirkland, "Into line, faced to the rear!" The enemy was pressing us closely but this well-drilled brigade filed into the line, the Seventeenth on the right, and filled the gap—just in time to meet a vigorous charge from Sherman's troops. There were no breastworks, but our men laid down and repulsed the enemy, who left their dead in our front. The right, Company A, of the Seventeenth, commanded by Captain William Biggs, rested on the road, and I was near them, riding the old plug. Biggs made his men stand up in two ranks and wait for the word, and then fired "by rank," giving his commands, "Rear rank, ready, aim, fire! Load!" and then "Front rank," etc. The volleys were very distinct amid the rattle of "*firing by file*" all along the line. This *fire by rank* was very effective, as piles of dead were left in front of this company.

William Biggs was a daring and intelligent officer, distinguished on many occasions. As a journalist after the war he became a fearless champion of the rights of his people.

General Kirkland says that General Johnston in a speech in Savannah, discussing the discipline in our armies, referred

to Biggs' "fire by rank" as the only exception to the irregular fusillade of fire by file which he heard during the war.

General Johnston paid a high compliment to the brigade while the fight was going on. Captain C. A. King, of Hardee's staff rode up to headquarters with a report from the front, and General Johnston asked, "Who is responsible for this heavy firing?" King replied, "The enemy are attacking Kirkland's Brigade." Whereupon General Johnston turned to General Hardee and said, "I am glad of it. I would rather they attack Kirkland than any one else."

On the same day the North Carolina Brigade of Junior Reserves on Kirkland's left and temporarily attached to his command—all boys under 18 years old—fought heroically, with all the spirit and ardor of youth, and shouting with every volley. The conduct of these youths and their able commanders was greatly praised throughout the army.

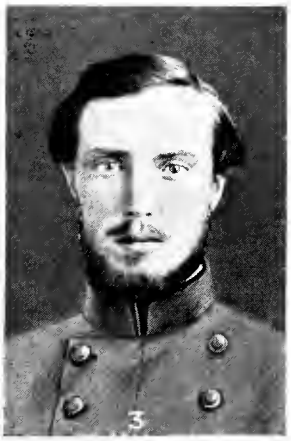
Sherman failed to break the Confederate line, and Johnston, finding the immense host concentrated in his front, withdrew to Smithfield without being pursued, and Sherman turned towards Goldsboro for supplies and recuperation. Sherman in his report treats this as a *drawn* battle—equivalent to admitting a defeat, as his forces outnumbered Johnston's four to one.

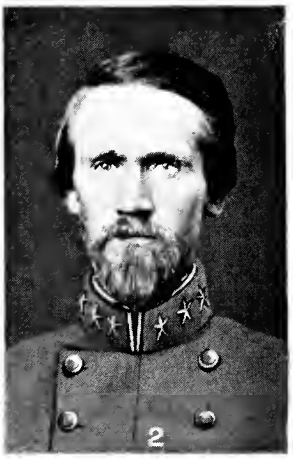
Every State in the South and almost the entire North was represented on the bloody field of Bentonville. The gallant Kirkland and his surviving followers will always feel proud of the record they made there. With this engagement our conflicts in the field were ended. The retreat began 10 April, 1865, which ended in Johnston's surrender, and the brigade was disbanded at Center Church, Randolph County, N. C., 2 May.

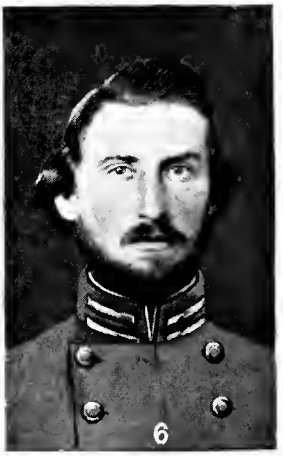
May the blessings of Providence attend every survivor of this devoted band "unto his life's end!"

CHARLES G. ELLIOTT.

NORFOLK, VA.,
26 April, 1901.







SCALES'S BRIGADE.

1. Champ T. N. Davis, Colonel, 16th Regt. Killed at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.
2. J. S. McElroy, Colonel, 16th Regt.
3. James Justice, Sergeant, Co. G, 16th Regt.
4. Robert Patton Dickerson, 2d Lt., Co. C, 34th Regt.
5. M. O. Dickerson, Captain, Co. C, 34th Regt.
6. Joshua A. Yount, 1st Lt., Co. F, 38th Regt.

THE PENDER--SCALES BRIGADE.

By T. L. RAWLEY, First Lieutenant Company K, and Acting Adjutant Thirteenth Regiment, N. C. Troops.

On 3 June, 1862, just after the battle of Seven Pines, Colonel W D. Pender, of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, was commissioned Brigadier-General and placed in command of the brigade composed of the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel John S McElroy; Twenty-second North Carolina Regiment, Colonel James Connor; Thirty-fourth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel R. H. Riddick; Thirty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel W J Hoke.

The following were Staff officers from time to time:

Assistant Adjutant-General, Captains S. A. Ashe, Graham Daves, —. —. Riddick; Lieutenant Shepard, A. D. C.; Major H. L. Biscoe, Brigade Commissary; Major N. E. Scales, Brigade Quartermaster (promoted from A. Q. M. Sixth North Carolina Regiment 11 June, 1862); Dr. W A. Holt, Brigade Surgeon.

General Pender's was the Sixth Brigade of General A. P Hill's "Light Division" and participated in the Seven Days' Fight at Mechanicsville, where on 26 June Colonel James Connor was wounded; Gaines' Mill, where Colonel Riddick was severely wounded on 27 June; Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill, driving the enemy under the shelter of their gun-boats at Harrison's Landing, but with great loss to the brigade, both of officers and men.

About the last of July, A. P Hill's Division was placed in Jackson's Corps and ordered to the Valley of Virginia and on 9 August struck General Banks' right flank at Cedar Mountain, where with the other gallant brigades of Hill's Division, they drove back the enemy with great loss. On 26 August Pender's Brigade participated in a splendid victory over the enemy near Manassas, Jackson's Corps of about 15,000 men holding Pope's entire army in check. On 28 August the second battle of Manassas began, which lasted for

three days, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy, causing General Pope to move his "Headquarters in the Saddle" many miles nearer Alexandria. During this battle Captain S. A. Ashe, Assistant Adjutant-General, was captured.

On 1 September the brigade engaged the enemy at Ox Hill, where Colonel R. H. Riddick, the gallant commander of the Sixteenth Regiment, was killed, and after a desperate struggle, we succeeded in driving him back, and on the 15th the brigade assisted in the capture of Harper's Ferry, with about 11,000 prisoners and 70 pieces of artillery. The brigade was present at the battle of Sharpsburg 17 September, after which it recrossed the Potomac, and on the 20th, with Archer's Brigade, drove a large body of the enemy into the river at Shepherdstown, with a loss to them of some 3,000 killed, wounded and drowned. Soon after this the Thirteenth North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Colonel A. M. Scales, petitioned General Lee to be transferred to this brigade, now commanded by General Pender, who had been the first Colonel of that regiment. Previous to this time, the regiment was in Garland's Brigade and participated in all the hard fought battles above enumerated, sustaining heavy losses of officers and men.

Pender's Brigade, now composed of the Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth Regiments of North Carolina Troops, A. P Hill's Division, crossed the Blue Ridge Mountain and, on 13 December, met Burnside's army at Fredericksburg, where a desperate battle was fought, the enemy being driven across the river with great loss in killed, wounded and imprisoned. General Pender was wounded in this battle and Lieutenant Sheppard, A. D. C., was killed, and for a short time the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel A. M. Scales, of the Thirteenth.

The brigade remained in winter quarters near Fredericksburg until 2 May, 1863, when it began the march to Chancellorsville to meet "Fighting Joe Hooker," who had strongly entrenched his army there Here the immortal "Stonewall" Jackson with his staff, having gone too near the enemy's line on his return in the darkness of the night, received from his own men by a fearful mistake, the wounds from which he

died within a few days. By this, not only did General Lee lose his "Right Arm," but the Confederacy one of the greatest generals the world has ever seen. This brigade participated in those fearful onslaughts which resulted in a complete rout of the enemy, forcing him back across the Rappahannock river, and eliciting from General Pender the commendation that "I can truly say that my brigade fought with unsurpassed courage and determination." The brigade lost about 700 in killed and wounded in this battle, among the latter being General Pender and Colonel Scales.

On 13 June Colonel A. M. Scales was made Brigadier-General of this brigade (General Pender having been promoted to Major-General) with these changes in the Staff:

Captain L. H. Hunt, A. A. G. (transferred from Captain Company C, Thirteenth Regiment; Captain S. S. Kirkland, A. A. G.; Lieutenant A. D. Montgomery, A. D. C. (promoted from private Company H, Thirteenth Regiment); Captain E. D. Scales, Assistant Brigade Commissary (promoted from private Company H, Thirteenth Regiment); Major A. H. Galloway, Q. M. (promoted from Captain Company F, Forty-fifth Regiment, 4 July, 1863); Captain G. F Bason, Ordnance Officer; Dr. J H. McAden, Surgeon (promoted from Surgeon of Thirteenth Regiment 13 June, 1863).

Soon after this Lee's army crossed the Potomac river and Pender's Division arrived at Gettysburg on the afternoon of 1 July, and formed line of battle, with Scales' Brigade on the extreme left of the division, resting on the Chambersburg Pike, from which point a desperate charge was made, driving the enemy back to those "ramparts of death" that thus became historic. In this charge the brigade lost some 400 killed and wounded, among the latter being Colonel Scales, Captain Riddick and General Pender, from the effects of which General Pender died on 18 July. The brigade was engaged in the fight during the three days and on 3 July, in that mad charge across the "Crimson Plain" had nearly every officer killed or disabled, but succeeded in penetrating the enemy's lines, where a large number were killed.

On the night of 4 July the army fell back, afterwards recrossing the Potomac and engaged in the battle of Bristoe

Station 14 October and numerous skirmishes, then went into winter quarters, late in the fall, at Orange Court House, where it remained until May, 1864. While here, to break the monotony of camp life, we had the grandest "Gander Pulling" ever recorded, at which there were some forty to fifty thousand men present. Dr. J. H. McAden, Brigade Surgeon, who was left to care for our wounded at Gettysburg, having been exchanged as a prisoner of war, was the successful knight, carrying the Gander's head off as surely, if not as deftly, as he had the arms and legs of many a wounded soldier.

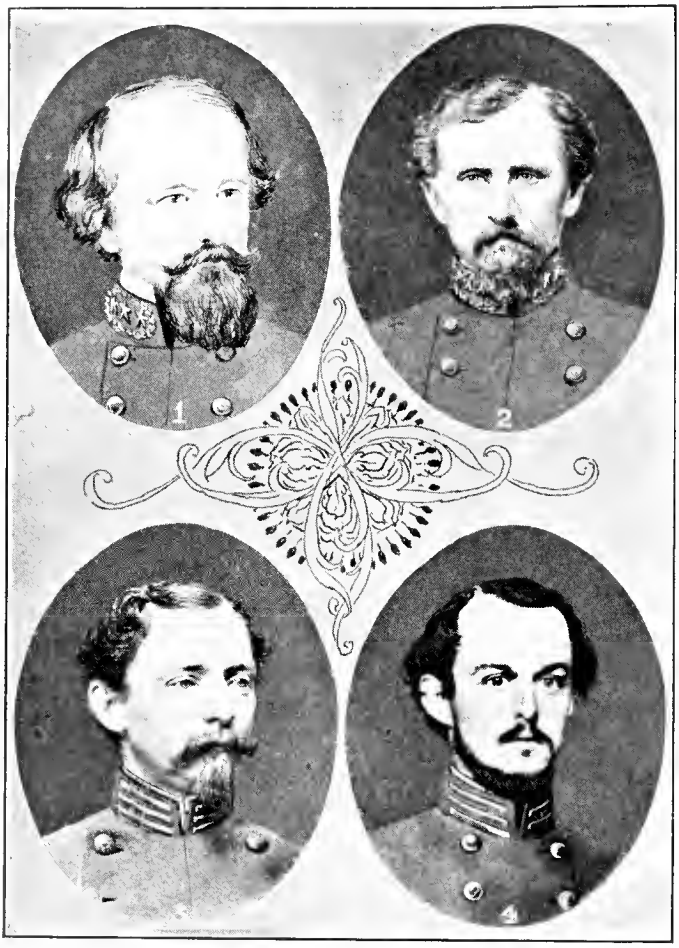
On 5 May, 1864, under Major-General Cadmus M. Wilcox, who had succeeded General Pender, the Brigade struck Grant's army in the Wilderness, where one of the most terrific battles of the war was fought. This was the beginning of the "fight-it-out-on-this-line-if-it-takes-all-summer" campaign which extended on through the bloody fields of Spottsylvania, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor to Petersburg.

About the last of August the brigade participated in the battle of Reams Station, on the P & W Railroad, capturing a large number of prisoners and several pieces of artillery. The winter was spent in the trenches around Petersburg and in doing picket duty and meeting the enemy's raids along the right of our lines, until 2 April, when our lines were broken and our army fell back in the direction of Appomattox Court House. During the retreat, as well as during the previous winter, the brigade lost many brave officers and men in killed, wounded and captured, as the battle had raged almost without ceasing for the past eleven months.

On Sunday morning, 9 April, as Scales' Brigade (commanded by Colonel J H. Hyman, of the Thirteenth Regiment, General Scales being at home sick) marched to the support of General Cox, who had engaged the enemy just east and north of the Court House, the command "cease firing" passed along both lines of battle. Scales' Brigade surrendered more than 700 as brave officers and men as ever faced an enemy or yielded to overwhelming numbers.

T L. RAWLEY

WINSTON, N. C.,
13 December, 1901.



PETTIGREW-KIRKLAND-MacRAE BRIGADE.

1. J. J. Pettigrew, Brigadier-General.
2. Wm. MacRae, Brigadier-General.
3. Captain Louis G. Young, A. A. G.
4. Captain N. Colin Hughes, A. A. G.
   W. W. Kirkland, Brigadier-General. (Picture in Martin-Kirkland Brigade.)

THE PETTIGREW--KIRKLAND--MACRAE BRIGADE.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS G. YOUNG, A. A. G.

When General Pettigrew was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Virginia, 1 July, 1862, General W D. Pender was made Provisional Brigadier, and placed in charge of his brigade. This was a mixed command of three infantry regiments from North Carolina, one from Virginia, one from Georgia, a battalion from Arkansas and a battery of artillery from Maryland. In the reorganization of the army by States which followed, Pettigrew's Brigade lost its identity, and a new brigade with the three North Carolina regiments as a nucleus went to Pender, now made a regular Brigadier. After two months imprisonment, General Pettigrew was returned to the Confederacy, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his health, he was given a new brigade, and it is of this that I undertake to give a brief account. General Pender took General Pettigrew's staff just as he found it, and I remained with him until after the battle of Cedar Run, 9 August, 1862, when I received an order from the War Department to report to General Pettigrew. I found him at Petersburg, Va., in command of his new brigade, which consisted of the Eleventh North Carolina, Colonel Collett Leventhorpe; the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel H. K. Burgwyn; the Forty-fourth North Carolina, Colonel Thos. C. Singletary; the Forty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel G. H. Faribault; the Fifty-second North Carolina, Colonel J K. Marshall.

Of the origin of this brigade Major Geo. P Collins writes: "Adjutant-General James G. Martin, of North Carolina, organized a brigade consisting of the Eleventh, Seventeenth, Forty-fourth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-second North Carolina Volunteers, took them down about Kinston, N. C., was or-

dered to Richmond, Va., during the seven days battles, reached Virginia too late for those fights, went into camp near Proctor's Station midway between Petersburg and Richmond and near Drewry's Bluff. General Martin returned to North Carolina to wind up his office of State Adjutant-General. He took with him the Seventeenth North Carolina, commanded by his brother, Colonel Wm. F Martin. This regiment was replaced by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, transferred from Robert Ransom's Brigade. General Pettigrew took command of it at Petersburg, Va., in August, 1862."

The regiments were well officered and contained as good material as ever goes to make the soldier. In organizing his staff, General Pettigrew offered me the position of Assistant Adjutant-General, but asked me not to accept it, for its duties would interfere with our constant intercourse. We were bosom friends. I, therefore, remained his Aide-de-Camp as long as he lived. After several temporary appointments to the office of Assistant Adjutant-General, among them that of Captain L. D. Starke, of Norfolk, the organization of the staff was completed as follows:

Captain N. Colin Hughes, A. A. G., New Bern, N. C.; Captain Louis G. Young, A. D .C., Charleston, S. C.; Lieutenant Wm. Blount Shepard, Volunteer Aide, Edenton, N. C.; Captain Campbell T. Iredell, of Company C. Forty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, Acting Ordnance Officer; Major Geo. P Collins, Quartermaster, Scuppernong, N. C.; Major Wm. J. Baker, Commissary, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Later there were added to the staff while in North Carolina: Captain W W McCreery, Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.; Lieutenant Walter H. Robertson, Virginia, Ordnance Officer.

Captain George White, Colonel Thomas Galloway and Captain Starke Sutton were at different times and for short periods, Volunteer Aides.

At first the brigade was occupied in drilling and in building field works around Petersburg. In the master hand of its accomplished General, it soon became a thoroughly well drilled and disciplined command.

The object of keeping troops in North Carolina was to confine the Federal army to its holdings on the coast, so that the resources of this abundant country might be garnered for the use of our armies. Thus occupied, we were during the winter of 1862-'63 engaged in several expeditions against the enemy, the most stirring of which was an attack on New Bern and the besieging of Washington, N. C. The orders under which we were acting, forbade any enterprise in the accomplishment of which many lives would be lost. The troops were in keeping for the coming campaign in Virginia—not to be frittered away in attacks upon fortified towns—but, it was thought that New Bern might be surprised and taken and Pettigrew's Brigade was sent to Capture Fort Anderson, on the west side of the Neuse, if it could be done with little loss. The fort could have been easily taken, and a few hundred of the enemy captured, but finding that this could only be done by exposing his command to greater loss than the result would justify, General Pettigrew withdrew from before New Bern. General D. H. Hill, in command of the department, then ordered the siege of Washington, N. C. This was conducted by Pettigrew, and for some weeks the Federals were confined to the city, and the neighboring country kept free from their ravages. Here occurred one of the most brilliant little affairs. Foster, the General in command of the Federals, ordered from New Bern its entire garrison to take us in the rear. These troops, under General Spinola, consisting of many regiments of infantry and ten pieces of artillery, were met at Blount's Creek by the Eleventh North Carolina, an additional company of infantry, and three field pieces of artillery in position. These not only checked the advance of the enemy, but so thoroughly defeated him that as was stated in an eccentric and complimentary order by General Hill, "When we thought the engagement scarcely begun, the enemy was so beaten that he went back over the ten miles by which he had come, cutting down the woods behind him, and making such an entanglement that neither a dog or a sneaking exempt could crawl through." Marvelous as this may appear, we lost only one man, and he was in the rear when he was struck by a fragment of a shell. The field of operation

of the brigade during the winter extended from Petersburg, Va., to Magnolia, N. C., on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and afforded opportunities for drill, inspections, marches, the construction of field works, etc., which were availed of to bring the command into a state of efficiency not surpassed by any. The discipline of these Winter months in North Carolina was never wholly lost. It prepared the command for the bloody fields of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and served to gain for it the deathless fame which it acquired.

The Spring campaign opened in Virginia with the battle of Chancellorsville, and General Hill received an order from General Lee to send him with all haste the brigade nearest to the railroad. Pettigrew's Brigade was in line of battle prepared to meet an incursion of the enemy from the coast directed against Goldsboro, but as it answered the requirements of the order, it was withdrawn and put in march for the nearest railroad station. Arriving at Richmond, the brigade was detained to assist in the defence of the city against Stoneman's raid of 10,000 cavalry, and then was sent to Hanover Junction. After the battle of Chancellorsville General Lee concentrated his army at Fredericksburg, preparatory to his march into Pennsylvania and organized it into three corps. Pettigrew's Brigade was assigned to Heth's Division, A. P Hill's Corps, which was left for a time to watch Hooker while the two other corps started for Pennsylvania, where we joined them later.

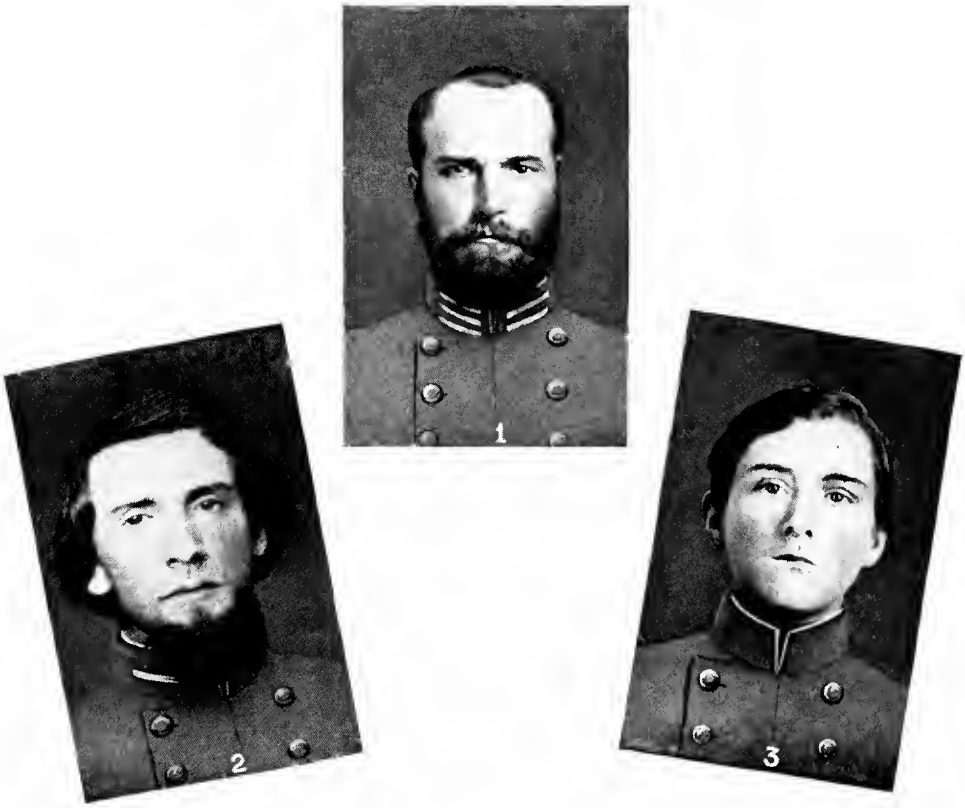
The Forty-fourth Regiment, Colonel Singletary, was left in Virginia to assist in guarding Richmond, so the brigade had not its full strength, but the ranks of the four other regiments were full and presented a superb appearance with its distinguished commander at its head. Its valor, its achievements, its great losses at Gettysburg, have given it undying fame and are told by me in the article on that battle published in this volume. The bloody ordeal through which it passed on 1 and 3 July, 1863, was terrible, but it prepared it for its subsequent career, which has added lustre to the name of the State. The brigade had suffered more than any other in Lee's army, but a greater loss was in store for it. Its General, of whose genius it was proud, in whom it had un-

bounded confidence, whose presence was an inspiration, and whom every man in the brigade loved with devotion, was mortally wounded on the retreat from Pennsylvania, at Falling Waters, on 14 July, 1863.

As many incorrect accounts of the manner in which General Pettigrew received his mortal wound have been published, it is well to recite here how it happened. It has been frequently reported and generally believed that the brigade was surprised when asleep. This is not true. The command, which consisted of Pettigrew's and Archer's Brigades, were up in line, under arms and ready to repel any attack, but General Heth made the fatal error of mistaking the enemy's cavalry for ours and ordered our men not to fire on it. It happened in this wise: Hill's Corps arriving at about one mile from Falling Waters, was halted and ordered to rest until the artillery and the wagon train had crossed the Potomac. The men, worn out by the hardships of the night, lay down and went to sleep as they were told to do. General Heth believed that the rear of the corps was picketed by our cavalry, and would not order it done from his command. There was but one picket out, and that was placed by order of General Pettigrew to protect his left. When the trains which had long been delayed, had passed, General Heth came to General Pettigrew and put him in charge of the rear guard. He was ordered to wait until the rest of the corps had crossed the river, then to retire with his command and join the army on the Virginia side. While he was giving his instructions, I perceived a body of cavalry a considerable distance away, apparently deploying. I called this to the attention of the two Generals, and the question was asked, "Are they our cavalry, or that of the enemy?" General Heth thought they were ours, but said that should they prove to be the enemy, we could easily drive them off. General Pettigrew, without an instant's delay, hastened me off to get his command under arms, and to draw in the picket on our left. When I returned from accomplishing this, I found General Pettigrew and General Heth mounted, and watching the cavalry to which I have referred. Just then emerged from a wood some hundred yards off a squadron of cavalry (about fifty), which was ap-

proaching by twos at an easy hand-gallop. They carried a flag easly discernible as that of the United States. Our men were in line of battle—the extreme right protected by a small field work without a gun in it—and the order to fire was given, but General Heth, in peremptory tones, called out, "No, don't fire." General Pettigrew then calmly told the men to be ready, and they stood so, waiting the order to fire, which was never repeated. Only a few shots were fired by some of our men who could not restrain themselves, and the enemy met with no effective resistance until they had ridden around our right and attacked us in the rear, when our men came about face and fired a volley into them. There ensued then a hand-to-hand fight, in the course of which one of the troopers, separated from his command, was deliberately firing at us whenever he could do so without risk of hitting his own men. As he was doing effective work, General Pettigrew, who had been thrown from his horse, which reared when the volley was fired almost in its face, called to the men near him to shoot this trooper, but they were busy with those in their midst, so the General drew a small pistol from his breast (being lame in right arm and left hand he could not use a heavy weapon), he walked quietly towards the man to shoot him, but his opponent fired first, and the General fell mortally wounded. A shot from one of our men then brought down the horse of the trooper, who rising up, sought shelter behind a barn near by, and continued his shooting. He was soon after killed. The fight was of short duration and the squadron destroyed, some killed, some wounded, some captured, a few escaping. They came up under a misapprehension, thinking to receive the surrender of a few stragglers, but when they found their mistake they made a brave fight.

Our loss in numbers was very small, but the loss of General Pettigrew to the army and to the country was irreparable. General Heth came to me at night and said that he had lost nearly his entire division, but that the loss of the one man (Pettigrew) was greater than all else. He realized with great grief the mistake he had made. His explanation was that he believed that our rear was covered by our cavalry;



FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

1. Joseph J. Davis, Captain, Co. G, 47th Regt.
2. Marmaduke W. Norfleet, 2d Lt., Co. C, 47th Regt. Wounded at Gettysburg.
3. John Wesley Bradford, Private, Co. G, 47th Regt.

that he thought the Federal flag to which I had called his attention had been captured and was displayed in a spirit of braggadocio, and that he determined to have the officer in charge court-martialed for this imprudent and unmilitary act.

I fain would stop here to tell of the pathetic death of the illustrious commander of the brigade which occurred at the dawn of day on 17 July, 1863. When he waked out of sleep, he said: "It is time to be going," and went. Then the spirit soared up beyond the skies to answer "Adsum" to the roll-call of the grand army of the "Great Captain," who had called it for promotion in the realms of light. In his pocket were these pathetic lines by Prentice:

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,—
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Oftime, and been, to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,

Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

My belief is that the influence of such a man as General Pettigrew upon the hearts, minds and character of those placed in his charge was so penetrating and enduring that the subsequent success of this brigade is greatly due to the

fact that the men to the very end, when the four hundred and forty-two of MacRae's Brigade were surrendered at Appomattox, felt that they were still Pettigrew's men.*

The brigade now fell successively to Major J T. Jones, of the Twenty-sixth; Lieutenant-Colonel W J Martin, of the Eleventh, and Colonel Thomas C. Singletary, of the Forty-fourth North Carolina, until early in September, when General W W Kirkland was placed in command. Changes in the staff were: Captain Louis G. Young, A. A. G., Charleston, S. C.; Lieutenant Albert H. Stoddard, A. D. C., Savannah, Ga.; Captain Fred Nash, Ordnance Officer, Twenty-seventh North Carolina.

The Army of Northern Virginia retired slowly before the Army of the Potomac, and there was no fighting of importance until early in October, 1863, when General Lee assumed the offensive; but Meade would not stand, and retreated towards Washington, D. C. Lee followed and on the 14th, overtook him at Bristoe Station, where an ill-judged attack was made by A. P Hill against the Federal Third Corps, supported by the Second. In this rash enterprise, Kirkland's Brigade played a conspicuous part and behaved with great gallantry. It charged and dislodged the enemy from his shelter behind a railroad entrenchment, but outnumbered and flanked the position could not be held, and Meade escaped. The brigade lost in this affair 270 killed and wounded, and some prisoners. General A. P Hill, in his eagerness to prevent Meade's escape, imprudently ordered the charge. In this charge, General Kirkland was so severely wounded that he was obliged to relinquish the command of the brigade for several months.

General Lee now withdrew to his former lines and wintered on the Rapidan. While the army was here General Kirkland returned to the command.

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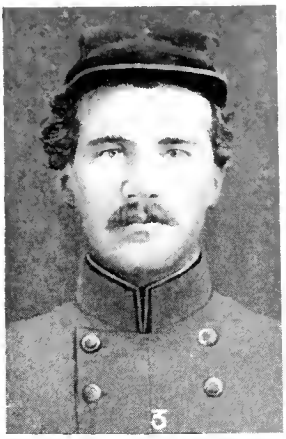
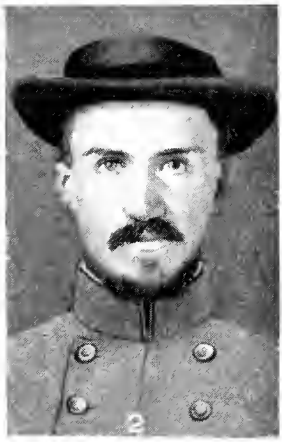
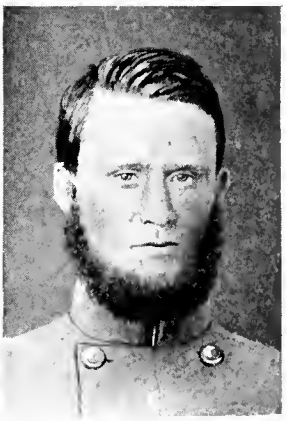
* J. Johnston Pettigrew has the reputation of being the most brilliant student and ablest man ever graduated at the University of North Carolina. He took the highest honors in a class of exceptional ability (1847). By a singular coincidence there sat side by side, in alphabetical order, the following: Pettigrew, John Pool (afterwards U. S. Senator), M. W. Ransom (also U. S. Senator), A. M. Scales (Governor), and Thos. E. Skinner the distinguished Baptist divine. Dr. E. Burke Haywood was also in this class.—ED.







FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

1. Thos. H. Speed, 1st Sergt., Co. I, 55th Regt.
2. Geo. Spencer West, Private, Co. K, 55th Regt.
3. W. O. West, Private, Co. K, 55th Regt.
4. Robert F. Sanford Private, Co. K, 55th Regt.
5. Thos. H. Sanford, Private, Co. K, 55th Regt.
6. William G. Green. Private, Co. K, 55th Regt.

The Spring campaign opened on 4 May, when Grant crossed the Rapidan. General Lee met him on the 5th in the Wilderness, and was immediately attacked. Ewell's and Hill's Corps received the attack, and Kirkland's Brigade with the rest of Heth's Division, fought the enemy during the entire day, sometimes repelling their assaults, sometimes charging them. The troops engaged on the 5th were ordered to rest where night found them, for Longstreet would be up in time to take their place. But Longstreet was not up in time. At dawn on the 6th, the sleeping troops were aroused by the sound of three cannon shots from the enemy's side. It was their signal to advance; and to meet them, the corps that had fought all the day before was hurried into position. General Kirkland was ordered to the extreme right and the brigade went into its place under fire. On the left was Davis' Mississippi Brigade; but in the darkness of the hour and the wood, it disappeared, and I was sent to look for it. I went to the front and within a very short distance rode up to an advancing line of battle, was shot through the right arm and my horse killed. I, however, escaped and reached General Kirkland in time to tell him of his isolated position. He tried to stem the torrent bearing down on us, but the pressure was too great, and the brigade gave way when the enemy were in a few yards of it. Longstreet now arriving, his command took the front and our brigade became part of the supporting column.

From the Wilderness to Spottsylvania and thence to Petersburg, Kirkland's Brigade took its part in the hard fighting and did it well.

At Cold Harbor, General Kirkland was again severely wounded and the brigade was commanded by Colonel Faribault, of the Forty-seventh, until Colonel William MacRae, of the Fifteenth Regiment, N. C. T., was assigned to the command. Later he was promoted to Brigadier-General.

General MacRae joined the brigade just as it was moving out of camp on the border of Petersburg to escort a wagon train, which was starting for Stoney Creek, on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, to bring in supplies. By the indulgence of the Colonel commanding, the men were permitted to

ride in the wagons. The quick manner in which General MacRae had them out, and his stringent regulations for the march furnished on the first day of his coming into command of the brigade, the opportunity of establishing his control. Officers and men felt that laxity of discipline was at an end, and to the consequent grumbling in camp by a few, succeeded an absolute faith in the commander. His exact discipline prepared them for the trying ordeal through which they were to pass from now to the end.

The only change in the staff was the substitution of Lieutenant Joseph E. Porter, A. D. C., for Lieutenant Stoddard, who went with General Kirkland to his new command; and later, when Captain Nash was made Assistant Adjutant-General to Walker's Virginia Brigade, Captain Alexander T. Cunningham was appointed Ordnance Officer.

For some reason the brigade was detached from Heth's Division, and it was for a long time under the command of General Mahone, who did not spare it. If there was any hard work or hard fighting to be done, MacRae's Brigade was appointed to the task. For example: Because of the trying character of the service in the trenches in and near the Crater, where the works of the two armies were very close to each other, and a ceaseless fire day and night was kept up, it was usual to retain the troops in them only three days at a time. We were in them eight days consecutively, and were then marched out to join in an attack on Warren's fortifications on the Weldon Railroad, which commencing early on 21 August, lasted for us all day; for after driving in the pickets and advance line of the enemy, the brigade found itself alone in front of the works, too weak to go on and too near to retreat. We were compelled to wait under fire, for night to conceal our withdrawal. The command behaved splendidly.

Seven brigades had attacked on the flank and failed, yet we were put in to do the impossible in front. This seemed to make no impression on the men, who rushed for the works and would have gone there, probably to their destruction, had they not been checked. The brigade was then marched with the corps to Reams Station to meet Hancock's Corps, which was out on an expedition to tear up the Weldon Railroad.

The brigade arrived opposite the station late on the 24th, and was held in reserve until the afternoon of the 25th, when the troops making the attack in the morning having failed, another attacking column was formed. Its composition was Lane's Brigade under Conner on the left, Cooke's on the right supported by MacRae's—all North Carolina troops; and as this was perhaps the most brilliant of the many affairs which occurred in the siege of Petersburg, one of which all has not hitherto been told, and as I believe that General MacRae contributed more than any other to its success, I give a minute account of it.

In front of Lane's Brigade the trees had been cut down in such a manner as to make a most formidable abatis. Cooke, concealed in a wood of small pines, had no obstruction between him and the enemy. MacRae was in the rear and partly to the right of Cooke.

General MacRae having reconnoitered the enemy's position, returned to his command, which was in line and ready. Taking the right himself and assigning to me the left of the brigade, he instructed me to walk down my portion of the line, and say to the men, that beyond the wood was an open field over which they must pass before reaching the enemy; that while advancing through the wood they must be quiet, but when the field was reached, the charge would begin, and then every man must yell as though he were a division in himself, dash for the enemy's works, and not fire until there.

As I looked into the eyes of the men while giving them these unusual instructions, it was easy to see that the works would be taken.

MacRae was not to advance until Cooke did. From our position we could not see when Lane's, which was the directing brigade, moved. Cooke could and did see, but did not join in the movement.

Apprised of the advance of Lane's Brigade by its "rebel yell," MacRae waited a little while on Cooke and then gave the command "Forward." The instructions to advance quietly at first, were forgotten by the men in their eagerness, and with a "yell" which reached the enemy's line and sent their shots into the tops of the trees, the brigade absolutely

dashed along, running into Cooke's command and carrying it straight along to the enemy's works, which were taken with little loss to the two brigades.

With a beam in his bright, blue eyes, General MacRae explained to me after the battle the cause of his action. As Colonel of the Fifteenth North Carolina, he had served under Cooke, and knowing him thoroughly, had divined the reason why he had postponed his advance. The obstruction in front of Lane's Brigade would render its advance slow. There being nothing to retard Cooke's, it would outstrip Lane's and the enemy's fire be concentrated on the former. Therefore Cooke to save his command from this, was for giving Lane a good start. The thought flashed through General MacRae's mind that this had gone far enough, and acting upon this impulse, he relieved Lane's Brigade, which was suffering fearfully, and hastened a brilliant victory for us. The fruits of this victory, and General Lee's complimentary letter to Governor Vance are given elsewhere in these volumes.

Again, at Burgess' Mill on 27 October, the brigade, detached and under the command of General Mahone, distinguished itself by alone driving the enemy from his field guns, in which feat it ran twice the gauntlet of fire from two columns of the enemy's infantry, through which it had to pass, and one of which it could have destroyed had the support asked for been given. This engagement entailed heavy loss on the brigade, but its fiery attack had the result of causing the enemy to retire under cover of night.

As we were on the extreme right of the army, we were often in isolated positions of great peril; but there was no shrinking from danger, and the brigade was engaged in more fights than it is possible to recall. Whenever Grant extended his left, we were of the attacking party to try and drive him back.

I recall an incident which may interest. The brigade on one occasion, worn and weary from one of its engagements, was early in the morning going into bivouac on the extreme right, where it was told to entrench itself. General MacRae ordered me to lay out the works and make the details to construct them. This I did to the best of my ability, and when

the work was fairly under way, the General came to see what was being done. To my chagrin he condemned and changed my lines, whereupon I retired. Returning later, my pride was eased by finding him angry with himself for having changed my lines, which he generously acknowledged to be right; and this would have been so had the enemy approached from the direction he should have done. This apparent mistake on the part of the General necessitated additional works, which, after several days, were scarcely completed when we were called off to try to drive out the enemy from a redoubt in course of construction on another part of the line. Withdrawn from this attempt, we were just going into bivouac again when we were double-quicked to meet the enemy, who was, as usual, extending his left. Then occurred the unique incident of two opposing forces running to reach the same point, the point being in this instance the very works we had recently built. The brigade reached them first and just in time to drive back the enemy, who had approached through an extended open field instead of through a wood in front, which would have concealed his movement. Thus did it providentially happen that had the lines been correctly laid out the works could not have been held by us for five minutes. As it was the attack was repelled and the extension of Grant's left delayed for many days.

The last battle of the brigade in which I was engaged was that of Hatcher's Run, on 5 February, 1865. The brigade had been in so many fights, and had done so much hard work, that it was ordered by the division and corps commanders that it be relieved to the extent of "doing no more fighting on the front lines for a year." In future its place in battle was to be in the supporting column. Although the end was too near for this, and we so understood it, true to this command, the brigade was placed in rear of the left of our attacking column to support it.

The effect of the first volley from the enemy was to cause a stampede in the command in our front, and as soon as it had broken through our lines, we closed up and the brigade advanced to the front line. There we remained ready to join in the attack which was ordered, but the troops on our

right were immovable, and we were obliged to remain in position under a galling fire from artillery and musketry. General MacRae was absent, and I rode over to General Cooke on the extreme right, which was protected by our sharpshooters, which had been lent to General Cooke, and I suggested that as the troops between us would not advance, we do so, and uniting in front of them, make the charge which had been ordered; but General Cooke would not consent to move without the rest of the line, and I returned to the brigade to find it anxious to advance, and disappointed that it was not permitted to do so.

In my memory is vividly stamped the figure and face of Major C. M. Stedman, of the Forty-fourth, as he advanced to meet me, his sword drawn and raised, calling out in loud tone, "Our men are ready to advance and only await the command." I was very much tempted to give the command, and have many a time since wished I had.

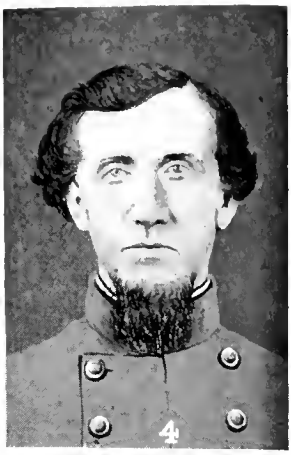
But, the object of this recital is to show the unconquerable spirit and pluck of the brigade, and its perfect discipline. After night, when under orders from General Lee, we were preparing to withdraw, I received a severe wound which disabled me till after the army surrendered two months later.

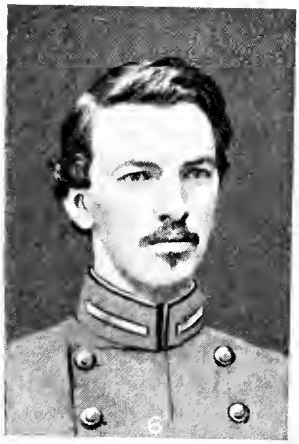
The achievements of the brigade from Hatcher's Run to Appomattox are told in several regimental accounts. Its valor, its daring spirit, its discipline, its cheerful endurance of cold, hunger and every hardship, its faithfulness unto death from start to finish of its brilliant career, entitle it to rank with the best troops of any clime, any country, any time.

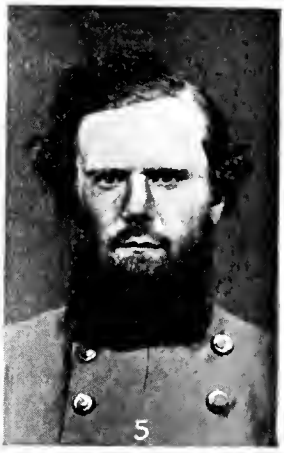
Pettigrew and MacRae are gone. Kirkland lingers on the Border Land. Of the Staff, Hughes, a perfect type of efficiency in the Adjutant-General's Department, was mortally wounded on 3 July at Gettysburg and died a few days after at Martinsburg. The brilliant McCreery was killed on 1 July at Gettysburg. Baker, gentle, good, brave, lovable, has long since laid his burdens down and been at rest. Those of us who remain are marching toward the setting sun.

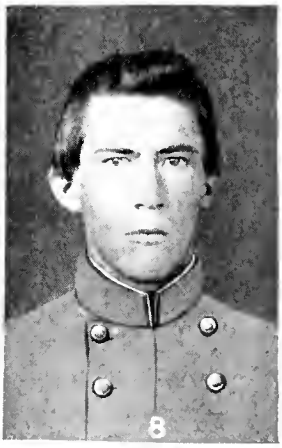
LOUIS G. YOUNG.

SAVANNAH, GA.,
13 December, 1901.









RANSOM'S BRIGADE.

1. William R. Wilson, Surgeon, 24th Regt.
2. T. L. Whitaker, Sergt., Co. I, Bethel Regt., 1st Lt., Co. D, 24th Regt.
3. John William Stovall, Private, Co. H, 24th Regt.
4. Richard A. Stanford, Private, Co. H, 24th Regt.
5. George G. Moore, Private, Co. E, 35th Regt.
6. Chas. M. Payne, 2d Lt., Co. K, 56th Regt.
7. J. R. B. Walker, Private, Co. B, 56th Regt.
8. Wm. Edw. Coley Private, Co. H, 56th Regt.

RANSOM'S BRIGADE.

By W H. S. BURGWYN, Captain Company H, Thirty-Fifth N. C. T.

Ransom's Brigade was organized early in the Spring of 1862, at Kinston, N C Brigadier-General Robert Ransom, after the fall of New Bern, was transferred from the army in Northern Virginia to take charge of certain troops in North Carolina. From those troops his brigade was formed, and was composed of the Twenty-fourth North Carolina, Colonel William J Clarke; Twenty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel H. M. Rutledge; Twenty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel Z. B. Vance; the Thirty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel Matt. W. Ransom, and the Forty-ninth North Carolina, Colonel Stephen D. Ramseur. In August, 1862, the Twenty-sixth Regiment was transferred to Pettigrew's Brigade, and in February, 1863, the Fifty-sixth Regiment, Colonel Paul F Faison, was assigned to take its place in the brigade, and as thus constituted the brigade served through the war.

General Ransom's brigade staff consisted of Captain J. L. Henry, Adjutant-General; Major Jno. W Broadnax, Commissary; Major J F Simmons, Quartermaster; Lieutenants W E. Broadnax and Thomas W Mason, Aide-de-Camps. Major Victor Barringer was assigned to the department as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General. After the seven days' battle around Richmond, Captain Henry was transferred to another command, and Captain Thomas W Rowland was appointed in his place, and Major Barringer was assigned to other duty. The first service which the brigade performed was to drive the enemy into close lines at and near New Bern.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

In June, 1862, the brigade was moved to Virginia, and bivouacking a short time at Petersburg, joined the army near Richmond. On 25 June, the day after arriving at Richmond, the brigade was engaged in the first of the series of

battles that soon took place and assisted in repelling the assaults on our lines by McClellan's forces on the Williamsburg road, near the battle ground of Seven Pines. It was there placed in Huger's Division. On the morning of the 28th it took up its march with Huger's Division, closely followed by Magruder's Division, toward White Oak Swamp. The brigade was not seriously engaged until Malvern Hill, 1 July, 1862. On that evening it went into battle and was conspicuous in the charge made by Magruder upon the enemy's batteries. Its loss in officers and men was very heavy (See Magruder's and Huger's reports, *Official Records Union and Confederate Armies.*)

After the battles around Richmond the brigade joined in the general movement against McClellan. Late in August it was sent by way of Orange Court House and Culpepper Court House to join Lee's army on the Potomac. Before leaving Richmond it was put into Walker's Division, then composed of Walker's and Ransom's Brigades. On the Rapidan, and while en route to unite with the Army of Northern Virginia, Lieutenant Edward A. Thorne, of the Twenty-fourth North Carolina, was assigned to duty as Ordnance Officer of the brigade.

HARPER'S FERRY AND SHARPSBURG.

Walker's Division did not reach Manassas until two days after the battle; it then joined the main body of Lee's army and with that army the brigade crossed the Potomac river, near Shepherdstown, and marched rapidly to Frederick City. On arrival there, the division was selected to form part of the command to move against Harper's Ferry, Stonewall Jackson's Division and McLaw's Division making the three divisions assigned to capture that important stronghold of the enemy. The brigade crossed the Potomac at Point of Rocks and after forced marches night and day, took its position on London Heights simultaneously with Jackson's appearance on Bolivar Heights and McLaws' on the Maryland Heights. It did its part well in the capture of Harper's Ferry, supporting and assisting Jackson's famous attack. The Brigade left Harper's Ferry before the surren-

der was completed and marched rapidly to Shepherdstown, passing through the captured town, but not halting. It crossed the Potomac the same day and joined the main body of Lee's army, now near Sharpsburg. The next morning, Wednesday, 17 September, before day, it took its position in line of battle on the right of Lee's army and remained there some two hours, when it was ordered double-quick to the left centre of our lines, near the Dunkard Church. Hood's, Ripley's and other troops defending their part of the line, after a grand resistance, were being forced to retire from the field. Walker's Division (as previously stated), composed of Walker's and Ransom's Brigades, rushed into the fight, drove back the enemy who were pursuing Hood and Ripley, and re-established our lines to the right and left of the Dunkard Church. They remained there during the day, repulsed every movement by the enemy upon their part of the line, and at sunset were moved along the line of battle a half mile to the right. During the day they were in the part of the army commanded by General Longstreet and twice visited by Generals Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart. The larger part of McClellan's army was massed in their front and the fire of artillery and musketry, such as has seldom taken place in the history of war, was poured upon them until nearly sunset. About 1 o'clock during the day, the brigade charged a battery of the enemy, which was in sight of them, and silenced its guns for the day. On the morning of the 18th, it took the same position it had held before at the Dunkard Church and remained there until that night at 12 o'clock, when it joined the general movement to cross the Potomac. (See Generals Walker's and Ransom's reports, *Official Records*). About daylight on the morning of the 19th, it crossed the Potomac and camped on its hills; from there it went into bivouac near Winchester, and reached Fredericksburg with the advance of Lee's columns, in December, 1862.

FREDERICKSBURG.

On the morning of 13 December, Ransom's Brigade was posted around the base of Marye's Heights. With Cobb's Georgia and Kershaw's South Carolina Brigades, Ransom's

Division (Walker had gone to the west and Brigadier-General Robert Ransom was now in command of the division), held the left of Lee's army at Fredericksburg, supporting and supported by the Washington artillery. By far the heaviest fighting of the battle, and perhaps the hardest during the war, took place in defence of this position. The flower of Burnside's army was concentrated to carry the Heights, but it was firmly held by these troops and the great day was won. The conduct of the brigade on this day was exceptionally grand.

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

On 3 January, 1863, the brigade was ordered to North Carolina to protect that State from invasions, and for some months effectually guarded the eastern part of the State. About the last of May the brigade went to Petersburg, Va. General Robert Ransom was promoted to Major-General and sent to Tennessee. Colonel Matt. W Ransom 13 June, 1863, was made Brigadier-General, upon the recommendation of the officers in the brigade, and assigned to its command. His staff was constituted as follows: Captain J C. Pegram, Adjutant-General; Captain Sterling H. Gee, Inspector-General; Major Broadnax, Commissary; Major Clay C. Drewry, Quartermaster; Lieutenants Wm. B. Meares, and Waverly Johnston, Aides; Lieutenant Louis D. Goodloe, Ordnance Officer. The brigade then became a part of Hill's Division. The division started to go to Lee's army in Maryland, but an advance of General Butler from Fortress Monroe detained the division too long for it to reach Maryland in time. The movement against Richmond was dissipated. While the brigade was stationed near Richmond and Petersburg, Colonel Spears, of the Union army, made his formidable raid against Weldon. The brigade was ordered to meet it. A small part of it under General Ransom's immediate command, met Spears' Brigade near Boon's Mill, in Northampton County, on 28 July, 1863, and signally repulsed it. The railroad line from Petersburg to Wilmington had several times been raided and the brigade was stationed at Weldon to meet any advance of the enemy at any point between

Petersburg and Wilmington, which duty was performed so faithfully that the railroad was not in any peril again.

In the winter of 1863-'64, the brigade, mainly for the purpose of obtaining provisions and making General Butler's negro troops behave themselves, advanced upon Norfolk, captured the enemy's outposts at North West Lock with a number of prisoners; on the next day drove a brigade of the enemy from Suffolk and captured their camp and all their supplies at Barnard's Mills; then returning to Weldon, was with General Pickett's movement against New Bern. It went from Kinston with General Barton's Brigade. Barton was to attack New Bern on the south, but upon reaching the vicinity of Brice's creek and the Trent river, General Barton very properly decided not to attempt to cross the river. It was manifestly impracticable, owing to the formidable defences of the enemy at that point.

PLYMOUTH.

The brigade returned to Weldon and about 12 April went with General Hoke's Brigade, General Kemper's Brigade, Branch's and Blount's artillery and the Montgomery (Alabama) Blues, artillery, to attack Plymouth. The Forty-ninth Regiment was on duty upon the Chowan river, and the Eighth North Carolina, of Clingman's Brigade, under the gallant Colonel Murchison, was substituted for it. General Hoke commanded the expedition. Captain Cooke, with the iron-clad Albemarle, was sent down the Roanoke river to join in the fight. The troops reached Plymouth on Sunday night, the 17th, threw up some works and sent some shells into the town. On Monday the place was thoroughly invested. On Monday night General Hoke's Brigade stormed and captured Fort Mercer, an outwork about a mile and a quarter from the town, Ransom's Brigade making a heavy demonstration upon the works in the opposite direction. On the same night, Captain Cooke, with the Albemarle, went down the river and destroyed the enemy's gunboats guarding Plymouth, but was compelled to move down the river out of the range of the enemy's 200-pound guns, which had been placed in battery on the river bank. On Tuesday night, just

after dark, Ransom's Brigade attacked a regiment on picket posted to defend the crossing of Conaby creek. This force of the enemy was dispersed, and the brigade then moved across the creek and took position in line of battle near the river, extending across an open field to a point a little south of the town. At early dawn the brigade assaulted the works around Plymouth, charging through an open field three fourths of a mile, and carried the two forts on the eastern face of the town. The largest fort south of the town, then known as Fort Wessels, upon reconnoissance was found impregnable. The brigade charged through the town, up the streets, through the gardens and was resisted at every step by detachments of soldiers from the windows and doors, for they had barricaded the streets in all directions. The fort holding the large guns on the bank of the river was now captured, and soon the defences in the upper or western part of the town were taken. The big guns having been silenced, the Albemarle was signalled to come up, which it did gallantly. A few mortar shots from the Albemarle were thrown into the fort and then its surrender demanded, and General Wessels, after seeing the intrepidity of the forces attacking him, and realizing his forlorn condition, surrendered the place. The loss in Ransom's Brigade was over one hundred killed, and five hundred wounded. The brigade captured three thousand prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, five hundred horses, a large number of small arms and a large quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores.

As an evidence of the appreciation of the State for this brigade in this action, when the usual resolution of thanks to General Hoke, the ranking officer, and the officers and men under his command, was introduced in the General Assembly of North Carolina, Captain David M. Carter, an able statesman and gallant soldier, then a member of that body, offered as an amendment, that after the words "General Hoke" in the resolution, the words "General Matt. W Ransom" should be inserted. The amendment was accepted with approbation by Judge Shepherd, Chairman of the Military Committee, and unanimously adopted by the House.

PETERSBURG.

After this battle, the brigade went with General Hoke's command to New Bern, and without any serious engagement there, was ordered hastily to proceed to Petersburg, which was then imperiled by Butler's advance from City Point. They reached the city of Petersburg on 11 May and with Beauregard's army, on the next day, marched to Drewry's Bluff. On the 13th, had a sharp fight with the enemy in which the enemy was repulsed, and the noble Cicero Durham, who had just been assigned to the command of the brigade sharpshooters, was mortally wounded. On the 14th in a short, but hard engagement with the enemy, General Ransom was seriously wounded, and during the summer and fall till his return the brigade was commanded by the senior Colonel for the time being. On the 16th the brigade in General Robert Ransom's Division joined in the attack upon General Butler's army and routed the enemy in their front. After the battle of Drewry's Bluff the brigade was engaged in the defence of the Bermuda Hundreds line.

About 16 June it was hurried to Petersburg to meet General Grant's advance upon the city. It held its ground and repulsed the enemy invariably in all the fights that occurred on the front lines of Petersburg during that memorable siege. There was no harder or better fighting during the war than that which engaged the brigade on those lines and days. There 17 June the gallant Colonel Jones, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, was killed; there Adjutant-General Pegram fell; there large numbers of the best soldiers in the army met their fate, the brigade at that time being under the command of Colonel Faison, of the Fifty-sixth.

On the morning of the Crater fight, 30 July, the brigade, commanded by Colonel Lee M. McAfee, occupied the intrenchments near the scene of the explosion, and exhibited a coolness and courage in driving back the enemy and holding our lines, which were never surpassed. The Petersburg papers, published on the afternoon after the battle had been fought, were most pronounced in its praise. The brigade continued all during the summer, fall and winter of 1864, and up to 1 March in 1865, to hold the line of intrench-

ments from the Appomattox river to a point near the scene of the Crater. There has been no sterner suffering, nor more heroic courage and fortitude in war than the soldiers of this brigade invariably exhibited. About 15 March the brigade was moved from the pits and intrenchments protecting Petersburg to Burgess' Mill, twelve miles west of the city, on the right of our army. On the evening of 24 March, 1865, it was ordered back to Petersburg to join in the assault upon Fort Stedman, the center of Grant's line. With Grimes' Division, Wallace's South Carolina and his own brigade, General Matt. Ransom assaulted Fort Stedman at day on the morning of the 25th, captured the fort and the enemy's lines to the right and left half a mile each way, and advanced some one-fourth of a mile in rear of the fort, capturing several hundred prisoners. The enemy opened fire on us from two hundred pieces of artillery, and the strength of Grant's army was immediately concentrated upon some five or seven thousand Confederates. The result was inevitable. After most terrible slaughter General Lee ordered a retreat and Ransom's Brigade was given the honor of covering it. Ransom's and Wallace's brigades lost half their number during the day. Here the gallant young orderly to the brigade, William Hood, of Company H, Thirty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, who was promoted for gallantry at Sharpsburg, received a mortal wound and was buried on the field in the uniform of his General. Gen. Grant commenced his movement on our right in the last days of March. Ransom's and Wallace's Brigades were ordered, with General Pickett's Division, to meet the advance of the enemy and, if possible, drive them back.

FIVE FORKS.

On the last day of March this command drove the enemy back beyond Dinwiddie Court House and won a decided victory. General Grant ordered up one or two corps to reinforce Sheridan, and on the morning of 1 April, the Confederates were ordered to retire. They did so in good order, Ransom's Brigade covering the backward movement. They reached Five Forks and the enemy immmediately attacked them. Pickett's Division, Wallace's and Ransom's Brigades

under Ransom, and a division or two of our cavalry. The brigade never fought better, drove the enemy back three different times, when Sheridan's forces, with their immense numbers, completely flanked and surrounded them. Nearly all the brigade was captured, killed or wounded. From four to five hundred, under command of General Ransom, by a desperate effort, cut through the enemy's line and made a safe retreat. In this retreat they marched without food, scantly clad, and almost without ammunition to Appomattox Court House, skirmishing and fighting all the way. At Appomattox Court House, the brigade surrendered, with Lee's army, without a blemish upon its flag or its name.

Too much cannot be said of this brigade. The brigade staff officers cannot well be too highly commended. Its first Quartermaster, Major J. F. Simmons, was a man of unusual ability, high literary attainments and eminently qualified for the position he filled so acceptably. Captain Thomas W Rowland, Assistant Adjutant-General, was an educated, accomplished soldier, of uncommon intelligence in all the lines of his duty. Died shortly after the war from consumption contracted in the army. Lieutenant W E. Broadnax, Aide, was a gentleman of large wealth, of liberal education and of the best associations. Nothing could have been finer than his gallantry and devotion. Major Thomas W Broadnax and Major Clay C Drewry, Quartermasters, were both excellent business soldiers. Lieutenant Thos. W Mason, a first honor graduate of the State University, possessed of large wealth, was universally respected and beloved by the brigade. His conduct at all times and under all circumstances, was exemplary and admirable. His gallantry at Sharpsburg was especially conspicuous. His patriotism and love for his country has been no less conspicuous in civil life than his military services were distinguished in war; and as a member of the upper House of the State Legislature, as one of the three members of the Railroad Commission, and as Chairman of his county's court, his services have been of great value to the State. In 1895 he received the nomination of his party to succeed General Ransom as United States

Senator. Lieutenant Ed. A. Thorne was a most meritorious officer, never failed to do his full duty Captain J C. Pegram fell in the lines of Petersburg, a noble son of Admiral Pegram, of the Confederate Navy His accomplishments and qualities as an officer could not have been better. Captain Sterling H. Gee had the heart of the whole Brigade. He was brave, generous and graceful, and lost his life 1 April, 1865, a few days after his marriage, one of the last and best victims of those who fell in the war. Captain Wm. B. Meares, was a true soldier, always devoted, shirked no responsibility or danger and served through to the end.

General Ransom never failed to acknowledge his great indebtedness to Captain Cicero Durham for suggestions and services at the battle of Plymouth. He was a Quartermaster who invariably went into a fight, and was known as the "fighting Quartermaster." He was as modest as a girl, but brave as Marshal Ney He was a Christian, even in the fire of battle, and always lovable. The last halo upon his brow was the light of a maiden's love.

This brigade was drilled and disciplined by General Robert Ransom, and was commanded during all the war by him or his brother Matt. W Ransom. There was but little for any officer to do upon taking a command which had been so well prepared by General Robert Ransom. But his successor in command, though bred a civilian and until his appointment by Governor Ellis as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of State troops, without any military experience, he at once displayed high qualities for command and gained the confidence and affection of his soldiers, from the highest to the humblest. Not for an instant did General Matt. W. Ransom lose this great influence over his soldiers. His bearing on the field of battle was no less than superb. His presence was an inspiration to those under his command, and in desperate straits, as at Plymouth, when victory hung in the balance, and it seemed impossible for mortal man to advance in the face of the withering fire that faced them, it was only necessary for General Ransom to ride along his lines with uncovered head and pointing in the direction of the foe, call on his men to follow him. His soldiers never failed him or he

them, and wounded and suffering, after four years of service, he was with his command when it lay down its arms at Appomattox.

The Brigade always moved as a machine, well regulated in every part. Its medical staff, O'Hagan, Wilson, Luckey, Ruffin, Duffie, etc., was eminently qualified for all their duties. With such officers and such a staff, and men of North Carolina for its strength, it is not wonderful that the brigade should have been among the first in Magruder's great charge at Malvern Hill. That it should have held the most difficult and dangerous line at Sharpsburg; that it should have been conspicuous on Marye's burning heights; that it should have stormed Plymouth; have been the first at the capture and last at the giving up of Fort Stedman. That it should have borne the last desperate agony of Five Forks and furled its glorious banner and grounded its muskets at Appomattox.

Upon reading over the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,* I find that this brigade was without exception called upon for hard service whenever it could be had, by the commanding officers of the army. Not a word of reproach from any person ever fell upon it, on the march, in camp, or on the field of battle.

WM. H. S. BURGWYN.

WELDON, N. C.,
9 APRIL, 1901.

THE ROBERTS CAVALRY BRIGADE.

By E. J. HOLT, First Lieutenant Company A, Seventy-Fifth N. C. T.

Upon the dissolution of Dearing's Brigade, Colonel William P Roberts, of the Nineteenth North Carolina (Second Cavalry), was promoted Brigadier-General 21 February, 1865, and placed in command of a new brigade composed of the Fifty-ninth and Seventy-fifth North Carolina Regiments (Fourth and Seventh Cavalry). The latter, however, had been only recently raised to a regiment and was till the very last still officially reported as the Sixteenth Battalion. The brief career of the brigade is effectively told in the Histories herein of the two regiments composing it—especially in the appendix to General Roberts' history of the Nineteenth at pp. 108-109 of Vol. 2 of this work.

The Staff officers were:

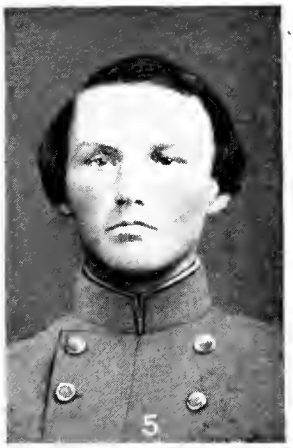
Captain Theodore S. Garnett, A. A. G.
Captain Wm. C. Coughenour, Inspector-General.
Lieutenant Jas. E. Webb, Ordnance Officer.
Lieutenant W P Holcombe, Aide.
Captain J B. Bigger, A. Q. M.

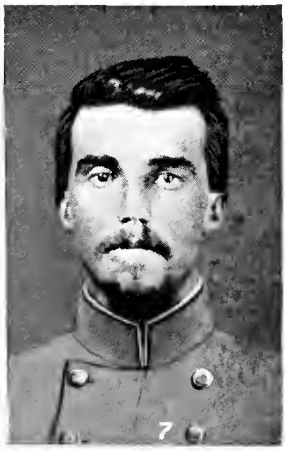
In that sketch it is repeated, as is also stated by me in the sketch of the Seventy-fifth Regiment, that the last shots at Appomattox were really fired by this command and not by Cox's Brigade of North Carolina Infantry. Beyond controversy, we captured the last guns, four Napoleons.

At Appomattox only 95 members of the Brigade were left to be surrendered, 5 officers and 88 men.

E. J Holt.

Smithfield, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.





CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

1. D. D. Ferebee, Colonel, 59th Regt. (4 Cav.)
2. Benj. G. Smith, Captain, Co. G, 41st Regt. (3 Cav.)
3. Wm. H. Smith, Captain, Co. G, 41st Regt. (3 Cav.)
4. Wm. H. Penny, Private, Co. I, 41st Regt. (3 Cav.)
5. Jas. J. Carden, Sergt., Co. K, 19th Regt. (2 Cav.)
6. Stephen W. Rice, Orderly for Col. C. M. Andrews, Co. B, 19th Regt. (2 Cav.)
7. D. Matt Thompson, Private, Co. F, 19th Regt. (2 Cav.)
8. J. A. Ramsay, Private, Co. B, 19th Regt. (2 Cav.) Color-bearer.
9. John R. Pettit, Private, Co. F, 75th Regt. (7 Cav.)

THE GORDON--BARRINGER BRIGADE.

By JULIAN S. CARR, Private Company K, Forty-First North Carolina Troops.

This brigade first organized as the "North Carolina Cavalry Brigade" 9 September, 1863, under command of General Lawrence S. Baker, and then consisted of the Ninth, Nineteenth, Fifty-ninth and Sixty-third North Carolina Regiments (First, Second, Fourth and Fifth Cavalry.) General Baker, because of a wound, was soon assigned to special duty. On 2 June, 1863, General Lee had written to President Davis his purpose "to brigade the North Carolina Regiments of Cavalry in his army under Colonel Baker," Vol. 25, *Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, p. 1088.* Colonel Baker was promoted to Brigadier-General 23 July, 1863.

On 28 September, 1863, James B. Gordon, Colonel of the Ninth, was commissioned Brigadier-General and took command of the brigade. Under General Gordon it made famous its name of "The North Carolina Cavalry Brigade," and was thus, to the end of the war, widely known throughout the Army of Northern Virginia and by a very great many in the Army of the Potomac. Of course, it was often spoken and written of as Gordon's and afterwards as Barringer's Brigade.

Gordon was a genius of war, a "veritable god of battle." He did more than any other one man to make his brigade what it was, and had he lived his brigade would have placed his name as high on North Carolina's "Roll of Honor" as that of any Confederate, if not higher. At Brook Church, Virginia, 12 May, 1864, he received a wound which proved mortal within a week.

Near the end of May, 1864, the Forty-first North Carolina Regiment (Third Cavalry) joined the brigade from Eastern North Carolina and took the place of the Fifty-ninth (Fourth

Cavalry), which latter regiment had been detached from the brigade in the winter of 1863-'64, and Colonel John A. Baker of the Third Cavalry, being senior Colonel, assumed command of the brigade until 30 May, 1864, when Brigadier-General P M. B. Young was temporarily commander of the brigade.

On 4 June, 1864, Lieutenant-Colonel Rufus Barringer, of the Ninth (First Cavalry), was commissioned Brigadier-General and assigned to the command of this brigade and thus continued until 3 April, 1865, when he was captured near Namozine Church, Virginia, on the retreat to Appomattox. None of its commanders ever did more than General Barringer to maintain the efficiency and reputation of this brigade. In his capital sketch of the Forty-first (Third Cavalry), on page 782, Vol. 2, of these histories, Sergeant J. B. Hill states as an official fact, that this brigade, on 1 March, 1865, numbered "actually more than one-third of the total cavalry of Lee's army" That, of this force, only two officers and twenty-one men surrendered at Appomattox tells a wondrous story of the great daring and casualties of its officers and men in a great crisis. All had learned to meet calamity fearlessly and to overcome it when possible. I venture the assertion that this brigade faced and fought and prevented, by their courage and soldierly sagacity, more dire disaster on "the retreat" than any other brigade in Lee's army.

The details of the services of this brigade during two of the greatest campaigns of any war have been so fully told, especially in General Barringer's history of the Ninth North Carolina and in that of the Sixty-third by Paul B. Means, that it is useless to recite them here.

The staff officers of the brigade, as far as I can get them accurately, were: Captain James L. Gaines, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Captain Chiswell W Dabney, Inspector-General, and Lieutenant Kerr Craige, Aide to General Gordon, and Lieutenant Fred. C. Ford, Aide to General Barringer.

JULIAN S. CARR.

DURHAM, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA,

May 1st 1865.

In accordance with the terms of the Military Convention, entered into on the twenty sixth day of April, 1865, between General JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, Commanding the Confederate Army, and Major General W. T. SHERMAN, Commanding the United States Army in North-Carolina, Col. Jno. W. Hinsdale 3rd Regt Reserves NC has given his solemn obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly released from this obligation; and is permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as he observe this obligation and obey the laws in force where he may reside.

C. F. Smith
Asst Adj Genl U. S. A.,
Special Commissioner,

J. S. Armistead
Col C. S. A.,
Commanding.

A PAROLE FROM JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

Fac-simile of parole of Jno. W. Hinsdale, Colonel, 72d Regiment (3d Junior Reserves).

THE JUNIOR RESERVES BRIGADE.

By FABIUS H. BUSBEE,
Second Lieutenant, Company E, Seventy Second Regiment,
(third junior reserves.)

The mortal blows had been stricken, and the young Confederacy was wounded unto death. Whatever hopeful uncertainties existed at the time, in the clear light of subsequent events no one can now deny that after July, 1863, the success of the Southern Cause, humanly speaking, was impossible. After an heroic but fruitless resistance on 4 July, twenty-seven thousand men, the flower of the Western army, hemmed in by unbreakable barriers, were starved into a sullen surrender at Vicksburg. The day before, the immortal valor that consecrated the field of Gettysburg was unavailing to hold the perilous heights, stormed at such fearful cost, and the noblest army that ever bore standard into action, fell back, baffled and crippled. The possibility of final victory was over. But neither of the contending forces could at the time realize the far-reaching consequences of these disasters, and more than once during the year that followed a wide-spread despondency was prevalent at the North, and deceptive hope allured us to still greater sacrifices in the South:

"For when our triumph was delayed
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee."

In the Spring of 1864, an army confronted Sherman in the West, whose bravery, leadership and endurance, he had every reason to hold in the highest respect. With spirit yet unbroken the Army of Northern Virginia, smarting under their losses in 1863, were waiting an opportunity to avenge the disaster of Gettysburg. How well their confidence was justified, let the three days of terrible conflict in the Wilder-

ness, the deadly slaughter, thrice repeated, at Cold Harbor, and the various battlefields of 1864, bear witness.

But we can see clearly now that all the fortitude, all the bravery of that deadly year were exerted in a hopeless contest with overmastering fate. As the long winter wore away to its close, and the spring campaign of 1864 was about to open, the Congress of the Confederate States was confronted with appalling difficulties. Compelled to present to the world an unshaken front, in secret session the President and the General commanding laid before the Congress unvarnished statements of the army. Money, food, clothing, arms, medicines, supplies of every kind, and above all, men were imperatively demanded. The insatiate Moloch of war had made his imperative requisitions, and they could not be refused.

In obedience to the demands of the hour, the year 1864 was ushered in by the enactment of certain stringent measures, which, if carefully considered, were of themselves sufficient to indicate the inevitable end. In a hopeless effort to stay the rapid depreciation of the currency, the Treasury notes then in circulation were called in for redemption, and a new currency issued at the rate of two dollars for three.

> "Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
> If a dollar should drop in the till."

The writ of *habeas corpus*, the type and the bulwark of Anglo-Saxon freedom, was permitted to be suspended at the will of the President, and the patriot was forced to the alternative of being charged with lukewarmness to the cause of independence, or of being disloyal to the principles of civil liberty. The taxation and impressment laws were so amended and enlarged in their operation, that their enforcement was equivalent to actual confiscation of all materials and supplies adapted to the exigencies of the armies in the field.

During the progress of the year, the Secretary of the Treasury reported an error in his estimates, and a consequent deficiency of four hundred millions of dollars, and taxes at the rate of 5 per cent., which had just been collected, were ordered to be paid over again.

But the great necessity that overshadowed all, was the need

of men. There was no Cadmus to pluck from the mouth of danger the serpent's teeth, that sown in fertile Theban Valley should spring up an armed soldiery.

Into the Union armies the nations of the earth were pouring their surplus population, tempted by prodigal bounties, both State and National. The blockaded and beleaguered South, impoverished, with her scattered population, always haunted by a brooding fear of a servile insurrection, could see upon the dark horizon no ray of light. The ranks of her armies, already depleted by the losses on the field, were daily thinned by desertion, and every effort to recall the laggards seemed in vain. With reluctance unfeigned and deep, but as the only alternative, on 17 February, 1864, the Confederate Congress passed the new enrollment act, and "robbing alike the cradle and the grave" called into the service of the Confederacy every man and boy who was able to bear arms in her defence. Those who had furnished substitutes were no longer protected by their contract of exemption. Men between the ages of 45 and 50 were ordered to be enlisted in the Senior Reserves, and boys between the ages of 17 and 18 were mustered into the military service as Junior Reserves.

Under the terms of the act, before the service should be made compulsory by conscription, an opportunity was given to all to volunteer. It is important to recall the condition of affairs which then existed. By the spring of 1864 all the nickel-plating of the war had been rubbed off, and its romance and poetry had taken flight. In 1861, when resplendent uniforms, dashing horses, camps overrunning with every luxury, seemed the usual adjuncts of war, he only was to be pitied who was left behind, and volunteering seemed a holiday excursion. In the three years which had passed, even the most light-hearted boy had been brought face to face with stern realities The hill-sides of Virginia were filled with shallow soldier's sepulchres, and every household mourned its slain. The hospitals were crowded with the sick and wounded whom over-worked surgeons, illy supplied with instruments and medicines, were unable to relieve. Desertion, like an eating cancer, was poisoning the blood and sapping the spirit of the

army. The duties of the absent fathers had fallen upon the shoulders of the boys, to whom the mothers looked for food and protection. There was no longer any doubt as to the meaning of the word "War." It was the dread synoym of privation, hunger, disease, a foreign prison and an unknown grave.

As some indication of the scarcity of every article of necessity, a glance at the prices prevailing at the time will prove of interest. In February, 1864, coffee and sugar were unattainable luxuries, worth $12.00 a pound; bacon and lard were $3.50 per pound; meal was $18.00, and sweet potatoes were $10.00 a bushel. This was early in 1864, and a year later every price quoted had more than doubled.

The pay of a private soldier for a month of exposure and danger would buy him just one pound of sugar; while the magnificent monthly compensation of a Lieutenant would hardly purchase an indifferent pair of shoes.

And let no disciple of an inflated currency delude himself with the idea that money was so plentiful that we did not mind high prices. That was a pleasing fiction which was widely prevalent just after the war, but has little foundation in fact to support it. The speculator, the trader, and the gambler were lavishly supplied, but the great mass of salaried, professional and laboring men found it difficult to live.

Such was the condition of affairs when the boys of North Carolina were called upon to volunteer in her defence. To their eternal credit be it said that when their State called upon them to come, they faltered not. And though it was the very tearing asunder of heartstrings, their mothers bade them go.

"The aged sires and matrons grey,
Saw the young warriors haste away.
And deemed it sin to grieve."

Under the terms of their enlistment the Reserves were enrolled for duty within the limits of their respective States, and were permitted to elect their own company officers. Field officers were elected by the company officers. With a sagacity and conservatism hardly to have been expected, their choice

of officers were most admirable. No appointing power could have selected from the membership more gallant, faithful and deserving officers.

The organization of all the troops destined for detached duty in the State. Senior and Junior Reserves, wounded soldiers, assigned to light duty and detailed men, was entrusted to Lieutenant-General Holmes, a native North Carolinian, whose capacity for a work of the kind was unquestionable. As soon as the companies were formed they were hurried off to camps of instruction, and as soon as the required number of companies were gathered together they were organized into battalions.

The First Battalion was commanded by Major C. W Broadfoot the Second by Major Jno. H. Anderson, the Third was composed of Senior Reserves, the Fourth elected Major John M. Reece, the Fifth Major W F. Beasley, the Sixth Major Walter Clark, the Seventh Major W Foster French, the Eighth Major J B. Ellington, and the Ninth Major D. T. Millard. In order to relieve the regular troops who were then performing guard duty, these battalions were at once placed upon duty up and down the lines of the important railroads, with especial regard to bridges and the points where raids were expected. As these battalions were eventually consolidated into regiments, the first in July, 1864, the second in December, 1864, and the third early in January, 1865, it may be well to give here the final organization.

The first regiment, composed of the First and Sixth Battalions, was organized 4 July, 1864, by electing C W Broadfoot, Colonel; Walter Clark, Lieutenant-Colonel, and N A. Gregory, Major.* The second, composed of the Second and Fifth Battalions, 7 December, 1864, elected Jno. H. Anderson Colonel, W F Beasley Lieutenant-Colonel, and N. A.

*Subsequently at request of General Holmes who desired his Chief of Staff, Frank S. Armistead (a West Point graduate) to be made General of the Brigade and thought that this could be promptly accomplished if he were Senior Colonel, these officers afterwards resigned and F. S. Armistead was elected Colonel, C. W Broadfoot, Lieut-Colonel and Walter Clark, Major, but the expected promotion of Col. Armistead was not realized and this second organization endured to the end. N. A. Gregory later became Major of the Second Junior Reserves.—ED.

Gregory Major. The Third, composed of the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth Battalions, on 3 January, 1865, elected John W Hinsdale Colonel, W. Foster French, Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. B. Ellington, Major. Another battalion while being organized in camp of instruction at Morganton, was attacked by a considerable force of Federal raiders, surrounded and part of it was captured 28 June, 1864, but the remnant was recruited and formed two companies which were attached to Millard's Battalion.

It was the intention of Congress to place as light a burden upon the Reserves as possible, and President Davis spoke with keen regret of the unfortunate necessity of "grinding up the seed corn of the Confederacy." But it is by no means sure that it would not have been a wiser policy simply to have reduced the age of enlistment, and to have mustered the young recruits into the regiments already in the field. The Reserves were supposed to have been detailed for less dangerous duty, but in other respects they were not so well off. Their arms, clothing and equipment of every kind, were deficient in quality and quantity, even as compared with that of the other troops. All the field officers had seen previous service, but the men and the great majority of the company officers were inexperienced in camp life, and it was hard to impress them with the necessity for rigid sanitary precautions. Besides, they were stationed during the summer and autumn of 1864, in the unhealthy portions of the State, and the unacclimated boys from the Western and Central counties suffered greatly from disease. An epidemic of measles raged with great severity and proved in many instances fatal.

And thus without much loss in battle, ordered here and there as necessity arose, bearing the privations of camp, the fatigue of forced marches and the weakening of disease, like the brave lads they were, becoming better disciplined day by day but many of their best men being sent off to the regular service as they became 18 years of age, they saw the year 1864, eventful in other fields, wearing to its close In December the battalions, which afterwards composed the third regiment, were stationed near Wilmington, and the First and Second Regiments were in camp on the Roanoke. It was of

great importance that the railroad and bridges at these strategic points should be well guarded, as they were much exposed to sudden raids. At this time the enemy who were in the trenches in front of Petersburg, made an effort to cut the line of railroad between Weldon and Petersburg, and thus cut off the supplies upon which Lee's army was dependent for bread.

The Junior Reserves could not be compelled to cross the State line, but when the First and Second Regiments were drawn out in line of battle and the proposition made to them to volunteer for service in Virginia, not one man declined, and the four battalions from Wilmington (Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth) under Colonel George Jackson, joined them. With cheers and enthusiasm more characteristic of the days of "sixty-one" than of the closing scenes of the war, the boys made haste to go. The shoes recently issued to them canvass apologies, wretched ghosts of shoes at best, had in many instances given completely out before the march began, and repeating the hard experience of their ancestors at Valley Forge, many of these young heroes marched barefoot into battle upon the sleet-covered ground. The enemy had destroyed a part of the railroad, but were met by the Reserves at Belfield and driven back, and the threatened danger was averted. For this service the General Assembly unanimously passed a resolution tendering to the Junior Reserves for their gallantry and good conduct, the thanks of the people of North Carolina.

The first regiment was then rapidly marched into Martin County, and at Poplar Point, under Colonel Leventhorpe, drove back with the aid of Dickson's Battery, a threatened attack of the Federal gunboats which had been devastating that section and threatening the rich grain fields of the Roanoke.

During the same December those battalions which had returned from Belfield were destined to take part in a more important battle. For many months the attention of the Federal commanders had been especially directed to Wilmington and its defences. The impossibility of maintaining an effective blockade, and the great service done the Confederacy by the importation of so many articles indispensable to the vari-

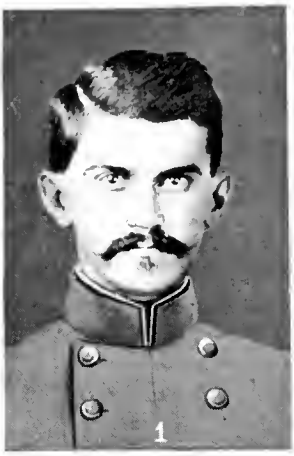
ous Confederate departments, made the capture of that port the object of the greatest interest.

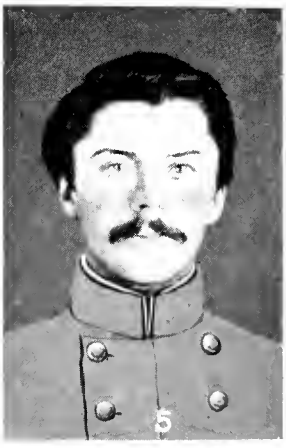
It is not necessary for me to-day to go fully into the story of the two attacks upon Fort Fisher, to thresh anew the old straw, or to review the quarrel between Porter and Butler in regard to the first attack. The battalions which later were formed into the Third Regiment of Juniors and Millard's Battalion formed a part of the garrison who so bravely withstood the onslaught of Weitzel's troops, and drove them back to the shelter of the fleet 25 December, 1864. French's and Reece's Battalions at the beginning of the fight were posted some distance from the fort, at Battery Buchanan. When the order came to repair to Fort Fisher, they ran the perilous gauntlet under the fire of the entire fleet. French's Battalion manned the land face of the fort, and kept that position throughout a considerable part of the first. One little fellow, Private Campbell, of Columbus County, I think, too small to fire over the parapet, jumped upon a cannon, exposing his whole body to that deadly hail, and fired until he fell. During the whole battle their coolness and courage were worthy of veterans. As certain companies were passing along through the fort to the most dangerous portion of the works, they passed near General Whiting, the officer in command. Turning to an officer near him, and taking off his hat, he said: "These are North Carolina's pets." Quick as a flash a little rascal sang out: "She's got a d—d bad way of showing it!"

The attack was repulsed, and Butler was driven back, beaten and disheartened to the shelter of his ships.

But a change of Federal commanders followed, and General Terry, with reinforcements of vessels and soldiers, returned to the attack 14 January, 1865, upon the doomed fortress. The heroic garrison held out for a time, but at last, overpowered by the fearful bombardmment and the sheer force of numbers, Whiting was driven from the fort to the edge of the water, and Colonel Lamb and his troops were compelled to surrender. A Northern historian well says: "One does not know which to admire most the heroism of the defence or the gallantry of the attack."

Colonel William Lamb, the gallant commander of the fort





SUPPLEMENTARY GROUP.

1. Oliver J. Lehman, Musician, 33d Regt.
2. John Calhoun Leazar, Hospital Steward, 42d Regt.
3. James R. Sanford, Private, Co. D, 70th Regt. (1st Junior Reserves.)
4. W. H. Gregory, 2d Lt., Co. B, 70th Regt. (1st Junior Reserves.)
5. J. A. Beaman, Private, Co. A, 71st Regt. (2d Junior Reserves.)

during the first attack, thus gives his estimate of the conduct of the Reserves.

"It gives me real pleasure to bear testimony to the gallantry of the North Carolina Junior Reserves at Fort Fisher when Porter and Butler were repulsed. The first life sacrificed there in defence of Carolina homes was that of an heroic boy; and another Junior Reserve, who volunteered for a desperate task, was killed in performing the perilous duty. On that Christmas day, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, when North Carolinians won imperishable renown by repelling the most formidable fleet that ever sailed, two out of every three that were killed outright were Junior Reserves. No language can more forcibly describe the bravery and heroism of these boys than the statement of this fact."

In these two engagements quite a number of the Junior Reserves were killed or captured. Lieutenant Hamlin with great courage and coolness escaped from the enemy, eluded recapture and brought quite a number of his men safely within our lines.

Not long after this Sherman's torchlight procession had entered North Carolina, and thenceforward no one had any occasion to volunteer to leave the State to find a battle ground. The three regiments and Millard's Battalion of Junior Reserves were united at Kinston into a brigade first under Colonel F. S. Armistead, then under General L. S. Baker, and formed one of the regular brigades of Hoke's Division. From this time forward they became regular troops, receiving the same treatment and performing the same duties as the other brigades. The brigade was commanded at Bentonville and thence till the surrender by Colonel J H. Nethercutt, of the Sixty-sixth North Carolina. Lieutenant-General Hardee was the Corps commander. Captain B. G. Smith was Brigade Quartermaster. Adjutant A. T. London and Lieutenant E. S. Foster, both of the First Juniors, acted as A. A. G. and Ordnance Officer of the brigade respectively till 15 March, when Colonel Nethercutt took command and announced William Calder as A. A. G. and Eugene S. Martin as Ordnance Officer.

At Kinston, we had not long to wait. General Terry's

Corps was ordered to advance from New Bern to join the main body of Sherman's army operating from Fayetteville, and the Confederates were between the upper and the nether mill-stone. The brigade struck Terry's advancing columns at South West Creek, just below Kinston, and there was a sharp conflict, in which the advantage was clearly with the Confederates. I can well recall the mingled sensations of elation and anxiety of the young Lieutenant who was officer of the guard during the long night which followed, and his bitter disappointment when the morning brought the unwelcome news that the Federals had been reinforced during the night, and that the columns of Sherman, advancing from Fayetteville, and of Scofield, from Wilmington, were threatening our rear.

Rapidly evacuating Kinston the Confederate forces were hurried through Goldsboro and Smithfield and at Averasboro checked the advancing enemy.

Three days later, just before the junction of the Union forces from Wilmington and Fayetteville, General Johnston gave battle at Bentonville 19-21 March. This was the most important action fought on North Carolina soil. The scene of action was a combination of field and thicket near the dividing line between Johnston and Sampson Counties. No one who witnessed the inspiring sight can ever forget the charge of S. D. Lee's Corps, early in the action. With ranks well aligned, field and staff officers mounted, as upon parade, light batteries filling the spaces between the brigades, grandly they swept across the open field, driving the enemy before them. Later in the day when it became necessary to charge the Federal divisions entrenched within the almost impenetrable swamp, and during the two following days to hold against their assaults the line of hastily formed breastworks, the Junior Reserves were in the thickest of the fight, and proved themselves no unworthy comrades of the veterans of the Eastern and the Western armies. But when the third day closed the masses of Sherman's army were outflanking and had broken through our lines to the left. Slowly and sullenly we fell back, while Sherman went on to unite his various commands at Goldsboro. While he was replenishing his stores

and resting his forces there, Johnston's army was taking a short breathing spell in camp near Smithfield. When Sherman's hundred thousand soldiers began their last advance, our little army moved too and in the same direction. We passed through Raleigh 12 April, 1865, just one day ahead of the enemy, and there learned of Lee's surrender. As we went on by easy marches to High Point, Generals Johnston and Sherman entered upon their abortive negotiations for peace at Durham. When those failed the army was finally surrendered 26 April, the soldiers were paroled 2 May and sent home upon parole and the war was over.

For a quarter of a century the returned Confederate soldiers have kept the letter and the spirit of that parole. They have given no undivided allegiance to their country's flag. They are to-day as loyal to its honor and as devoted to the maintenance of its supremacy as they are faithful to the memories of the past, and are ready to testify their devotion not with the flowers of word tribute merely, but with the ripened fruit of loyal deeds.

These regiments of Junior Reserves organized at a late period of the war, for the most part upon detached duty, and participating only for a short time in a regular campaign, cannot vie with the older regiments in the lists of famous battles inscribed upon their battle flags. Three regiments and one battalion of boys, with few company officers and no private above 18 years of age—and yet those who were with them and of them, who saw their cheerful endurance of every privation, their behavior in camp, their gallantry upon the battle field, know that no braver soldiers wore the livery of gray.

General Hoke, their attached and beloved commander, thus writes concerning them:

"The question of the courage of the Junior Reserves was well established by themselves in the battle below Kinston, and at the battle of Bentonville. At Bentonville, you will remember, they held a very important part of the battlefield in opposition to Sherman's old and tried soldiers, and re-

pulsed every charge that was made upon them with very meagre and rapidly thrown up breast works. Their conduct in camp, on the march and on the battlefield was everything that could be expected of them, and I am free to say, was equal to that of the old soldiers who had passed through four years of war. On the retreat through Raleigh, where many passed by their homes, scarcely one of them left their ranks to bid farewell to their friends, though they knew not where they were going and what dangers they would encounter."

It would not be appropriate, even if time permitted, that I should follow the fortunes of the individual members of the command after the close of the war. In fact in one respect it would involve a mortifying confession, for truth compels me to admit that not a few of them have degenerated into what Pope calls:

"Vile attorneys, now a useless race!"

The earnest and faithful Charles W Broadfoot of Fayetteville; the Christian jurist who now so worthily adorns the Supreme Court Bench, Judge Walter Clark, of Wake; the tireless and successful barrister, occupying a position inferior to no member of the profession in the State, John W Hinsdale, of Raleigh; the chaste and peerless advocate of the Chowan, William D. Pruden, of Edenton; the chivalric and zealous W Foster French of Robeson, now alas! gone to his last resting place; the eloquent and courtly Charles Price, of Rowan; the scholarly and erudite Hugh F Muray, of Wilson dead for some years; the successful lawyer and polished gentleman, Adjutant Alexander T. London, of Wilmington, now of Birmingham, Ala.; the lawyer and politician, in the best sense of the term, Reuben McBrayer, late of Cleveland, who died in Asheville, are names that suggest themselves. In the world of business the names are equally numerous: Colonel Jno. H. Anderson (now dead), who achieved marked success in New York; Colonel W F. Beasley, so well and widely known; Major N. A. Gregory, of Oxford, a high type of manhood, and a host beside of whom I shall only name a few:

Such men as Jesse W Grainger, of Lenoir; Prof. J M. Bandy, of Trinity College; Dr. LaFayette Foster, of Franklin; J. J. Laughinghouse, of Pitt; J. S. Pescud, of Raleigh; L. A. Bristol and H. W Connelly, of Burke; J D. Kerr, of Duplin; Captain O. C. Wells, of Cleveland; W H. Overman, of Salisbury; Lieutenant Fetzer, of Cabarrus, are men who do honor to the Junior Reserves in every department of human activity.

But not to these representative officers, honorable and honored though they be, do we tender the laurel to-day. When each recurring spring, with dew and sunshine, breathes upon the dormant buds and wakes them into tender leaf and fragrant blossom, and Southern women, reviving precious memories, come to pay their never-failing tribute of love to their dead heroes, their rarest, sweetest flowers will always adorn the unmarked grave of the Private Soldier. These unlettered lads knew and cared nought about the complex political problems that could be solved only upon the deadly boards of war. They only knew that North Carolina had called them to her defence, and leaving all behind they came, "bearing all things, believing all things, enduring all things." They looked for no personal glory, they shirked no duty, they were false to no trust.

True, when the long day's march was over, and under the sighing pines the tired boys threw themselves supperless upon the ground to sleep, and thoughts of home and mother came, unbidden guests, sometimes

"Something upon the soldier's cheek washed off the stain of powder."

But their moistened eyes were hidden by the kindly veil of night, and the morning's sun brought brightness in its train. They were so young, so gallant, and so true. Whether like young Denmark, with naked, bleeding feet, they were marching into battle against Grant's veterans in Virginia, or fever-stricken in a wayside hospital, are "babbling o' green fields" or sinking into the unconscious sleep that presages death, they kept their courage to the end. Their actions

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

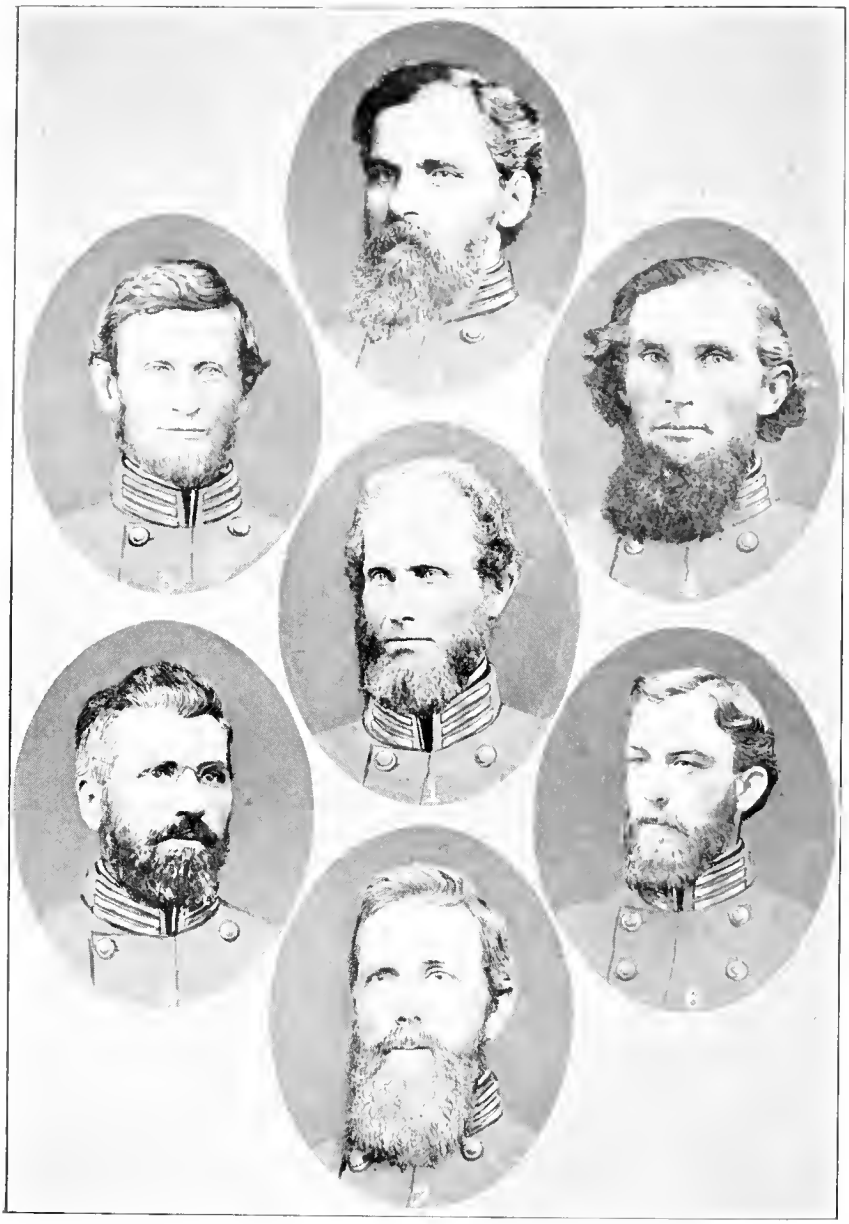
I want no higher distinction than to be deemed worthy to do honor to the memories of my dead comrades, when,

> "Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
> We muster once more our deathless dead,
> Out of each lonely grave."

"Heroes of unwritten story," young soldiers of the Confederacy, worthy to take their place in history beside the North Carolinians who bore the Southern Cross up the deadly slopes of Malvern Hill, or those who fell fighting within the Federal lines upon the fatal Cemetery Ridge, all honor to the *North Carolina Junior Reserves!*

FABIUS H. BUSBEE.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
26 April, 1901.



CHAPLAIN SERVICE.

1. Rev. A. D. Betts, Chaplain, 30th Regiment.
2. Rev. L. A. Bikle, Chaplain, 20th Regiment.
3. Rev. A. A. Watson, Chaplain, 2d Regiment.
4. Rev. A. W. Mangum, Chaplain, 6th Regiment.
5. Rev. A. L. Stough, Chaplain, 37th Regiment.
6. Rev. William S. Lacy, Chaplain, 47th Regiment.
7. Rev. R. S. Webb, Chaplain, 14th Regiment.
8. Rev. George Patterson, Chaplain, 3d Regiment. (Picture in Vol. I.)
9. Rev. W. A. Wood, Chaplain, 4th Regiment. (Picture in Vol. I.)
10. Rev. N. B. Cobb, Chaplain, 14th Regiment. (Picture in Vol. I.)
11. Rev. T. W. Moore, Chaplain, 23d Regiment. (Picture in Vol. II.)
12. Rev. F. Milton Kennedy, Chaplain, 28th Regiment. (Picture in Vol. II.)
13. Rev. John Paris, Chaplain, 54th Regiment. (Picture in Vol. III.)
14. Rev. William Royall, Chaplain, 55th Regiment. (Picture in Vol. III.)

THE CHAPLAIN SERVICE.

By A. D. BETTS, Chaplain Thirtieth Regiment.

Many of the people did think and still think the State had a right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. When President Lincoln, in April, 1861, called on Governor Ellis for troops to coerce the seceded States, our people felt that they ought to unitedly resist him and his army. The men offered themselves by thousands. Wives and mothers encouraged their husbands and sons to go. Some fathers took their sons with them and died for what they believed was a just cause in the sight of God. Some preachers went as private soldiers, others as officers and others as Chaplains. A number of preachers freely gave sons. Those who went as Chaplains seemed glad to endure the hardships and privations of camp life for the sake of preaching to the brave men, caring for them when sick or wounded and tenderly burying them when dead.

A CHAPLAIN'S WORK—PREACHING IN CAMP.

Generally most of his regiment could attend on Sabbath. Often the men of other regiments were encouraged by their officers to do so. In mild, open weather they often preached to very large crowds morning and night. The hearers stood, sat, knelt or lounged on the ground and generally gave devout attention to the sermons. Often the singing was grand. But while hearing a thousand strong male voices the heart was sometimes made very tender by missing the voice of sister, wife or mother. During two or three winters the troops built chapels, where protracted meetings were held and many souls converted. But meetings were often held in open air, night and day, and many turned to God.

PREACHING ON THE MARCH.

When troops halted for rest an hour or two on long days, they were glad to assemble and lie on the ground and hear

sermons. Many chaplains and visiting ministers thus had a chance to preach to brave men a few days or a few hours before they were killed. Four North Carolina preachers were visiting the Army of Northern Virginia when it started to Pennsylvania in June, 1863. The others will be mentioned later. Dr. Deems, whose oldest son subsequently fell mortally wounded at Gettysburg, moved on with the army for five days and preached several times. He then turned back to North Carolina, not knowing that his own son and many others to whom he had preached were so soon to be cut off.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

When not convenient to assemble the entire regiment, the Chaplain could often hold a very profitable prayer meeting with one company and thus bring the men closer to him as their spiritual guide. Some companies kept up family prayer at night everywhere.

PERSONAL PASTORAL OVERSIGHT.

An efficient Chaplain would keep an alphabetical roll of each of the ten companies of his regiment, noting certain facts as to each man, as, his age, post office, church, converted or unconverted, etc. During winter the Chaplain could talk with each Christian and write home to his church. At all seasons he was ready to write to the homes about the sick, wounded or dead. A Chaplain was burying some of his own men at Gettysburg and found and buried a man from another regiment, and wrote the fact to his father. Years after the war, the old father heard that minister was to pass through his part of the State. He sent his daughter several miles to meet the preacher and thank him for his kindness. That was a very tender interview. He was a thousand times paid for his trouble and 10-cent postage stamp.

A ball passed through a soldier's chest, and the enemy was in close, hot pursuit. His Chaplain put him on his horse. The poor fellow could not guide the horse. No time was to be lost. The Chaplain leaped up behind the man, held him on the saddle and made the horse run. Every plunge of the

horse made the soldier scream with pain. But he caught his breath and said, "My poor old mother will love you."

PROCURING BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS FOR SOLDIERS.

This was a very important part of the work of Chaplains. They gathered up and gave to the North Carolina soldiers many thousands of the sacred volume. The soldiers were so glad to get them. Some of those books have a history. One lies before me as I write, presented by some friend to "Mary E. Davis" when she was a child. On two fly-leaves we find these words: "Mrs. Mary E. Betts, Chapel Hill, N C., will be glad to know if this volume is a blessing to anyone. Give her the future history of this Bible. December 9, 1863." "Returned to Rev. A. D. Betts, Kenansville, N. C., November 2, 1880, by Captain J C McMillan, of Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment. Captain M. kept it from December, 1863, reading it in camp and in prison." It had been gone nearly twenty-five years. The owner and giver of it had heard of its history just before she went to heaven, 5 September, 1879.

PROCURING TRACTS AND CHURCH PAPERS.

The soldiers loved to read. The Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other church papers were read in camp with more relish and profit than they had ever been read at home. Little tracts often put the great truths of the Gospel before men with saving power.

SCHOOLS FOR SOLDIERS.

Some Chaplains got their Colonels to detail men to teach others during winter. In this way some men got able to read their Bibles and write letters to the loved ones at home. Faithful Chaplains were busy men. The soldiers heard far more preaching than they would have heard at home. Many read Bibles, tracts, and papers more than they would have done at home. Most of them thought more about religion, prayed more, and felt their need of God more than they would have done at home. More of our men were saved as soldiers than would have been saved in ease, quiet and earthly comfort at home.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED AND THE SICK.

Much of a Chaplain's best work was just here. Thousands of North Carolina soldiers will bless God forever for his goodness in giving them the attention of kind Chaplains.

NO PLACE FOR SECTARIANS.

Chaplains gladly arranged for men to join whatever church each preferred. This writer took men into Baptist and Presbyterian churches, getting Baptist preachers to immerse candidates for that church.

FROM A CHAPLAIN'S DIARY.

June 29, 1862—Pray in camp. Visit sick camp and conduct service. Carry Captain Drake to R. Write Mrs. Hood and Mrs. Tedder whose husbands had been killed on the 27th.

August 12—Feeble, but visit the sick at Division Hospital; 13th—Visit sick at ——, thence to ——, thence to Winder Hospital. Lieutenants Davis, Jackson and Johnson, and Privates Jackson, Jenkins, Hester, Merritt, etc., doing well. Lieutenant Nicholson not doing very well. Lieutenant McLeod will hardly live. M. Teachy dying. Peter Stanley out of his head, imagines himself on Lockwood's Folly. Says he has seen his wife and children. Teachy called me "brother," as usual, though he had recognized no one in some days.

November 6th—Cross river after night. Men wade and walk one mile to camp. Some without shoes. Bivouac. Water freezes by my side. Snow begins at 10 a. m. of 7th. Bad day on bare feet.

Sunday, 9 November—Division moved to Strasburg. Cold and windy. Barefoot men march in the snow. Bury H. Y. Kilpatrick at night.

Saturday 15 November—Walk off to study my Bible. Wash day in our Regiment. Bank of the branch lined some distance. Men half naked. Some washing pants and drawers, others shirts. Some *picking* their clothing. Some standing half naked, hold their wet clothing to the fire.

February 8, 1863—Preach to a large, attentive congrega-

tion. Bros. Powers and Thigpen (Sixth Georgia) assist in communion. Precious season.

Saturday, 16 May—Four converts. Sunday, 17th—Baptize A. and B. May 21st—Revs. Cobb and Stradley, of North Carolina, come to Second Regiment. May 22d—Cobb and Stradley preach to Second and Thirtieth Regiments. Several converts. Sunday, 24th—I preach twice. Baptize J. A. N. Several converts. Bro. Cobb baptizes one of the Thirtieth and four of the Fourteenth Regiments at 5 p. m. Monday, 25 May—Examine two candidates for the Missionary Baptist Church. May 28—Twelve penitents, and five converts after sermon by Bro. Howard, of Sampson County, N. C. May 31st—Bro. Howard and I preach. Eleven converts in the past four days.

June 1st—Rev. Cobb and Stradley help me to continue. Fifteen penitents and several converts. June 3d—Thirteen join church. Two or three converts. Fifteen or eighteen penitents. On the march to Pennsylvania. Several penitents. Friday night Bro. Cobb examines seven, and I eight on Saturday for our churches.

Sunday, 7 June—Division passes ———. Twenty-nine penitents at evening service. Monday—Dr. D. preached for Iverson's Brigade, and I for Daniel's and receive five into our Church. Saturday, 20th—Mud! Mud!! Mud!!! Pass through Carlisle and camp in United States barracks.

Sunday, 18th—Brother Lacy preaches to three North Carolina Brigades in the morning, and I in the evening. I baptize five by pouring. Bro. Brooks and I baptize four each by immersion. A letter of 4 June overtook me 27 June, telling me of a sick child; 12 July another told me she was well. Not to hear from home within thirty-nine days was a part of the pain of war.

August 14—Leave Richmond and carry fifty Testaments, fifteen Testaments and Psalms, thirteen Bibles, 100 hymn books, etc., to my regiment, and much to others.

August 21st—Prayer meeting at sunrise. Preach at 7 o'clock. Hear Bro. L. at 11 o'clock. Preach to Second Regiment at 4 p. m. Communion at night in Fourteenth Regiment. Perhaps 120 men commune. I baptize two.

September 4th—The Lord's work goes on. Ten quiet, clear conversions at night. Bless God!

September 5th—Furlough in my pocket, but feel it my duty to remain at work.

Sunday, 6th—Preach to Gordon's Brigade. In morning Revs. Howard, Lowrey and I immerse nearly thirty men.

December 31st—Writing and reading till near midnight. Write to Mary. Keep "watch night." On my knees at midnight. A new year begins! Oh, may it be a good year! May it bring Peace to my land! May it carry me and my brother soldiers to our several homes!

January 4, 1864—Snows all day. In snow gathering boards to cover my church.

January 11th—Get a few poles toward my chapel; 12th, meet Chaplains at Pisgah. Get poles all cut. 13th—Haul poles. 14th and 15th—Still on my chapel. 16th—Having labored with my detail every day, conducted prayer meeting every night, I feel very much wearied. Sunday, 17th—Preach in my chapel.

January 26th—Meet Chaplains at Booker's chapel. About fifteen there. They report nearly twenty chapels existing in this army.

Saturday, 7 May—Not much fighting. Spend day nursing wounded Yankees. Find son of Rev. B. H. Hedger, M. E. Church (Detroit Conference), Washington P O. He is wounded through left thigh.

June 6—Ride to Richmond and hunt up several wounded in sundry hospitals, and greatly fatigue myself. 6th—Walk, walk, walk. Secure Pell's transfer. Find Burroughs dying. Visit many wounded. Return to wagons.

Sunday, 14 August—Quiet and preaching. Powers in morning and I in evening. Prayer meeting at night, Tuesday, 16th—Preach to Hoke's Brigade in the morning, and Johnston's in afternoon.

Thursday, 18th—Pass through Winchester. See mills, wheat and barns burned by Federals.

Sunday, 21st—Five killed in my regiment, Pennington, Williams, Wilkins, Newkirk and Forsythe.

September 19th—Engage enemy fiercely near Winchester.

General Rodes killed. We fell back to Strasburg. Get fifty testaments, etc.

September 22d—Willie's birthday. Seven years.

Back! Wednesday, 12 October, 1864. Get to Mt. Jackson. Find Dr. Triplett's family in great sorrow. He a prisoner, Bro. H. Hardie away and his only child dead. Having seen Rev. Hardie, of North Carolina, in the Valley some weeks before, and knowing he had married the daughter of Dr. Triplett at Mt. Jackson, I called to inquire about him. An old, fleshy lady met me at the door. "Where is Mr. Hardie, madam?" "He went away with your troops three weeks ago. He may be in North Carolina. The Federals arrested my husband next day and carried him up the valley. They carried him through here, as they went down yesterday, and did not let him stop. Last night the only child of Mr. Hardie died." She then pushed open a door. The young mother was kneeling by her dead child. Not a person in the house but the two wives and mothers! I knelt down. God helped me to pray. As I rose up the young mother stayed on her knees by the dead child, but reached her hand to me and said: "To whom am I indebted for this great kindness?" I never gave my name more gladly. I had to hurry on with the army. No neighbor could visit them. The streets were full of soldiers. Every family had to care for their own home.

November 1st—Solemn day; set apart in memory of Generals Rodes and Ramseur. I preach in morning and Carson in afternoon. Killed and died of wounds in Ramseur's Brigade since we left winter quarters, 305. They left 105 widows and about 300 orphans.

December 31st—Last day of 1864. Where shall we be the last day of 1865?

January 1, 1865—Preach four times in cabins in regiment. 15th—Prayer meeting nearly every night. 17th—meet Chaplains in Tabb Street Presbyterian Church in Petersburg.

February 8th—"Peace mission" a failure. Feb 10th—Fast and pray.

March 5th—Walk nine miles and preach to regiment. Friday, 10th—Fast and pray. Preach in regiment six times.

God help our nation in this our extremity! March 12th—Preach to my regiment. Prayer at night. March 13th—Bro. Powers preaches in chapel at night. March 14th—Bro. Wilson preaches. Bro. Powers and I alternate in our chapel every day and night.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF EACH CHAPLAIN AND HIS WORK.

"BETHEL" REGIMENT.

Rev Edwin A. Yates, of the Methodist Church.

FIRST REGIMENT.

James H. Spainhour, Missionary Baptist, Burke County, born 14 January, 1865, was promoted from ranks of Company B, commissioned as Chaplain 16 May, 1861, and died at Fredericksburg, Va., of typhoid fever, 17 October, 1861. Thus North Carolina's first Chaplain finished his great work in five months. No doubt many fruits of his labors have followed him. He was a fine scholar and expected to become a missionary to China.

James K. Howell, Missionary Baptist, Granville County, commissioned 28 April, 1862; resigned 1 January, 1863, and has lived to preach the Gospel in his native State ever since. He resides at Rocky Mount, N C.

Wm. R. Gwaltney, D. D., Missionary Baptist, born 1835, commissioned 1 January, 1863. One of the most useful Chaplains North Carolina soldiers ever had, and is still working for the good of the children of the dead soldiers as a faithful preacher.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Alfred A. Watson, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, Craven County, commissioned 21 June, 1861, resigned in 1862. Preached in Wilmington many years after the war, and was made bishop of the Diocese of East Carolina in 1874. He still lives in Wilmington and has the spiritual oversight of his large field. This regiment had no Chaplain during 1863 and 1864, but was greatly blessed by the presence and labors of Revs. N. B. Cobb and J. A. Stradley. Dr. Cobb was Superintendent of Army Colportage of the Missionary Baptists

of North Carolina. Brother Stradley, Missionary Baptist, was one of the best missionaries ever sent to the army.

THIRD REGIMENT.

Maurice H. Vaughn, Protestant Episcopal, Pasquotank County, commissioned 1 February, 1862, served eleven months. He has since preached in Oxford, Elizabeth City and Maryland. He is now preaching at Valley Lee, Md.

George Patterson, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, Washington County, commissioned 30 December, 1862. Was faithful to the last; preached in Wilmington for years after the war, and afterwards in Memphis, Tenn. He died recently.

FOURTH REGIMENT.

Rev. W A. Wood, D. D., was born in Rowan County, N. C., 28 November, 1831. He was commissioned Chaplain of the Fourth North Carolina Regiment 11 September, 1861. He served until July, 1864, when he was transferred to the Eleventh North Carolina Regiment as Chaplain. He died in Statesville, N C., 2 August, 1900.

Robert B. Anderson, D. D., Presbyterian, Granville County, born 1833, commissioned October 1863, resigned 30 August, 1864, died at Morganton, N. C., 3 December, 1889. This good man was faithful during the few months he followed the soldiers, and was largely useful to the end of his life.

B. F Long, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was their last Chaplain in 1864, and ended his useful life 28 February, 1895, at Warrenton, N. C.

Rev. Dr. Rumple, Presbyterian, of Salisbury, N. C., made several visits to the army and preached many sermons to this and other regiments. In 1861 a writer says: "There are four ministers of the Gospel attached to this regiment. Sabbath before last a most solemn service was held at Garysburg. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the Christian professors of the regiment. The services were conducted by Rev. Captain Miller, aided by several other clergymen. The thought that it would probably be the last time in which some would participate in the ordinance, and that be-

fore another opportunity occurred they might be on the field of battle, affected every mind, and gave great tenderness to the meeting."

FIFTH REGIMENT.

Bennett Smedes, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, commissioned 16 July, 1863, resigned 22 April, 1864. Has filled for many years his father's place at the head of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., and has recently died.

SIXTH REGIMENT.

A. W Mangum, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Orange County, born 1834, died at Chapel Hill, N. C., 12 May, 1890. When he resigned, 31 October, 1861, he had preached to men who were to fall on twenty battle fields, die in hospitals, or languish in Northern prisons. Perhaps no regiment had greater losses than this. Three of its Colonels and many, many others killed. Dr. Mangum preached to thousands of Federal prisoners while pastor in Salisbury. He spent many years in the pastorate and fifteen as a professor at Chapel Hill. He is author of article on Salisbury prison in this volume.

SEVENTH REGIMENT.

M. M. Marshall, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, Chatham County, commissioned 1 December, 1863. Went at once to the regiment, near Orange Court House, Va., was taken sick from exposure and never returned to camp, but was Chaplain of the hospital at Kittrell Springs until the surrender. He afterwards preached in Elizabeth City and Warrenton. For more than twenty years he has resided in Raleigh.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

NINTH REGIMENT.

Rev. J H. Robbins.

TENTH REGIMENT.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Aristides S. Smith, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, Abingdon,

Va., born 1809, commissioned 1 August, 1862, died at Weldon, N. C., 16 April, 1892.

The Rev. W A. Wood was transferred to this regiment from the Fourth in July, 1864.

TWELFTH REGIMENT.

J. H. Robbins, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Randolph County, born 1829, commissioned December, 1863, died at Clinton, N. C., 1869. This good man who spent the last ten years of his life as a travelling preacher, perhaps did not do better work in any year than in 1864.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

H. G. Hill, D. D., Presbyterian, served as Chaplain from April to November, 1862. His earnest ministrations during the Virginia campaigns of 1862 have been followed by thirty-three years of most efficient ministry of the Gospel in his native State. He is now at Floral College, N. C.

W A. Vann, Missionary Baptist, Hertford County, born 1840, ordained 1863, commissioned January, 1864, died in Lynchburg, Va., 1864. This young man is most lovingly remembered by those who heard him during the four months spent in camp.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

N. B. Cobb, D. D., Missionary Baptist, Wayne County, commissioned 31 May, 1861; resigned September, 1861. Preached his first sermon to North Carolina soldiers at Fort Macon the Sunday after the volunteer company took charge of the fort. He did a great work for North Carolina troops as agent of Colportage, and is still one of the most active and useful men in his church.

W C. Powers, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, born in South Carolina in 1831; commissioned 22 September, 1861. As he was at his post till the very last day, he seems to have served longer than any other Chaplain. None were more faithful. He has been a leading spirit in the South Carolina Conference ever since. His bow yet abides in strength.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Cameron F McRae, Protestant Episcopal, born in Fay-

etteville in 1812; commissioned 23 August, 1861; died in 1872. While his service was so short, we may be sure his heart was still with the soldiers, for his only son, John Burgwyn McRae, was a private in Company B, Thirteenth Battalion North Carolina Troops.

Samuel W Howerton, Missionary Baptist, Davidson County; commissioned 31 July, 1862. Some paper published the following: "Rev. S. W Howerton, Chaplain of the Fifteenth North Carolina Regiment, reports seventy hopeful conversions and many anxious inquirers in it. Every company has prayers, nightly, immediately after roll call, and nearly all attend and are respectful. The officers in some instances conduct the exercises and lead in prayer." His life has been given to the ministry, and he is (or lately was) living at Roanoke, Va.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Rev J. F. Watson.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Jesse H. Page, Methodist Protestant, Wake County; commissioned in February, 1862, and served through the war. He served six months as a private in the "Bethel Regiment" in 1861. He continued to be a useful minister in the Methodist Protestant Church until 1881, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Still faithful and efficient, he now lives at Aberdeen, N. C.

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

Colin Shaw, born in Fayetteville in 1812; graduated at Chapel Hill in 1836, began to preach in 1841, was appointed to this Regiment by the State Legislature early in 1861, and served one year. Became Chaplain of the Fifty-first Regiment 1 January, 1863, and served through the war. (See Fifty-first Regiment.)

NINETEENTH REGIMENT.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

James M. Sprunt, D. D., Presbyterian, Duplin County; born in Scotland in 1818. Came to Wilmington in 1839,

taught and preached in Duplin until 1861; commissioned June, 1861, and served through 1862 and 1863. His friends in the army can never forget him. He walked hundreds and hundreds of miles. Perhaps no one ever saw him on a horse or in an ambulance during the war. The devout, scholarly man preached in his beloved Duplin, to the delight of the people, till the close of his long and useful life. He died in Kenansville 6 December, 1884.

L. A. Bikle, D. D., Lutheran, Cabarrus County; commissioned 25 January, 1864. He was preaching in General Lee's army in November, 1863. He has done good service in his church as pastor, and as instructor in her schools and colleges. He is now living at Concord.

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

J P Moore, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Person County "Roster" just gives his name and the fact of his resignation. His service must have been very short. His whole life was very faithful. He was born in Person County, joined the North Carolina Conference in 1853, and died in Halifax County in 1878.

J. J. Hines, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spent the last year of the war preaching to the regiments of Hoke's Brigade, this being one of them. We have reason to believe that he was faithful and useful. He lives near Pollocksville, N. C.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

A. B. Cox, Alleghany County; commissioned 16 July, 1861; resigned 19 October, 1862. He is remembered as an active, earnest Chaplain. His friend, Major Graham Daves, knew him only in service and praises him. Others ought to have told of his after life.

Frank H. Wood, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South, served January to December, 1864. He writes: "About one and a half miles above Barnett's Ford, on Rapidan river, we built us a chapel of good-sized logs, with two good chimneys to it, covered it with clap-boards, chinked and daubed it thoroughly, making it entirely comfortable. In

this house were conducted all the services of a regular station, except that we did not administer the Lord's Supper. We had regular preaching, prayer meeting, and Sunday School, and the Lord of hosts often was with us in much power to save and bless. Many a time was the shout of triumph heard in this chapel. The full results of these services will only be revealed in the eternal world." After the great battles of "Wilderness" and "Spottsylvania," he says, "many of the faces which I looked into while encamped on the Rapidan, I never looked into any more, and never shall until we all stand before the judgment in that great day." Dr. Wood has since given himself wholly to the work of the ministry, and till recently was a presiding elder in the Western North Carolina Conference.

W H. Moore, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was sent by the North Carolina Conference in December, 1864, and did the best of work till the end. He took no commission from the government. His friends met all his expenses. He has been pastor or presiding elder every day since the war. He now lives in Pittsboro.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Theophilus W Moore, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Person County, served about two years. Dr. Moore joined the North Carolina Conference in 1853, and went to California as a missionary; returned and spent some years in Conference (giving two to the soldiers as above stated) and then transfered to Florida. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Berry.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Evander McNair, D. D., Presbyterian, Robeson County, was chaplain about one year. A preacher of wonderful power, he did noble work, perhaps his best just before the seven days of fighting around Richmond in 1862.

Thomas B. Neal, Johnston, 15 October, 1864. The Roster gives this, but no one can tell who he was. Mistake, perhaps.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

R. H. Marsh, D. D., Missionary Baptist, served the first three months after the regiment was organized. This scholarly, consecrated man preached to many who were to be killed or receive mortal wounds at New Bern, Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, etc. Two companies of his regiment were from his native county, Chatham. His home is in Oxford.

A. N. Wells, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Gaston County; born 15 October, 1830; died 30 March, 1895. Was a member of the South Carolina Conference some years before the war, and was an effective preacher from the war till 1874, when he located and spent twenty years as a useful local preacher. He was Chaplain of this regiment for a short while before the close of the war. He died at Mt. Holly, N C.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

David Fairly, Presbyterian, Manchester, N. C., served 1862 to 1864. Since giving two years to the soldiers he has given over thirty to the people of North Carolina as an earnest, forcible preacher.

TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Oscar J Brent, Methodist Episcopal Church, South; commissioned 21 September, 1861; resigned July, 1862; Rockingham County; joined North Carolina Conference in 1855; died 1883 at Wadesboro, N C., having given twenty-eight years to the ministry No doubt many of the brave men to whom he preached in 1861 and 1862 had waited over twenty years to greet him at the "Beautiful Gate."

F. Milton Kennedy, D. D., Methodist Episcopal Church, South; born in South Carolina in 1834, son of a Methodist minister; entered South Carolina Conference in 1854, married to Miss Ledbetter, of Anson County, N. C., in 1860, got to Regiment 9 January, 1863. He was most efficient to the end of the war and worked for God and humanity as preacher or editor, and died at Macon, Ga., in February, 1880. He was succeeded as Chaplain by Rev. D. S. Henkel.

TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Roster says: "G. W Wilson, Chaplain, commissioned 24 June, 1862, Yancey County." General R. B. Vance writes: "Dear Bro.: Rev. G. W. Wilson never was, to my knowledge, Chaplain of the Twenty-ninth North Carolina Regiment. My first Chaplain was a Baptist minister from Cherokee named Chastain. The second was Rev. E. C. Wexler, of Holston Conference, a fine preacher. For a while we afterwards had Rev. S. M. Collis, a Baptist. I left the regiment in June, 1863, and was never with it again. So I cannot tell who they had after 1863. The regiment went to Mississippi while I was sick with typhoid fever and had no knowledge of their movements."

THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

A. D. Betts, Methodist Episcopal Church, South; commissioned 25 October, 1861; served through the war, gave the rest of his life to the ministry and is now finishing his forty-fourth year in that work at Bethel, N. C.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Joseph W Murphy, D. D., Protestant Episcopal, native of Ireland, brought up in North Carolina, served as Chaplain of the Forty-third Regiment from March to August, 1862, then transferred to Thirty-second Regiment. Was with his regiment at Gettysburg, remained there three weeks to care for the wounded, spent two months in prison at Forts Norfolk and MacHenry, and in the Fall of 1863 resigned and settled in Henderson. He now resides at 927 M. St., N. W. Washington, D. C. How he must have loved the Southern soldiers!

W B. Richardson, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, commissioned December, 1863. Served only a short while, but saw some souls converted.

John C. Tennent was the Chaplain at Appomattox.

THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

T. J. Eatman, Missionary Baptist, Wilson County; enlisted in Company G, Second Regiment, 24 May, 1861. He

was discharged September, 1863, to be Chaplain of the Thirty-third Regiment. He survived the perils and toils of war and still lives near Wilson.

THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

A. R. Bennick, South Carolina Conference Methodist Episcopal Church, South, commissioned 13 January, 1863. Served only a short while.

THIRTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Luther MacKinnon, D. D., Presbyterian, Richmond County. Served from Spring of 1863 till the surrender. Has since preached at Laurinburg, Lumberton, Goldsboro, Concord, N. C.; Columbia, S. C. Was Principal of Floral College for eighteen months, president of Davidson College three years, and now lives in Clinton, N. C., in impaired health, but wondrously sustained by divine grace.

THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

A. L. Stough, born 1827 on Atlantic ocean (while his parents were coming from Germany); abandoned their faith, Romanism, in 1849, married Miss Horton, of Chatham County, in 1862, commissioned November, 1861; resigned October, 1862. Continued to labor for the saving of souls and now lives at Pineville, N. C.

THIRTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Julian P. Faison, Missionary Baptist, Duplin County; commissioned February, 1862; resigned 10 November, 1862; died at Harrell's Store 1 July, 1890, having devoted the intervening years to the blessed work of preaching.

W. S. McDiarmid, Missionary Baptist, Robeson County; commissioned 25 July, 1862. Edited *Robesonian*, of Lumberton, for years, and was drowned in Lumber river.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Allen Ammons, Cherokee County; commissioned 3 December, 1861. John M. Davidson, Kingston, Ga., writes:

"Rev Ammons was Chaplain for a short time before the reorganization." "Rev Mr. Tally was made Chaplain. His health was very bad and he was able to do but little work. He was captured, had a severe spell of fever and was finally discharged."

FORTIETH REGIMENT.

FORTY–FIRST REGIMENT.

S. M. Byrd, Virginia, 3 October, 1864.

FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

S. J Hill, son of Rev. Jacob Hill, Iredell County; born 19 April, 1835; joined South Carolina Conference November, 1855. Served as Chaplain by appointment of Confedence during 1864 and 1865, and died in the itinerancy 14 June, 1884, in Sumter County, S. C.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Joseph W Murphy, from March to August, 1862, and then transferred to Thirty-second Regiment, which see.

Eugene W Thompson, South Carolina Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, born 1832; entered the ministry in 1854, married Miss Lowe, of Lincoln County, N C., in 1858; commissioned October, 1862. Was a devoted Chaplain to the end of the struggle, was transferred to North Carolina Conference after the war, did superior work, and died in 1877 How precious his memory!

FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

John H. Tillinghast, Protestant Episcopal, Fayetteville; commissioned 28 March, 1862; resigned 1863. Has spent his life in the ministry and is now at Columbia, S. C.

Richard S. Webb, North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South, Orange County, commissioned 20 November, 1863. His indefatigable work was from Christmas, 1863, to the surrender. He says: "At that time (25 December, 1863) the brigade was in winter quarters three miles from Orange Court House, Va. On application of Bro. Lacy, of the Forty-seventh Regiment, and myself, the brigade detailed

fifty men, and in four days we had a log chapel ready for use. In this we began a meeting of great interest and spiritual power. I have seen near a hundred penitents on their knees at a time, begging for mercy. Many of them converted. I have no means of stating how many. When the Spring campaign opened about 1 May with the battle of Wilderness, I witnessed a number of triumphant deaths of those converted during our meetings. My work as a minister of the Gospel was never more satisfactory than when serving as a Chaplain." This brother began his great life work in 1859, has won many souls to Christ since he last knelt among the soldiers in the trenches around Petersburg, and is still one of the most useful members of the Western North Carolina Conference. He lives at Greensboro.

FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

E. H. Harding, D. D., Presbyterian, Caswell County; commissioned 24 September, 1864. Was active and earnest for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers; has since preached in Charlotte for many years, and now resides in Farmville, Virginia.

FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

A. D. Cohen, Missionary Baptist, born in England, 1822. Was Chaplain of the post of New Bern till 13 March, 1862, became Chaplain of the Forty-sixth Regiment early in 1862 and served about twelve months. From the camp near Goldsboro he wrote: "I have more opportunity to do good than at any other time of my pastoral life. Every tent is the habitation of a family of from six to eight men, each man of whom feels constrained to pay at least respectful attention to the kind council and good advice of their Chaplain." He then had a wife and five children and now lives at Titusville, Fla. His parents settled in Savannah, Ga., when he was a child.

C. C. Dodson, M. E. Church, South, born in Virginia 1832, married Miss Leach, of Randolph, in 1860; commissioned 31 May, 1863; resigned 31 October, 1864; died 1884. He occupied important positions in the North Carolina Con-

ference during the twenty years of his ministry. His works still follow him.

FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

W. S. Lacy, D. D., Presbyterian, Wake County, commissioned 25 August, 1863, son of Drury Lacy, D. D. Promoted from ranks of "Rockbridge Artillery." "Deeply pious, fully consecrated to his work, which he showed by his labors for the benefit of his fellow men, both in the pulpit and out of it. He conducted a Christian Association and an Educational Institute for the moral and mental improvement of his men." Thus writes his friend Webb, of the Forty-fourth. The men who were in the Forty-fourth and Forty-seventh Regiments during the last fifteen months of the war can never forget these two young preachers and their work. Like David and Jonathan, their hearts were knit together. God blessed their labors. Lacy preached many years to one congregation in North Carolina, and was till his recent death, a prominent worker in the Church of his fathers, pastor of a church in Norfolk, Va.

FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Frontis H. Johnston, D. D., Presbyterian, born in Constantinople, Turkey, son of the missionary from Rowan County, N. C. Was Chaplain for three months in 1862 and now lives and preaches in Elizabeth City, N C.

C. Moxley, Lutheran, Mecklenburg County; resigned 9 July ,1863. Some one says he served six or eight months. I have written to several persons for facts and can get nothing further.

Calvin Plyler, M. E. Church, South, Iredell County; born 1830; entered North Carolina Conference in 1861; commissioned 1 September, 1863. He served till the surrender, and now lives at Salisbury, N C

FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Peter Nicholson, Missionary Baptist, Mecklenburg County, commissioned October, 1862.

FIFTIETH REGIMENT.

R. S. Moran, D. D., M. E. Church, South, is said to have preached a very little while in this regiment.

Thomas S. Haughton, Protestant Episcopal, Washington County; commissioned 26 January, 1862. Preached at Plymouth, Williamston, etc., since the war, and died 28 November, 1894.

FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

J. B. Alford, born in Wayne County, 1813, joined the North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South, 1832, and died in Randolph County 1883. Date of his commission is not given. He resigned 1 January, 1863. No doubt his preaching nerved many an arm and cheered many a heart for the two years of war and hardship that were yet to come.

Colin Shaw, Presbyterian, commissioned 1 January, 1863. Had served one year in the Eighteenth Regiment. A soldier writes of him: "He was an ardent Confederate, a good Chaplain, and a brave and most excellent man." He was living at Magnolia, N. C., in his 83d year.

FIFTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

J. M. Cline, M. E. Church, South, commissioned 28 May, 1862, and served till near the close of the war. One friend writes: "At the battle of Gettysburg he behaved in a most gallant manner. On the first day, just before our line of battle became hotly engaged, he took quite a number of canteens and filled with water, slinging them across his shoulder, he rode into the engagement behind the line, and as a soldier was shot down, he rode to him, dropped a canteen of water to him, and then passed on to others in the same way." Souls were converted under his ministry. He reported thirty-four at one time. Again he wrote: "On last Sabbath I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to one hundred or more communicants. God was with us, and we had a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. The revival is still progressing." He was in the South Carolina

Conference for years. Has since been transferred to Arkansas and lives there.

Frank Sanford, a local Methodist preacher, of Richmond County, was promoted from the ranks to the Chaplaincy of the Fifty-second Regiment a short while before the surrender. He has since died.

FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

James H. Colton, Presbyterian, son of Simeon Colton, D. D., commissioned 28 May, 1862. Served through the war, preached in different States, and died in Burkesville, Ky., 1893. "A noble, earnest man, scholarly and consecrated, he was willing to take the humblest place so he might serve the Master." Was born 22 March, 1834, at Amherst, Mass. At the time of his death, 14 February, 1893, he was president of Alexander College, Burkesville, Ky.

FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

John Paris, D. D., Methodist Protestant, commissioned 11 July, 1862, and followed the regiment everywhere every day till the end. This holy man was perhaps the oldest Chaplain we had, having been born in Orange County, N. C., 1 September, 1809. While he walked hundreds and hundreds of miles to preach to the soldiers, he had a wife and six children at home that needed his presence and the labor of his hands. What a holy sacrifice. Having been one of the most efficient Chaplains, he continued to preach till 6 October, 1883, when he died at Buffalo Springs, Va.

FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

William Royal, D. D., Missionary Baptist, served from Spring of 1862 till Spring of 1863, most of the time in Eastern North Carolina. "Of those who heard him there survive veterans who delight to testify to the impressions made upon their hearts by his simple and sympathetic presentations of the great truths of the Gospel." He was born in South Carolina in 1823. He preached, before the war, in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and North Carolina. Since, in North Carolina, Texas and Tennessee. The eldest of his five chil-

dren was in the army. Died 3 January, 1893, in Savannah, Georgia.

FIFTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

FIFTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

J W Raby, M. E. Church, South, born Caldwell County, N C., 11 May, 1838; joined South Carolina Conference 1860: enlisted in Company I, Twenty-sixth Regiment, 30 November, 1861. Was captured when New Bern fell and served in ranks till 4 May, 1864, when he was commissioned as Chaplain to the Fifty-eighth Regiment, and served as such till the surrender. Left North Carolina in 1868, spent nine years in Kentucky, and the last eighteen in Ballinger, Texas, where he still resides, as farmer and preacher.

FIFTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT.

SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

William B. Jones, Missionary Baptist, Johnston County. Commissioned 11 March, 1863.

SIXTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Jacob Massey, M. E. Church, South, Haywood County; born 1821, served about fourteen months, was captured 9 September, 1863; resigned 24 March, 1864. He moved to Tennessee in 1870, and now lives at Newport, in that State. He had a wife and seven children when he gave his time to the soldiers.

SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

H. B. Pratt, Presbyterian, Orange County; commissioned 1 February, 1863; resigned 1 December, 1863. Some to whom he preached in 1863 were killed in 1864. No doubt he had attentive hearers, for he had forty "Macs" in one company. Since the war he has been a missionary in the United States of Colombia, in Brazil, in Mexico and in Cuba.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

W D. Waugh.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

SIXTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

E. A. Wilson, M. E. Church, South. Having spent several years of usefulness before the war as an itinerant and as a local preacher, he continued to preach, and entered the traveling ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church.

SIXTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Hezekiah West, M. E. Church, South, Haywood County; born 1831; commissioned 22 September, 1862; resigned 26 April, 1863, and moved to Illinois after the war.

SEVENTIETH REGIMENT.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

SEVENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

J D. Buie, M. E. Church, South, Cumberland County, son of a preacher, was pastor at the Straits in 1862. When New Bern fell in March, Beaufort was in the possession of the Federals. He writes: "Major A., commanding in Beaufort, sent thirty men to the Straits to arrest me, and sent handcuffs to put on me. I escaped by sailing up Core Sound and across Pamlico Sound to Hyde County. Walked to Tarboro, 125 miles, and went to Wilson, where I found Captain J. J. L. making up a company of cavalry. I volunteered 27 April, 1862, and was mustered out with Johnston's army 26 April, 1865." He was made Chaplain in August, 1863. Has been a useful preacher since the war, and is now at Jonathan, N. C. He writes: "After the battle of Burgess

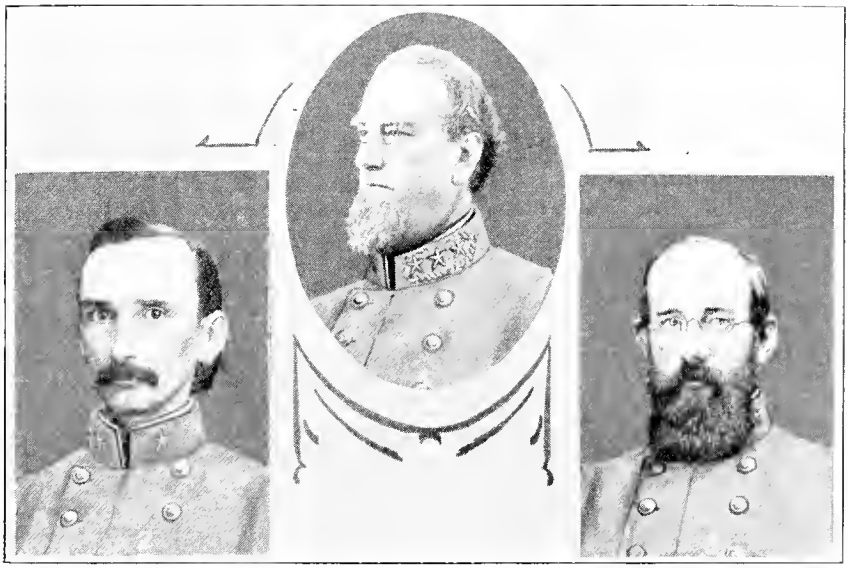
Mills, on 27 October, 1864, I was going over the field looking after the dead and wounded, and I found a man, one of our church members, sitting on the ground leaning against a tree, with his Testament in his hand. *He was dead.* Died with his open Testament and found it stained with blood."

Of the 1,552 men in the Thirteenth Regiment, 358 were killed or died during the war—a little over 23 per cent. Husbands, 114. That made 114 widows. The dead fathers left 249 orphans! North Carolina furnished over 127,000 men. There is evidence that she lost 40,000. If so, taking the loss of the Thirtieth Regiment as an average, 31 per cent. of the dead were married, the war made 12,400 widows for North Carolina, and something near 25,000 children fatherless!

In the Fall of 1861 a farmer who had three sons in one regiment, shouted to their Chaplain as he passed by: "Take care of my three boys, brother!" What fearful responsibility rested on Chaplains! They felt it. Over thirty out of every hundred to whom they preached at the beginning were to die before the end of the war! There have been and will be some glad greetings between Christian soldiers and faithful Chaplains in Heaven.

A. D. BETTS.

BETHEL, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.



MEDICAL STAFF.

1. Chas. E. Johnson, M. D., Surgeon-General.
2. E. Burke Haywood, M. D., Surgeon in charge of General Hospital.
3. Peter E. Hines, M.D , Surgeon, Bethel Regiment and Medical Director of General Hospitals in North Carolina.

THE MEDICAL CORPS.

By MAJOR P. E. HINES, Surgeon and Medical Director of General Hospitals.

The Medical Corps of the North Carolina Troops was organized by the appointment of Charles E. Johnson, M. D., of Raleigh, Surgeon-General, by Governor J. W Ellis 16 May, 1861. Dr. Johnson went on duty immediately, selecting and recommending Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons for each regiment as it was organized. He also provided medicines and surgical instruments, such as could be obtained in the State. It was decided at first to appoint a Surgeon and two Assistant Surgeons for each regiment. Soon after the regiments were sent into the Confederate service, the President and Secretary of War objected to having more than one assistant surgeon for each regiment. The Secretary of War claimed the right to appoint the medical officers of the regiments, as early as the beginning of June. But Governor Ellis claimed and exercised the right to appoint them. Dr. Johnson did everything that could be done to give the troops the best supply of medicines and instruments to be had in this and the other States. Later on surgical instruments were manufactured in this State and Virginia.

The druggists of the State did all in their power to help furnish the troops with medicine and some of them sold almost their whole supply to the State.

As soon as possible a General Hospital for the troops was established in Raleigh, with Surgeon E. Burke Haywood in charge. Dr. Johnson established and equipped the First North Carolina Hospital in Petersburg, Va., in the Fall of this year, which was opened for patients in October, 1861. Surgeon P E. Hines was placed in charge, having been transferred from the "Bethel" Regiment, and Drs. F. M. Henderson and H. L. Hines appointed Assistant Surgeons.

Early in 1862, Dr. Johnson organized and opened the

Second North Carolina Hospital in Petersburg with Surgeon W C Warren in charge, and Drs. W H. Hall and W A. Norcom Assistant Surgeons. These hospitals were furnished with the best of everything that could be obtained and were for the North Carolina troops. Each hospital could accommodate about two hundred and fifty patients.

When the first hospital was opened, three ladies who, with others, had volunteered their services, were selected as head nurses. These ladies were Mrs. Kennedy, of Wilmington; Miss M. L. Pettigrew, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Beasley, of Plymouth.

Dr. Johnson also established a hospital in Richmond with Surgeon O. F Manson in charge, in the Spring of 1862. This was a hospital, home and supply store, for the troops.

Wayside Hospitals for the reception and care of the sick and wounded soldiers, on their way home and return to the army were established in the summer of 1862 at Weldon, Goldsboro, Tarboro, Raleigh, Salisbury and Charlotte. These were continued until replaced by General Hospitals in September, 1862, when all of the North Carolina Hospitals in Virginia and North Carolina, by an agreement between Governor Clark and the Secretary of War, were turned over to the Confederate States, with all the furniture and equipment of every kind.

Having turned over all the Hospitals and hospital supplies to the Confederate States, Surgeon-General Johnson resigned 13 September, 1862. While Surgeon-General, Dr. Johnson with a corps of assistants, visited every battle field in Virginia, taking with him medicines and supplies of every kind for the sick and wounded soldiers. He was devoted to the care, the relief and welfare of the soldiers during his term of office. He had made the best arrangements in hospitals and out of them for the care and treatment of the soldiers, better than had been done by any other State. He resigned because in his judgment there was nothing more for him to do.

Soon after the inauguration of Governor Vance, September, 1862, he appointed Surgeon Edward Warren Surgeon-General, and he served until the end of the war, in April, 1865, at the suggestion of Adjutant-General J. G. Martin.

Governor Vance in behalf of the State, to obtain medical and surgical supplies, and clothes, shoes and food for the soldiers and such tools and articles as were absolutely needed by the people, inaugurated a system of running the blockade between Wilmington and Bermuda. By this arrangement he was enabled to get the supplies needed for the soldiers and keep them better clothed and supplied than the soldiers of any other State: also articles necessary for the cotton and woolen manufactories to keep them running and hand cards for the good women, to enable them to continue their good work of spinning and weaving cloth for their own families and some for the soldiers. This was a very great blessing to the soldiers, as well as to the citizens of the State.

The Confederate Government had established General Hospitals, one at Wilson, one at Goldsboro and two at Wilmington during the Spring and Summer of 1862. During the Winter of 1862 and 1863 the Confederate Congress passed a law authorizing the establishment of General Hospital Districts in each State; each State being a district, and the appointment of a Medical Director of General Hospitals in each State.

Surgeon Covey was appointed Medical Director of the hospitals in North Carolina in the Spring of 1863, and had charge of them until September of the same year, when he was relieved by Surgeon P E. Hines, by order of the Secretary of War. When Dr. Covey was relieved, he did not leave even a memorandum of anything concerning the hospitals, not even the names or where located, or their number.

Surgeon Hines soon ascertained that there were two General Hospitals in Raleigh, Surgeons E. Burke Haywood and Thomas H. Hill being the Surgeons in charge; one at Wilson, Surgeon S. S. Satchwell in charge; and one at Goldsboro, Surgeon John F Hill in charge; two at Wilmington, Surgeons T. R. Micks and J C. Walker in charge; a Wayside Hospital at Weldon, one at Goldsboro, one at Tarboro, Surgeon J W. Jones in charge; one at Salisbury, with Dr. M. Whitehead in charge, and a hospital in the prison there with Surgeon J W Hall in charge. It was thought that a General Hospital was also being built there, which proved to be

a mistake, although orders were given for its erection and a Surgeon assigned to superintend the building of it.

This hospital was erected in the Winter and Spring of 1864-'65, with Surgeon J W Hall in charge. A General Hospital was also erected in Charlotte and Surgeon Robert Gibbon appointed to take charge, and a General Hospital at Fayetteville, Surgeon B. F Fessenden in charge. All of these hospitals continued in operation to the end of the war except the Wayside Hospital at Goldsboro, which was discontinued in 1864.

In 1864 a large hospital was completed at Raleigh to accommodate two hundred and fifty patients, and Surgeon E. Burke Haywood was placed in charge, being transferred from the Fair Grounds Hospital, and was succeeded by Surgeon J W Tracy

In 1864 Surgeon T H. Hill was relieved and Surgeon H. G. Leigh succeeded him, and Surgeon John F Hill at Goldsboro, who relieved Surgeon W A. Holt.

These Surgeons remained in charge of their respective hospitals to the end of the war; doing good service to the Confederacy, in the good care and kind treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers, doing everything possible to relieve and restore them to health.

The Surgeon-General S. P Moore, of the Confederate States Army, was always kind and liberal to all the hospitals in North Carolina. With the rations and money furnished the Surgeons in charge of hospitals and the assistance of the people of this State and of Governor Vance, every comfort and convenience, the best diet and medicines were furnished the sick and wounded that could be obtained. The Hospitals were kept clean and nice always, with the best bedding to be had.

The Hospitals were so well conducted, so orderly, neat and nice and the patients so well and kindly treated, that a decided impression was made on Surgeon Chopin, the Medical Inspector on General Beauregard's staff, during his inspection of them in the Spring of 1865. In his last report, made to the Surgeon-General, he said they were the best Hospitals and better conducted than in any other Hospital District in

the Confederate States, and that he had inspected them all.

He was so pleased with the Surgeons and Hospitals that he called upon the Medical Director in April, 1865, in Raleigh, who had never met him before and told him what he had reported to the Surgeon-General about the Hospitals, and said that he thought it but just and due that the Medical Director and the Surgeons in charge should be informed as to what he had reported to the Surgeon-General. It was a pleasure to us to learn that our work and management should win great praise from such a competent officer, who did not know before his inspections even one of the Surgeons on duty.

The Surgeons in charge of Hospitals in this State at the close of the war were: Surgeons E. Burke Haywood, who had been in charge of the General Hospital of the State at Raleigh, then at the Fair Grounds, when it was turned over to the Confederacy In 1864 a new Hospital was completed according to the plans of the Surgeon-General and named Pettigrew Hospital, Surgeon Haywood was placed in charge of this Hospital and remained there until the end of the war, having been in charge of a General Hospital during the four years of war. Surgeon J W Tracey was in charge of the Fair Grounds Hospital; Surgeon H. G. Leigh, in charge of Peace General Hospital; Surgeon S. S. Satchwell, in charge of the Hospital at Wilson, which was established in the Spring of 1862, and continued in charge up to April, 1865; Surgeon W A. Holt in charge of the Hospital at Goldsboro, having taken charge of it in the Summer of 1864, and remained in charge; Surgeons T. R. Micks and J C. Walker were in charge of the Hospitals at Wilmington; Surgeon B. F. Fessenden, in charge of the Hospital at Fayetteville in 1863, and remained there; Surgeon J. W Jones was in charge of the Hospital at Tarboro in 1863, and remained there; Dr. M. Whitehead was in charge of the Wayside Hospital at Salisbury from 1863 to the end; Surgeon J W Hall was in charge of the General Hospital at Salisbury which was erected under his supervision. Surgeon R. Gibbon was in charge of the Hospital at Charlotte, and Surgeon J G. Broadnax in charge of the General Hospital at Wake Forest, which was established in 1864.

The Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons of North Carolina in the field and in hospitals in other States did excellent service, wherever they were on duty and were competent for their positions and served as faithfully and bravely as the soldiers behind the guns, which is the highest praise that can be bestowed; since every one knows of the bravery and fighting qualities of the North Carolina troops; for whenever General Lee made a desperate assault upon the enemy's line or fortifications and other troops failed to carry the stronghold, he called on the North Carolina troops to make the charge and they never failed him.

I have written the above from memory alone, more than thirty-six years after the close of the war, and did not have a single memorandum or report of any kind to refer to.

At this late date, it is impossible to remember everything and this is the reason why the names of all the assistant surgeons on duty in the hospitals are not recorded here.

I have appended from Moore's Roster of the North Carolina Troops the names of the Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons on duty with the regiments, the report of the appointment of many of them and the date when commissioned and have made several additions and corrections from the Regimental Histories in these volumes. This is all that could be done, for there was no possibility of communicating with them because very many, if not most all of them, "have crossed over the river and are resting in the shade of the trees."

PETER E. HINES.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
13 December, 1862.

LIST OF SURGEONS.

Charles E. Johnson, Surgeon-General, with rank of Colonel North Carolina Troops, commissioned 16 May, 1861; Wake County; resigned 13 September, 1862.

Edward Warren, Surgeon-General, with rank of Colonel North Carolina Troops, commissioned 13 September, 1862; Chowan County.

Peter E. Hines, Surgeon and Medical Director of General Hospitals in North Carolina, commissioned 16 May, 1861, Craven County; promoted from Surgeon of Bethel Regiment.

E. Burke Haywood, Surgeon, commissioned 16 May, 1861, Wake County; General Hospital at Raleigh.

S. S. Satchwell, Surgeon, commissioned 8 October, 1861, New Hanover County; Hospital at Wilson.

Thomas R. Micks, Surgeon, commissioned 15 March, 1862, Washington County. Hospital at Fayetteville.

Benjamin F. Fessenden, Surgeon, commissioned 24 March, 1862, Washington County. Hospital at Wilmington.

William C. Warren, Surgeon, commissioned 1 April, 1862, Chowan County, N. C. Hospital at Petersburg.

Wm. T. Sutton, Surgeon, commissioned 19 May, 1862, Bertie County; Howard Grove Hospital at Richmond, Va., in 1863; Early's Corps in 1864-'65.

Otis F. Manson, Surgeon, commissioned in 1861. Craven Hospital, in Richmond.

James F McRee, Surgeon, commissioned 16 May, 1861; New Hanover County

W M. Brown, Surgeon, commissioned 16 May, 1861; New Hanover County.

J. W Hall, Surgeon, commissioned 13 December, 1862; New Hanover County.

J. G. Broadnax, Surgeon, commissioned 17 April, 1862; Rockingham County.

Wm. A. Holt, Surgeon, commissioned 1 August, 1862; Alamance County.

Eugene Grissom, Surgeon, commissioned 12 February, 1863, Granville County; promoted from Captain of Company D, Thirteenth Regiment; wounded 25 June, 1862, near Richmond.

Daniel F Summey, Surgeon, commissioned 26 February, 1863; Buncombe County.

Winfield S. Copeland, Surgeon, commissioned 3 June, 1861; Northampton County; Camp of Instruction at Garysburg.

Wm. Strudwick, Surgeon, commissioned 4 June, 1861, Orange County; Fort Macon.

Thos. J Boykin, Surgeon, commissioned 2 August, 1861, Sampson County; Medical Purveyor at Wilmington in 1863 and 1864.

Henry I. Macon, Surgeon, commissioned 1 February, 1862; Halifax County.

James A. Rogers, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 3 June, 1861, Northampton County; elected Captain in Fifty-fourth Regiment; promoted Major and killed in 1864.

John P Leach, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 9 June, 1861.

Wm. S. Moody, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 3 June, 1861; Northampton County.

A. S. Ashe, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned in 1862; New Hanover County.

William Little, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 23 May, 1861; Wake County.

Waightstill Collett, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 31 August, 1861.

Joshua C. Walker, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 2 September, 1861; New Hanover County.

Francis M. Henderson, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 3 October, 1861.

Harvey L. Hines, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 3 October, 1861.

James M. Abernathy, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 26 February, 1862.

J W Jones, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 29 March, 1862.

W A. B. Norcom, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 16 April, 1862, Chowan County; with Third Battalion and Petersburg Hospital.

Wm. H. Hall, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 18 April, 1862; New Hanover County.

W A. Duggan, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 23 June, 1862.

L. W Robinson, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 25 June, 1862.

Adam Empie Wright, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 20 July, 1862; New Hanover County. Wilmington Hospital.

Francis Gillam, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 1 August, 1862; Bertie County.

Wm. C. Roberts, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 1 December 1862.

John L. Neagle, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 22 January, 1863.

John W Bennett, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 22 January, 1863.

Thomas C. Pugh, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 5 June, 1862; Martin County.

BETHEL REGIMENT.

Peter E. Hines, Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Craven County; promoted Medical Director of General Hospitals of North Carolina. Joseph H. Baker, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Edgecombe County. John G. Hardy, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Buncombe County.

FIRST REGIMENT.

H. I. Macon, Surgeon, Halifax County; commissioned 1 February, 1862; transferred and resigned February, 1862. Charles J. Gee, Surgeon, Halifax County; commissioned 16 May, 1861; resigned December, 1861. Nathaniel M. Scales, Assistant Surgeon, Wilkes County; commissioned 16 May, 1861; resigned August, 1862. Lucius C. Coke, Assistant Surgeon, Washington County; commissioned 12 June, 1862; promoted from Second Lieutenant of Company G.

SECOND REGIMENT.

James B. Hughes, Surgeon, commissioned 16 May, 1861; Craven County. W H. Courts and Geo. W Carrington, Surgeons. George L. Kirby, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 27 June, 1861; Sampson County; promoted Surgeon 3 March, 1863. L. A. Stith, Assistant Surgeon, Wilson County; W H. H. Cobb, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 6 March, 1863; Wayne County. Stewart Devane, Assistant Surgeon.

THIRD REGIMENT.

James F McRee, Surgeon, New Hanover County; commissioned 16 May, 1861. Kenneth Black, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861. Joshua C. Walker, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 2 September, 1861. Thos. F Wood, Assistant Surgeon, New Hanover County; commissioned 2 September, 1863.

FOURTH REGIMENT.

J K. King and J F Shaffner, Surgeons; B. S. Thomas and J. M. Hadley, Assistant Surgeons.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

James A. McRae, Surgeon, commissioned 16 May, 1861; Cumberland County. —. —. Wingfield and J. F. Pearson, Surgeons. Jno. K. Ruffin, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861, Alamance County. Orren B. Savage, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Gates County. H. W Williams, Assistant Surgeon.

SIXTH REGIMENT.

A. M. Nesbitt, Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Rowan County. P A. Holt, Surgeon; commissioned 6 August, 1861; Alamance County. John G. Hardy, Surgeon; commissioned 1 March, 1863; Burke County. Julius A. Caldwell, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1862; Rowan County; resigned 18 August, 1862. C. A. Henderson, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Rowan County; resigned in December, 1862. W A. Collett, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 August, 1861; Burke County; transferred to Fifty-eighth Regiment as Surgeon in February, 1862. W A. Bickers, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Wesley M. Campbell, Surgeon; commissioned 16 November, 1861; Iredell County; Wm. Ed. White, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 6 November, 1861; Mecklenburg County. Alfred W Wiseman, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned — February, 1862; Davie County. J R. Fraley, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 17 February, 1863.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Henry P Ritter, Surgeon; commissioned 8 May, 1861; Pasquotank County. A. J Almond, Assistant Surgeon. J J. Baxter, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 8 May, 1861; Currituck County.

NINTH REGIMENT (FIRST CAVALRY.)

William L. Hilliard, Surgeon; commissioned 16 July, 1861. H. H. Hunter and William A. Blount. Charles J. O'Hagan, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 July, 1861; Pitt County; promoted to Surgeon Thirty-fifth Regiment. W Jones and —. —. Rolfe.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

John Wilson, Jr., Surgeon; commissioned 25 March, 1862; Caswell County. James P McCombs, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 5 April, 1862; Mecklenburg County.

TWELFTH REGIMENT.

James Johnson, Surgeon; commissioned May, 1861; Northampton County. James K. Hall, Surgeon; commissioned 29 July, 1861. R. S. F. Peete, Surgeon; commissioned 23 May, 1862; Warren County. Jno. W Lawson, Surgeon. R. W Young, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned May, 1861; Granville County. S. W Alston, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned May, 1861; Warren County. Benjamin A. Cheek, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 July, 1861. P A. Holt, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 August, 1861. W V Marston and George A. Penny.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

D. A. Montgomery, Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; Alamance County; resigned 21 November, 1861. John Henry McAden, Surgeon; commissioned December, 1861; Caswell County. W G. Stephens, Assistant Surgeon, Caswell County; promoted Surgeon 16 February, 1863. J H. McAden, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 May, 1861; promoted Surgeon.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

John William Hutchings, Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1861; Hertford County; resigned 25 June, 1862, and reappointed Surgeon of Fifty-ninth Regiment. J. W Tracey, Surgeon; commissioned 25 June, 1862; Cleveland County; promoted from Assistant Surgeon. J. W Tracey, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 8 August, 1861; Cleveland County; promoted 28 June, 1862. R. T. Wingfield, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1861; Bertie County; promoted Inspector of Hospitals in Army of Northern Virginia. John E. Logan, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 November, 1861; Guilford County.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Benjamin T. Green, Surgeon; commissioned 1 June, 1861; Franklin County; promoted from First Lieutenant of Company E; resigned September, 1861. Samuel W Langdon, Surgeon; commissioned 20 September, 1861; New Hanover County. Walter B. Mott, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 June, 1861; Iredell County; resigned July, 1862. William V Bonner, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned 31 July, 1862; Iredell County; promoted from ranks of Company I; resigned 13 September, 1863, and Donald Williams.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Columbus Mills, Surgeon; commissioned 17 June, 1861; Polk County. W W Keith, Surgeon. W D. Whitted, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 17 June, 1861; Henderson County. J L. Rucker, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 26 April, 1862; Rutherford County; resigned 1 July, 1862. R. R. Murphy, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 4 August, 1862; Polk County.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Wyatt M. Brown, Surgeon; commissioned 13 August, 1861. Lancaster K. Saunders, Surgeon; commissioned in 1862; promoted from Assistant Surgeon. James Y Armstrong, Assistant Surgeon.

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

James A. Miller and Thos. B. Lane, Surgeons; Charles Lesesne and Simpson Russ, Assistant Surgeons.

NINETEENTH REGIMENT—(SECOND CAVALRY).

—. —. Smith and W H. Upshur, Surgeons; R. H. Shields and I. Anson, Assistant Surgeons.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

James A. Bizzell, Surgeon; commissioned 18 June, 1861. Wm. B. Meares, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 18 June, 1861; New Hanover County. J D. Purcell, of Sampson County.

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Thomas Keen, Surgeon, Rockingham County; resigned. George A. Foote, Surgeon, Warren County; resigned. W T. Sutton, Surgeon. J. E. Douthit, Assistant Surgeon; resigned. Jacob Thompson, Assistant Surgeon; resigned.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

J K. Hall, Surgeon; commissioned 14 July, 1861; Davidson County; resigned 19 October, 1862. P G. Robinson, Surgeon. B. A. Cheek, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 24 July, 1861; Warren County.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Robert I. Hicks, Surgeon, Granville County. Assistant Surgeons, T. C. Caldwell, of Mecklenburg, and —. —. Jordan, of Caswell (killed at South Mountain).

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Bedford Brown, Surgeon, Person County; resigned. William R. Wilson, Assistant Surgeon, Granville County; promoted. Charles Duffy, Assistant Surgeon, Onslow County. Clarence A. Fripp, Assistant Surgeon.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Surgeons, S. S. Satchwell and F N. Luckey; Assistant Surgeons, G. W Fletcher and B. S. Watkins.

TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Llewellyn P Warren and Thomas J Boykin, Surgeons, of Sampson; Assistant Surgeons, Daniel M. Shaw, Geo. C. Underwood, J. Berry and W D. McLean.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

E. Lloyd Howard, Surgeon.

TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Robert Gibbon, Surgeon; commissioned 21 September, 1861; Mecklenburg County. W W Gaither, F N. Luckey, Assistant Surgeons; commissioned 21 September, 1861; Rowan County; promoted in February, 1863, and transferred to Twenty-fifth Regiment. F Cox, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 21 September, 1861. R. G. Barham, T. B. Lane, and M. L. Mayo, Assistant Surgeons.

TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

John Yancey, Surgeon; commissioned 4 October, 1861; Buncombe County; resigned May, 1862. William Love, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 5 October, 1861; Haywood County; resigned in May, 1862.

THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

Henry Joyner, Surgeon; commissioned 1861; Halifax County; resigned in 1862. Francis M. Garrett, Surgeon; commissioned 25 August, 1862; Halifax County; resigned in 1863. G. W Briggs, Surgeon. Charles Gregory, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 November, 1861; Edgecombe County; resigned 31 December, 1863.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Peter Custis, Surgeon; commissioned 15 October, 1861; Craven County; transferred to hospital in Wilmington 10 April, 1862. Wm. H. Battle, Surgeon; commissioned 1 October, 1862; Orange County; transferred to hospital in Wilmington. Wm. J. Busbee, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 11 October, 1861; Wake County; resigned 19 September, 1862. Wm. E. Pool, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 23 May, 1863; Hertford County; promoted from ———. W

R. Hughes, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 September, 1862.

THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

H. F Butt, Surgeon; commissioned 1861; Pasquotank County J. B. Strachan, Surgeon. B. H. Parker, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 27 June, 1863; Camden County; promoted from Adjutant. A. V Budd, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned July, 1863; Chatham County.

THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Richard B. Baker, J F. Shaffner and Edward G. Higginbotham, Surgeons. John A. Vigal, Assistant Surgeon.

THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

John F Miller, Surgeon. B. B. Williams, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 15 May, 1864.

THIRTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

James R. Ellis, Surgeon; commissioned 1 December, 1861; Catawba County; promoted from Captain of Company A. Charles J O'Hagan, Surgeon; commissioned 17 June, 1862; Pitt County. Cader G. Cox, Assistant Surgeon.

THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT (SECOND ARTILLERY.)

Spiers Singleton, Surgeon. Powhatan Bledsoe, Assistant Surgeon.

THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

James Hickerson, Surgeon; commissioned 20 November, 1861; Wilkes County; resigned 3 January, 1863. J. W Tracy, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 20 November, 1861; Cleveland County; transferred to Fourteenth Regiment. J B. Alexander, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned — ————; Mecklenburg County; promoted and resigned 24 May, 1863. D. McL. Graham, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 24 March, 1863; Cumberland County.

THIRTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Peter W Young, Surgeon; commissioned 15 February,

1862; Granville County Jas. S. DeVane, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 15 February, 1862; Duplin County; resigned 17 July, 1862. James H. Harden, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 4 February, 1863; Sampson County.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Alfred A. Hatcher, Surgeon. Lewis Stevens, Assistant Surgeon.

FORTIETH REGIMENT (THIRD ARTILLERY.)

Thomas Hill, Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1862; Brunswick County. Chas. A. Mitchell, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1862; Orange County; transferred.

FORTY-FIRST REGIMENT (THIRD CAVALRY.)

Benjamin M. Walker, Surgeon; commissioned 1 February, 1863; Washington County. Benj. W Sparks, Assistant Surgeon.

FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

W C. Brown, Davie County, Surgeon. Joseph W Wiseman, Assistant Surgeon, Davie County. Wm. McCorkle, Assistant Surgeon.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Bedford Brown, Jr., Surgeon; commissioned 24 March, 1862; Caswell County; promoted Medical Director on General Smith's Staff 14 December, 1862. W T. Brewer, Surgeon; commissioned 2 February, 1863; Wilson County; promoted from Assistant Surgeon. W T. Brewer, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 15 April, 1862; Wilson County; promoted from Second Lieutenant of Company C. Joel Battle Lewis, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 2 February, 1863; Edgecombe County; promoted from ranks of Fifteenth Regiment; resigned January, 1865.

FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Wm. T. Sutton, Surgeon; commissioned 28 March, 1862; Bertie County; transferred to hospital September, 1862. J. A. Bynum, Surgeon; commissioned August, 1863; Pitt County; promoted from Assistant Surgeon. Joseph A. By-

num, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 28 March, 1862; Pitt County; promoted. William J Green, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned July, 1863; Franklin County.

FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

William J Courts, Surgeon; commissioned in 1862; Rockingham County; promoted from Captain of Company H; resigned August, 1862. John R. Raine, Surgeon; commissioned 16 October, 1862; Rockingham County; promoted from Assistant Surgeon; resigned 1 April, 1864. John R. Raine, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 April, 1862; Rockingham County; promoted from First Lieutenant in Company G. Anthony B. Johns, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 October, 1862; Rockingham County; promoted from Captain of Company H, Thirteenth Regiment; resigned 22 March, 1864. B. B. Singleton, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 14 April, 1862. E. A. Leggett, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 27 December, 1863.

FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Simon T Green, Surgeon; commissioned April, 1862. V O. Thompson, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 15 April, 1862; Warren County; promoted from Second Lieutenant of Company C. — —. Jenkins, Surgeon.

FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

R. A. Patterson, Surgeon; commissioned 8 April, 1862; Halifax County: resigned 18 December, 1862; succeeded by Franklin J. White, Surgeon. J B. Winstead, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 8 April, 1862; Nash County; resigned 5 July, 1863. Josiah C. Flower, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 9 August, 1863; Franklin County.

FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

W D. Lindsey, Surgeon, Davidson County. Wm. T. Montgomery, Surgeon. Benjamin Cheares, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 17 April, 1862; Union County.

FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

John K. Ruffin, Surgeon; commissioned 28 May, 1862;

Alamance County; resigned 20 May, 1864. C Duffy, Jr., Surgeon. Reginald H. Goode, Assistant Surgeon.

FIFTIETH REGIMENT.

Surgeons, Walter Duffy, of Rutherford; Francis W Potter; commissioned 27 February, 1863; New Hanover County; resigned 2 August, 1864. Jno. D. Patton, Assistant Surgeon.

FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Samuel B. Morrisey, Surgeon; commissioned 1 May, 1862; Robeson County. James W McGee, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 May, 1862; Duplin County.

FIFTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

James F. Foulkes, Surgeon; commissioned 28 June, 1862; Cumberland County. W H. Lilly, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 27 June, 1862; Richmond County.

FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Lauriston H. Hill, Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1863; Stokes County. J F Long, Surgeon; commissioned 28 May, 1862; wounded in 1864. J. M. Springs, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 28 May, 1862; Mecklenburg County. Charles Gresham, of Virginia, Assistant Surgeon. L. H. Hill, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 28 May, 1862.

FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

E. L. Greenlee, Surgeon. Hugh W Tate, Assistant Surgeon, Burke County; commissioned 8 December, 1862.

FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

James Smith, Surgeon; Granville County. Benjamin T. Green, Surgeon; commissioned 21 April, 1863; Franklin County. Isaac G. Cannady, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 25 May, 1862; Granville County.

FIFTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Surgeons, C. A. Thomas, of Warren; Chas. H. Ladd, of South Carolina; and M. J DeRosset, of Wilmington. Cader

G. Cox, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 24 March, 1862; Onslow County

FIFTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Chas. S. Morton, Surgeon. A. H. Binion, Assistant Surgeon.

FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

W A. Collett and W H. Harris, Surgeons. O. M. Lewis, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 29 July, 1862. Alonzo White, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 30 November, 1863; and T. J. Mitchell.

FIFTY-NINTH REGIMENT (FOURTH CAVALRY.)

John W Hutchings, Surgeon; commissioned 10 June, 1861, in Fourteenth Regiment; Hertford County; transferred to Sixty-eighth Regiment. James Mitchie, Surgeon. Joseph W Sessoms, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 28 September, 1862; Bertie County; resigned in 1863. A. E. Eves, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 April, 1863. E. Barnes, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 June, 1862; Wilson County.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT.

J: M. Stevens, —. —. Mackay, A. L. McKoy and Hamilton Griffin, Surgeons. James L. Straight, Robert Cooper and Lorenzo White, Assistant Surgeons.

SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Alexander Rives, Surgeon. William W Harris, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 October, 1862. Julius C. Blackney, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 9 February, 1864. Clarence A. Tripp, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 6 March, 1862.

SIXTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Hugh M. Rogers, Surgeon, and G. D. S. Allen, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 24 July, 1862; Haywood County.

SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT (FIFTH CAVALRY.)

T. H. Means, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 8 October, 1862; Mecklenburg County.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

J G. Hardy, Surgeon; commissioned 1 August, 1862.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT (SIXTH CAVALRY.)

Leonidas F Sensabaugh, Surgeon. Thomas A. Houston, Assistant Surgeon.

SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

J. H. Kinyoun, Surgeon; commissioned 5 June, 1862; Yadkin County. S. Eves, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 25 April, 1862. T. S. Fox, Assistant Surgeon.

SIXTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Joseph Graham, Surgeon; commissioned 18 January, 1864; Orange County. William H. Morrow, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 22 January, 1863; Orange County.

SIXTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

John W Hutchings, Surgeon; commissioned 23 October, 1863; Hertford County; resigned 14 April, 1864. Thomas M. Nixon, Surgeon; commissioned 7 September, 1864; Perquimans County. Jesse C. Shannon, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 10 July, 1863; Pasquotank County; resigned 7 September, 1864. J T. F. Cummings, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 7 September, 1864; Alamance County.

SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

John W Lawing, Surgeon; commissioned 30 July, 1863; Mecklenburg County. John C. Love, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 19 July, 1862; Jackson County.

SEVENTIETH REGIMENT (FIRST JUNIOR RESERVES).

G. G. Smith, Surgeon. James C. Jordan, Assistant Surgeon. F R. Gregory, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT (SECOND JUNIOR RESERVES.)

J P Jordan, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT (THIRD JUNIOR RESERVES.)

E. B. Simpson, Assistant Surgeon. J. S. Robinson, Assistant Surgeon

SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT (FOURTH RESERVES.)

J. M. Williams, Surgeon. Daniel W Perry, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT OR SEVENTH CAVALRY (FORMERLY SIXTEENTH BATTALION.)

W V Aderhold, Surgeon. A. F Henry and —. —. Eves, Assistant Surgeons. W L. Dubose, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 22 November, 1862; deserted.

SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT (SIXTH RESERVES.)

J M. Williams, Surgeon. G. H. Cox, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT (EIGHTH RESERVES.)

David Berry, Assistant Surgeon.

SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT OR EIGHTH CAVALRY (FORMERLY FOURTEENTH BATTALION.)

Washington Morris, Surgeon. W H. Murdock, Assistant Surgeon.

EIGHTIETH REGIMENT.

Benjamin Mayfield, Surgeon; commissioned 7 February, 1862. Charles H. Green, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 18 November, 1863.

FIRST BATTALION.

George M. Hoke, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 February, 1863; deserted. E. G. Greenlee, Assistant Surgeon.

SECOND BATTALION.

R. V Leach, Surgeon. Samuel Young, Assistant Surgeon.

THIRD BATTALION (ART.)

Wm. A. B. Norcum, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 16 April, 1862; Chowan County; transferred to North Carolina Hospital at Petersburg, Va.

TENTH BATTALION (ART.)

Simpson Russ, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 15 March, 1862.

THIRTEENTH BATTALION (STARR'S ART.)

John C. Mobley, Surgeon; commissioned 4 February, 1864. G. A. Nicollaison, Assistant Surgeon; commissioned 1 November, 1863.

FIFTEENTH BATTALION (WYNNS' CAV.)

Wm. B. Harrell, Surgeon; commissioned in 1864; Wilson County; transferred from Army Northern Virginia. Starkey Sharp, Surgeon.

BRIGADE SURGEONS.

Anderson-Ramseur-Cox Brigade—G. W Briggs, G. L. Kirby.

Branch-Lane Brigade—James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescott.

Martin-Kirkland Brigade—Virginius Harrison.

Pender-Scales Brigade—W A. Holt, J H. McAden.

Ransom's Brigade—W R. Wilson.

NOTE.—Doubtless many names are omitted.—ED.

THE MILITIA.

By JAS. M. GRIZZARD, Captain Company A, Fifteenth Regiment North Carolina Militia.

When the war broke out, the only military organization, outside a few volunteer companies, was the Militia which on paper was organized as provided by Chapter 70 of the Revised Code, and embraced all white males between the ages of 18 and 45 years. But, as a matter of fact, by reason of the "canker of a long peace," the militia organization had no actual practical existence. The outbreak of the war, galvanized it into a semi-life and it was used as an organization for emergencies and to enforce the conscript law until the latter act had nearly swallowed up the militia rank and file, leaving only the officers—some 2,650 in number—who were exempted till the end of the war, to aid in getting up conscripts. These, together with the justices of the peace and other exempts from Confederate service and the men between 45 and 50, became by the act of July, 1863, the Home Guard.

Colonel John L. Cantwell, Thirtieth Regiment North Carolina Militia, took possession of Forts Caswell and Johnson, below Wilmington, 10 January, 1861, and though ordered then to give them up, he was ordered to again take possession of the forts on 16 April the same year.

After the fall of Roanoke Island on 8 February, 1862, the militia in the Northeastern part of the State were ordered out. The lower Halifax Regiment, Fifteenth North Carolina Militia, to which I belonged, was commanded by Colonel David Clark. He ordered us out 9 February, 1862, to aid in blockading the river. This he did by felling trees and seizing and sinking four vessels in the narrowest part of the stream at Rainbow Bend, near Hamilton, and also at Conine Creek. He was soon made Brigadier-General of the brigade composed of the two Halifax regiments, and the Warren and Northampton regiments. General Clark was an officer of executive ability, great energy and zeal in the cause, highly

educated, and one of the largest planters on the Roanoke. He was father of the editor of this work. Lieutenant Colonel P M. Edmonston, a West Pointer, was his chief of staff, and Major Edward Conigland Brigade Quartermaster. By special order No. 65, dated 29 March, 1862, from General T. H. Holmes, General Clark was charged with the exclusive control of the obstruction and defences of the Roanoke river, and placed in charge of the militia of Bertie, Martin and Washington counties, in addition to his own brigade, and authorized to impress wagons, teams and boats, of every description necessary for his purpose and to arrest spies and all suspected persons. This was a reiteration of previous orders to him of 20 February, direct from the Governor and from General Gatlin.

Early as December, 1861, General Clark, while still Colonel Clark, had been vested with the same authority by General Martin, Adjutant-General, and had visited both Norfolk and Raleigh to get ammunition, guns and supplies, and by 3 January had established a line of couriers from Plymouth under command of Captain W H. Smith. It was not till 9 February, the day after the fall of Roanoke Island, that we were ordered down the river.

After the fall of Roanoke Island the militia were also called out in the counties north of Albemarle Sound, *14 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 402*, and also about and above Washington. Some 200 or more of the Militia north of the Sound were under Colonel Ferebee in the action at South Mills 19 April, 1862. *9 Off Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 3278.*

The battle of New Bern, 14 March, 1862, and the hardships of militia service reduced largely the forces under General Clark (who had fallen back to Williamston) by stimulating volunteering. The remainder staid to their post, however, till General Clark was relieved in the latter part of April by Colonel Collett Leventhorpe, of the Thirty-fourth Regiment, who, with his own regiment and the Thirty-eighth, had been sent to reinforce us in March. Our services must have been satisfactory, as Governor Clark wrote President Weldon N. Edwards, of the State Convention, that General

David Clark, "in charge of the defences of Roanoke river, has been very diligent and energetic in the discharge of his duty."

At the battle of New Bern, 14 March, 1862, a regiment of militia commanded by Colonel H. J B. Clark, was placed in the center of the line and at a point where by reason of a re-entering angle the enemy in advancing on our right necessarily passed the right of the regiment of militia and by a flank fire enfiladed and broke it. It was due doubtless to the military inexperience of General Branch that there should have been such a fault in his line, but it was a want of practical judgment that his least disciplined troops should have been thus placed at the most exposed point. The rout of the militia was immediately followed by that of the Thirty-fifth regiment on their left (afterwards one of the best regiments in Lee's army) as soon as in its turn it was subjected to the same flank fire and the battle of New Bern was lost.

Colonel H. J B. Clark gave a very clear account of the share of his regiment in that engagement, which is printed *9 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 267.* He mentions two of his companies, the "Athens Guards" and the "Cow Creek Volunteers," and says he had four killed and fifteen wounded, out of 264 present on that part of the line, there being sixty-five others on other duty on that day. He naively added that "there are many missing," which we may well believe.

Aside from some assistance in enforcing the conscript law and furnishing information as to those subject thereto (which assistance the militia officers rendered to the end), the militia were of little further service. Their rank and file being depleted by the conscript law, the Home Guards, whose age limit was 50 years, took their place after 7 July, 1863.

JAS. M. GRIZZARD.

HALIFAX, N. C.,
9 February, 1901.

NOTE.—This article would probably have been more complete but for the lamented death of Capt. Grizzard. Since the war he was a member of the Legislature from Halifax county.

THE HOME GUARD

By THE EDITOR.

After the conscript act had been extended to embrace all able-bodied men from 18 to 45, only the officers of the militia, the Justices of the Peace and other State officers were left. It was necessary to organize some force for the preservation of order, to arrest deserters, guard bridges and to be ordered out for emergencies. On 7 July, 1863, was ratified the act to provide a "Guard for Home Defence," which became known as the Home Guards. By its terms all able-bodied men, between the ages of 18 and 50 and exempt from Confederate service, were enrolled and organized, save the very few exemptions named in the act, which were the Governor, Judges, members of the General Assembly and Congress, ministers of the Gospel, Registers of Deeds, Clerks of Court, and Sheriffs. In this the militia officers served as privates (except the commanding officer of each regiment and Brigade Generals), unless also chosen officers of the Guard. Foreigners who had been residents thirty days, were enrolled as also were those exempt from Confederate service by reason of the "fifteen negro" law, and those permanently discharged therefrom by reason of disability if able to render any service. Those who had furnished substitutes to exempt them from Confederate service, were none the less liable to serve in the Home Guards.

The number of men thus mobilized, after exempting those allowed by the statute were reported 16 May, 1864, to be 25,098

As those physically disabled or otherwise exempted amounted to probably half, there was left for Home Guard duty, 12,500, of whom 2,650 were militia officers, and nearly 3,000 were magistrates and other civil officers. This force was organized into a battalion in each county, except in four counties, which furnished only one company each, and eight regiments where a county was large enough to furnish a reg-

iment, or adjacent counties preferred to unite in a regiment. The battalions ranged from two companies to a county up, a battalion of five or less was commanded by a Major, if over that number by a Lieutenant-Colonel. The highest numbered battalion was 78, as some counties were in the enemy's lines, but with several vacant numbers where they had been combined into regiments. The regiments were as follows:

First Regiment, Colonel W H. Harrison, Raleigh.
Third Regiment, Colonel J. T. Hambrick, Leasburg.
Third Regiment, Colonel W Draughan, Fayetteville.
Fourth Regiment, Colonel J. R. Cole, Lieutenant-Colonel W H. Faucett, Major A. Sumner, Greensboro.
Fifth Regiment, Colonel S. A. Sharpe, Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Sharpe, Statesville.
Sixth Regiment, Colonel T. P Siler, Franklin.
Seventh Regiment, Colonel J. G. Burr, Major H. C. Leonard, Wilmington.
Eighth Regiment, Colonel T. George Walton, Morganton.

Among the battalions were these:

Lieutenant-Colonel S G Worth, Forty-eighth Battalion, Asheboro.
Lieutenant-Colonel S. D. Byrd, Seventy-second Battalion, Burnsville.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Boyd, Twenty-second Battalion, Wentworth.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Hampton, Sixty-eighth Battalion, Wilkesboro.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Ihrie, Fourth Battalion, Pittsboro.
Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Harris, Sixty-ninth Battalion, Chimney Rock.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. Wimbish, Twenty-third Battalion, Williamsboro.
Lieutenant-Colonel Jesse Hargrove, Fourteenth Battalion, Lexington.
Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Brem, Sixty-third Battalion, Charlotte.
Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. Moses, First Battalion, Goldsboro.
Lieutenant-Colonel N. B Whitfield, Twenty-ninth Battalion, Mosely Hall.
Lieutenant-Colonel A A. McKoy, Twenty-seventh Battalion, Clinton.
Lieutenant-Colonel K. Murchison, Twenty-fourth Battalion, Lillington
Major John W Dunham, Eighth Battalion, Wilson.
Major E. R Liles, Eighteenth Battalion, Wadesboro.
Major Clem Dowd, Fifty-ninth Battalion, Carthage.
Major W A. Allen, Seventh Battalion, Kenansville.
Major W F French, Tenth Battalion. Lumberton.
Major O. H. Dockery, Twenty-sixth Battalion. Rockingham.
Major J. C. Gilmer, Twenty-first Battalion, Mt. Airy.
Major W F Green, Second Battalion, Franklinton.
Major A. A. Harbin, Third Battalion, Mocksville.
Major J. Masten. Sixty-fourth Battalion, Winston.
Major J. A. Bradshaw, Thirty seventh Battalion, Salisbury.

The other battalions in like manner, the object being as far as possible, to get as commanding officers men who had seen regular service in the army

Two brigades only were formed. One on our Northwest border commanded by Brigadier-General J W McElroy, appointed by Governor Vance 26 September, 1863, with headquarters at Burnsville, whose duty it was to protect against inroads from East Tennessee, and the other in the East, commanded by Brigadier-General Collett Leventhorpe. In February, 1865, he was made a Brigadier-General by the Confederate Government, at the request of the Governor. These two were the only Home Guard Brigadier-Generals.

The services of these Home Guards were arduous and almost continuous and their value has never been fully appreciated. They preserved public order, guarded bridges and the prisoners at Salisbury, arrested deserters and kept down the depredations of those who in organized bands made inroads upon defenseless neighborhoods. For weeks at a time, the Home Guards from other counties were ordered into Wilkes, Randolph and other counties. Two large (unprinted) volumes are filled with the correspondence and orders of the Governor in regard to the Home Guards, transmitted through Adjutant-General R. C. Gatlin. He reported that in four months' time the Home Guard had returned to the army 1,289 deserters and recusant conscripts, and this work was going on nearly two years in which time with some aid from regular troops, over 9,000 deserters and recusant conscripts were sent to the army.

This correspondence shows, among other orders from the Governor, directions to turn out to resist raiders and prevent their burning bridges. to catch deserters from Lee's army as they should cross Roanoke river, sending the Home Guards into other counties as well as their own to catch deserters, to arrest and send to Raleigh Confederate soldiers who had treated the families of deserters badly, to restore property taken from deserters, to take care that arms issued to Home Guards should be guarded so as not to fall into the hands of deserters, sending a regiment to Salisbury December, 1864, that the Senior Reserves there might go home to sow wheat,

detailing 100 men to guard public stores in Greensboro, declining (almost invariably) applications for exemption, etc.

The Home Guard consisted of two classes, those who were drilled at stated periods and who were to go wherever ordered, and a smaller number as mail carriers, millers, public contractors and the like, who were not required to be drilled and who were only ordered out when their county was invaded. The "detailed men" were not in the "Home Guards" but were subject to Confederate service and were detailed as artisans and on other special duty. They numbered over 3,100 in this State, and were organized into the Eighty-first, Eighty-second and Eighty-third Regiments, and one Battalion as already stated in this volume.

When the Conscript Act extended the Confederate limit by taking those between 45 and 50 years into the Senior Reserves, it took out of the Home Guards about 6,500 men, leaving only the 5,500 militia officers and magistrates and other civil officers as coroners, constables and possibly 500 overseers of "fifteen negroes," mail contractors and the like. This so reduced the Home Guards that when ordered out the Governor consolidated them into temporary regiments. They were divided into first, second and third class, to serve successive tours of duty of about thirty days each. The first class east of Morganton were ordered to Goldsboro in September, 1864, and was organized into three regiments, which numbered altogether about 1,000 men, which were at Kinston 26 October, 1864, under command of General Collett Leventhorpe. On that date Governor Vance placed them at the disposal of General Bragg to be called to Wilmington, if attacked.

In the latter part of November, they were sent home and the second class were called out, who also formed three regiments. A part of these later were at Wilmington under Colonel J G. Burr, *96 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1052, 1103, 1121, 1165; 99 Vol. do 1378,* when Fort Fisher was assailed on Christmas day. The Home Guards from Morganton west were on duty to watch invasion of that section. On 13 January, 1865, all three classes were called out. In October Major M. L. Brittain's Battalion of Cherokee

Home Guards was captured or dispersed. *89 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 1183.*

In April, 1865, a stout resistance was made near Morganton by Colonel T. George Walton, and his Home Guards against a raid under Stoneman.

Colonel A. M. Booe's Home Guards were still under arms at Lexington 14 April. General Leventhorpe was in command of the Home Guard Brigade at Greensboro on the same date. *100 Off. Rec. Union and Confed. Armies, 800.*

It seems that this last reorganization of Home Guards consisted of three regiments of each class, a total of nine regiments, as all were ordered out in the Spring of 1865. The organization of these regiments is now lost except the following:

First Regiment Home Guards at Goldsboro, 19 October, 1864, Colonel O. R. Rand, of Wake.

The Second Regiment, same time and place. G. C. Moses, of Wayne, Colonel; W P Lloyd, of Edgecombe, Lieutenant-Colonel; W A. Pearson, of Halifax, Major; D. C. Clark, of Halifax, (ex-Captain Company D, Twenty-fourth N. C T.), Adjutant; Assistant Surgeon, H. Turner, of Moore.

COMPANY A—*Pitt, Green and Lenoir*—Captain Pope.
COMPANY B—*Warren and Franklin*—Captain Speed.
COMPANY C—*Columbus and Sampson*—Captain Autry.
COMPANY D—*Duplin and Lincoln*—Captain Roberson.
COMPANY E—*Chatham and Rowan*—Captain Jenkins.
COMPANY F—*Wayne and Johnston*—Captain Phillips.
COMPANY G—*Halifax*—Captain Ponton.
COMPANY H—*Randolph*—Captain Wood.
COMPANY I—*Cabarrus and Gaston*—Captain White.
COMPANY K—*Person and Caswell*—Captain Patillo.

The Third Regiment also at same place and time, commanded by Colonel J. R. Cole.

First regiment of third class, at Raleigh, 14 March, 1865. W Forney Green, of Franklin, Colonel; D. C. Clark, of Halifax, Lieutenant-Colonel; Joseph Jenkins, of Nash, Major;

W T. Plummer, Quartermaster; Junius Ballard, Commissary.

Second Regiment of third class at Raleigh, 14 March, 1865. J. Masten, of Forsythe, Colonel; C. Firmin Dowd, of Wake, Lieutenant-Colonel; Samuel Patterson, of Orange, Major; Joseph Hildersheimer, A. Q. M.; G. W Wheeler, Commissary.

Third Regiment third class at Lexington, 14 April, 1865, Colonel A. M. Booe.

The First Regiment Home Guards of second class, Colonel T. George Walton, Morganton.

The names of the Colonels of the other two regiments of the second class are now lost.

With the progress of events, the Home Guards were gradually disbanded or returned home. They had been efficient factors at home, but were unable to stem the tide which had overwhelmed the regular line.

MILITARY PRISONS

PRISON LIFE AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

1863--'64.

DIARY BY R. F. WEBB, COLONEL SIXTH REGIMENT, N. C. T.

After General Lee's short campaign in October, 1863, the army fell back south of the Rappahannock. My regiment occupied a piece of timber about equal distance between Culpepper Court House and the river nearly opposite the residence of Mr. John M. Botts, whose property, notwithstanding that he was known to be a strong Union man, was respected and protected by our troops. We were ordered in general orders to built huts and make ourselves comfortable generally. The site for a camp was a beautiful one, and we soon had a village of log huts very comfortably made, and we congratulated ourselves upon finding such pleasant winter quarters, and the opportunity, with furloughs, of a happy time with our wives, sweethearts and friends. Through the kindness of His Excellency, Governor Vance, I had received a lot of clothing, blankets and shoes, and, altogether, the regiment was in excellent condition. Many of these articles not being immediately needed, were sent to Richmond for storage. Forage being very scarce in the country surrounding our camp, owing to the large cavalry force usually quartered in the vicinity of Brandy Station, we were compelled to send all of our wagons some distance to procure food for our teams, reserving only one wagon which belonged to the field and staff, which was our only dependence in case of need or an advance of the enemy, which we did not for a moment dream

NOTE.—Colonel R. F Webb was a lieutenant in the Mexican war. He entered the Civil War as Captain of the Flat River Guards from Orange county, Company B, in Sixth North Carolina regiment, was successively promoted to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, was Colonel of the regiment when captured. He was not released from Johnson's Island, (near Sandusky, Ohio) till July, 1865. This narrative was written by him while there confined.—ED.

would take place. Our brigade consisted of three regiments. The Sixth, commanded by myself; the Fifty-fourth, commanded by Colonel Murchison; and the Fifty-seventh, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and the whole under Colonel Godwin.* On 7 November we were surprised at an order to fall in immediately under arms. The wind at the time was blowing very hard, and the weather was quite cool. We did not for a moment dream that anything of a serious nature confronted us, as it was not the first time we had been called out. A hasty packing of baggage was all the preparations we made. Most of us had clothing, but at the time few of us had our good clothing on. I was fortunate enough to have my overcoat on. After falling in we moved to Rappahannock Station, a short description of which will be necessary.

It should be more properly called Rappahannock Bridge, as the position is where the railroad bridge crosses the river. The bridge being destroyed, a pontoon bridge about two hundred yards above where the railroad bridge crossed was thrown over the river, and it was the only means we had of crossing and recrossing the river. A small distance below the bridge was a dam. The river could not be forded above or below. On the south side, to the right of the railroad, the ground was a little broken, the advantage of ground being on the north to the left of the railroad. The ground suddenly arose, thus forming a cone on which was constructed a fort, the key to the position. Further to the left of the river was a ridge, making a very strong defensible position. On the north side we had formed a line of rifle pits in a circular form capable of holding two brigades. On the right nearly opposite the railroad bridge, was a battery of four guns. I forgot to mention that there were four guns mounted in the fort. The Louisiana Brigade, under General Hays, was doing picket duty at the time in the rifle pits. At the command we moved forward at double-quick time, exhausting our men very much. As we neared the river the sound of artillery

*The other regiment of the brigade, the Twenty-first was temporarily in North Carolina on detached service. Its Brigadier-General, R. F. Hoke, was home wounded.—ED.

firing boomed upon our ears, and we knew that the work of death had commenced. We were halted for a few moments behind a cover, and the field officers were ordered to dismount. The brigade was ordered to cross the river. We pushed forward at double-quick, the enemy at the time shelling the bridge fearfully. As soon as my foot touched the bridge a man in front of me was shot through the mouth with grape shot. No one could stop to give him attention at the time, as our safety depended upon our getting over rapidly The Louisiana brigade was occupying more than its usual front, lengthening out in order to cover as much of the works as possible. Our brigade was thrown in the pits, in many instances the men becoming mixed up with other regiments. This, perhaps, was the cause of our misfortune. Colonel Godwin walked with me nearly the length of the whole line, the enemy keeping up a furious fusillade all the time. We found it impossible to get the men in their proper places. The Louisiana troops would positively refuse to give way to the North Carolina boys and *vice versa* with the other boys. The rifle pits although built by the engineers, were made to conform to the ground. They could be enfiladed and troops could be moved to within two hundred yards of the foe without being seen. Three regiments of the Louisiana brigade were on the extreme right, the other troops occupying the balance of the works, to the river. The fire from the enemy's artillery was severe. They not only silenced our guns but shelled every portion of the small space occupied by our troops. I forgot to mention that General Hays, being the senior officer, was in command. General Early, with two brigades as reserves, was on the south side. The enemy at the same time, covered our whole front with a heavy line of skirmishers, and as they had equally as good cover as ourselves it was worth a man's life to show his head above the parapet. This state of things continued until nearly dark, each regiment expecting the attack to be made in its front, was prepared for it. About this time, heavy volleys were heard to the right, and as no orders came along the line we supposed the enemy had been driven back and that all was going well. I was surprised when one of my Captains ran

to me and told me the enemy had broken through our lines on the right and that Godwin's men were fighting them and wanted my assistance. I immediately formed my regiment, changing my front by abandoning my position at the pits. By this movement I hoped to cover the left and drive the enemy from the works. It was now dark and the extent of our misfortune could not be learned. Enough, however, was known to satisfy me that our retreat was cut off and our battery of four guns was in possession of the enemy. I made an attempt to move forward and charge the enemy inside the works but a mass of fugitives who were in my front were driven upon my lines, pressed by the enemy. Here words cannot describe the scenes that occurred around us. A perfect panic seized the men. In vain did the officers try to rally them. Many of them were cut down. I at last got my men in line a second time, and the firing of the enemy from the inside was telling fearfully upon them, but no one was for surrendering. We fought them as long as we had two men together, solitary and alone. Only when all was lost did we think of escape, but it was useless. Many of my men escaped by swimming the river, others dispersed through the country and got off. Some of my officers escaped, but how, I was never able to ascertain. I cannot describe to you the terrible anguish I endured at the thought of being captured, as gradually that host of armed men surrounded me. I knew that my escape was impossible. I have faced death often, but never have I endured such fearful hours of horror as I did on that night. I thought of loved ones—wife, children and home. Tears ran down my cheeks, the first I had shed during the war.

I was aroused from my deep revery by a stout arm grasping me by the shoulder. "Do you surrender?" "No!" was my quick response, "not to a private." "Are you an officer?" "I am," I replied. The Colonel rode up to me. It was the Fifth Maine. "Do you surrender, sir?" says he. "I presume that I do," I replied, "as I have no discretion in the matter, being already your prisoner." He was very polite and assured me of kind treatment, and then turned me over to an officer and departed. Everything was now quiet,

except the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying.

I have not been able to ascertain how many of my men were captured or made their escape. Lieutenant-Colonel Tate, I remember, told me he was wounded in the neck, a short time before, and I told him to go to the rear, and he made his escape. So did Major York. Over two-thirds of my officers and men were captured. I look upon the whole affair as a great military blunder, the position being untenable against a heavy force. There should have been more than one pontoon bridge. There was material for constructing another that fell into the hands of the enemy, and the men that were captured could have built it in twelve hours. I cannot see what good could be expected by holding a position that was known to be unsafe against an assault, and where the forces could neither fall back nor be reinforced. It was pronounced a trap before, and it was known that the enemy had a heavy force.

They had two corps, but only one was engaged. I think nine regiments assaulted the works and it was impossible to hold them unless the line had been stronger or support had been at hand. I know not who was to blame, but I do know that our country was uselessly deprived of our services.

I was moved that night about two miles to the rear in company with my brother officers, and I must do the enemy the justice to say that they treated me kindly. They gave me some whiskey, of which I stood much in need. The officers were very talkative and sociable. We were quartered for the night in an open field with no fire, the night was bitter cold and our suffering was intense. Their excuse for not giving us fire was that their axes had all gone to the front. It was one of those nights that a man lives a whole life time in. A young Lieutenant from Pennsylvania made my acquaintance and he told me he was a copperhead. He very kindly furnished me with some coffee and the next morning he invited me to breakfast with him and gave me a very substantial one, consisting of bread, bacon, coffee and sugar and fried ham. We were afterwards formed and counted and marched to Warrenton Junction. The day was nice and

warm, but I was unable to march the distance, eight miles. We were escorted by cavalry. The officers were very kind. They served out rations to us, soft bread was given to the officers, hard tack to the men. The rations consisted of bread, bacon, sugar and coffee. A horse was furnished me and I got along very well until we arrived at the Junction. If you remember, we destroyed the road from Bristoe Station to the river, but in less than a month they had it nearly replaced with new sills and rails and bridges. We found here a long train of dirty box cars into which we were packed like fish in a barrel, and owing to some cause we did not start until nearly 9 o'clock. Being very much fatigued I went to sleep and woke up at Washington City about 4 o'clock in the morning. We had a very strong guard with us on the train with artillery mounted in flats. At Washington we were met by a regiment from Pennsylvania who volunteered to escort us through the streets of the city with military honors. We arrived at the old capitol about daybreak, and were ushered into the yard where I was lucky enough to find a soft plank to rest on. We did not remain here long, when we were invited into the house, where the prospects for comfort were very uninviting. The first thing we tried to do was to kindle a fire, but it proved a failure. Breakfast was soon announced. It was plain, plentiful and substantial, and Uncle Sam had no cause to complain that justice was not done his fare. In the course of the day, Mr. Wood, the superintendent, gave four of us, Colonels Godwin, Murchison, Ellis and myself, a couple of rooms in a building near by, where we were made very comfortable. As soon as I arrived in Washington I wrote to my friends in Baltimore, informing them of what had happened. The rooms we occupied were on the third story fronting the capitol and the windows were grated. One room we used for a sleeping room, the other, having a stove, was our parlor, dining and sitting room. Here we fared sumptuously. The rations issued were good. Mr. Wood sent us $100 and we were doing finely

Our next door neighbor was Miss Belle Boyd. I wish I was able to do her justice by a short description. She soon

made our acquaintance and sent us four a magnificent dinner, and she visited us often. She was not handsome, but a beautiful figure and of winning and prepossessing manners. Her conversation was animated and charming. She was very sensitive and almost childish, she was warm hearted and generous and one was almost compelled to love her. She was looked upon by the Federals as being a very dangerous woman, but one would not think so, unless he was well acquainted with her. Her prejudices were very strong and she hated the North with a bitterness I never saw equaled before in a woman. She related to us many amusing anecdotes of her life. She was also very troublesome to her guards, but as far as I could see she was treated kindly Her rooms were elegantly furnished and she fared sumptuously Her only complaint seemed to be the restraint of prison life. Our privileges in Washington were somewhat restrained. We were allowed two hours each day for exercise in a very small yard. Sentinels lined every passage and at night would cry each hour with "all's well." Our door was usually locked but could be opened on the slightest summons by the sentinel on the outside. No visiting was allowed only by permission, Miss Belle being the only exception, she being a privileged character.*

Mr. Wood was very kind to us He visited us very often, supplying us with money and everything we desired. I shall always remember him with kindness. I was surprised the third day of my imprisonment by being informed that two ladies wished to see me in the office below You may judge my delight and astonishment, when I entered the office, to find my two sisters from Baltimore, the oldest, Louise, the youngest, Kate. The room was full of officers, the rules forbidding a private interview I shall not undertake to describe this meeting. You can form some idea of two affectionate sisters meeting their brother in prison, whom they had not seen in five years. We were only allowed thirty minutes interview It was cruelly short. My oldest sister

*It is now understood that she was a Federal spy, using the occasion to "spot" Southern sympathizers who communicated with prisoners. The above facts would indicate as much.—ED.

was a strong Union woman in her sentiments. She was willing that I should remain in prison during the war, fearful that I would get hurt. My youngest sister told me that she was required to take the oath to see me. They forced some money upon me. Here I lose all recollections of dates.

We were notified a short time after my sister's departure to be in readiness to leave, and of course we knew that they intended taking us to Johnson's Island. Our preparations were soon made, as we were not encumbered with much baggage. The day before we left Washington, the privates were sent to Point Lookout. They passed under my window, about 1,200 in number. By some means they became scattered and the order being given to close up, they rushed up in double-quick, giving at the same time a terrific yell that fairly made the dome of the Capitol ring with the echo. There was a novelty about this that I enjoyed finely, calling to my mind the lines I had seen: "There is life in the old land yet." There was a great difference between Federal officers and ours, for they would promise us anything, yet we would seldom get it. As an instance of this, in coming to Washington we suffered much for water. Our guards said we should have it at the next station. They took all of our canteens, but from some unknown cause they were never returned to us. We made complaints to the officers in charge at Washington and they seemed to regret the occurrence very much and promised us that we should have them again—they would furnish same to us out of their own pockets. It is needless to say that this was the last we heard of the canteens.

A few of our officers had overcoats, none had blankets or a change of clothing. As for money they had not a cent, and some were almost barefooted, others were nearly naked. I speak of the officers, as there were nearly a hundred and fifty in our party, which was ordered to Johnson's Island. I had the good fortune to procure another shirt, some underwear and socks, and a haversack.

After considerable delay we were in the street. We moved down to the depot of the railroad to Baltimore under a very strong guard, who were to accompany us to the island. On the route to the depot, some man sang out (it was very near

the Capitol), "Three cheers for Jeff Davis," and they were given with a hearty yell. Three groans were called for Abe Lincoln, and they were given in true Confederate style. I do not remember the name of the officer who was in command of the guard at the time. He was a Major from Philadelphia. He was very kind to us, and the guard was very civil, doing everything in their power to make us comfortable.

At Washington we were put on good passenger cars and arrived at Baltimore about 12 o'clock, that night. Here another delay occurred. With a great flourish of troops, some on foot, some mounted, we were finally marched to the yard of the negro jail of Hope Slater. I know his place well. It is about 50 by 30 feet square, with very high walls. We were all thrust into this miserable den and kept there until morning. It was quite cold and chilly, and we could neither walk, stand or sit. Many a bitter curse went forth, but we were helpless prisoners and had to submit. The next morning we had rations served to us, very good and plentiful, consisting of good bacon, crackers, cheese, Scotch herrings and whiskey. About 8 o'clock we were formed again into line and marched through the principal streets of Baltimore to the depot of the Baltimore & Susquehannah Railroad. No demonstrations of any kind were made in Baltimore, the heavy guard and strong police force, I suppose, preventing it. We were again placed in good coaches. There was nothing of interest occurred on the route from Baltimore to Johnson's Island. We passed through York, Harrisburg, Alton, Pittsburg and various other cities and towns whose names I now forget. At Harrisburg a woman delivered a long harangue to the rebels. We concluded that she belonged to the Woman's Rights party, and as most of us knew the metal of that party we concluded to knock under at once. At Pittsburg several Copperheads entered the cars and made a close examination of the rebels, some of the fastidious ones were much surprised and astonished to find us eating raw meat for breakfast. One fellow, a doctor, felt us to find the proportion of bone and muscle. We arrived at Sandusky early in the morning and we could see from the depot the island that was to be our home. Of all the places in this bright

world, keep me from this part of Ohio. As a general thing, and I don't think they would deny it, the people are mean and intensely selfish. It was the only point that we touched from the time of our capture that men calling themselves soldiers insulted us. But I will speak of this at some future time. We were placed on a little steamer and carried out to the place, where we were turned over to the tender mercies of Colonel Pierson, who was in command of the post situated there. Before we entered what is called the "bull pen," the roll was called and as each man answered he walked up to a window and turned over what cash he had in hand. They did not search us, but would ask: "Is this all you have? Have you any firearms about you," and if one had no blanket, they would give him one. We were then very unceremoniously thrown in among twenty-five hundred men and were left as the old story goes, "to root hog or die."

Johnson's Island is a flat place of land about two and a half miles from Sandusky city, and was named after the owner. It is about a mile long and a half mile wide and judging from all appearances the prison, or bull pen, as it is called, is an enclosure about a quarter of a mile square with a high plank fence surrounding it. On the out side was a platform, running all around on which sentinels paced night and day At the two corners fronting the lake are block houses where artillery and rifles can be used. At the main entrance is another block house made to cover every approach to the gate. In the inclosure are thirteen buildings or block houses, two stories high, one being used for a hospital. Each block is divided into two messes. There are three rooms above and the rooms below not being partitioned leave but a long single room with bunks on one side only, the upper rooms are more crowded, the bunks being in three tiers fixed so that two men can sleep in each and there are now at the time I write, twenty-six hundred commissioned officers confined here (28 January 1864)

My narrative here becomes very irregular, as it has been nearly three months since my capture. During this period I have suffered much deep anxiety, about my family being the principal cause. I must here take time by the forelock

and state that on the 24th of this month I received a letter from Miss Mollie Speed and it was the first I had had from the South. On the next day I received two, one from my wife, the other from yourself. They were nearly six weeks en route, but still they afforded me much satisfaction.

On my arrival at this place, in company with the other officers of my regiment, we were ushered into what is called Block 8, which was a very dirty, muddy and wet building. The upper rooms were crowded and we were put on the lower floor. There were no planks on the bunks, no stove to cook on, and, in fact, for the first twenty-four hours we had nothing to cook. I was very ill and had to lie on the hard floor with but a single blanket. My sufferings were intense, my limbs became rigid and stiff and for once in my life despair had almost gotten the best of me. Edward Speed, who had been captured at Gettysburg, was quartered in another block close by and he had a straw bed which he kindly offered to share with me. I accepted the kind offer, even though one would hesitate some time before crawling into it, but at this time it was a luxury to me, and I was at least comfortable and warm. His kind attentions in procuring for me little articles of food soon aroused my dormant energies and I became better. The room I occupy is about 25 by 35 feet square. It has twenty-seven bunks, each one occupied by two men which gives us fifty-four men in the room, but we often congratulated ourselves that we were not crowded like some of the others. We have a stove with green wood to burn, and often to protect ourselves from the severe cold we covered ourselves in our blankets through the day.

From my block we had a magnificent view of the lake and the city of Sandusky in the distance. The lake was one vast sheet of ice as far as the eye could see, the thickness being almost incredible. There was a regular wagon road between the city and the island, a distance of two miles and a half, and even now the weather is mild and warm and has been so for several days. A troop of cavalry crossed the lake on the ice safely the other day. The cold snap, as it is called here, exceeds anything of the kind I ever experienced in my life. I was afraid to walk from one end of the enclosure to the

other for fear my blood would congeal and I would freeze to death. Water froze in our canteens under our heads and we suffered much for this element of life from the fact that the pumps were frozen, and the water supply which was at all times inadequate was cut short. The island is a lime stone formation and the wells, three in number, are very shallow, the water is bad and in summer very warm and the lake water is in consequence purer and more preferable. Before the freeze we procured all our water from the lake by pipes connecting with wells, but they cannot be used in severe winter. Each block where we lived is divided into two messes, presided over by a chief selected from among ourselves. We have roll call every morning, an officer from the outside presides and ascertains that all are present. A detail for general police is made for each day from both messes whose duty it is to keep everything clean outside the quarters, and here you would sometimes find your humble friend shoveling filth into a cart and a Yankee slop boy giving orders. In addition to this detail, another is made from each room whose duty it is to sweep up the rooms, cut and split wood and bring it into the house, (wood is hauled from the outside every day, at the rate of one four-horse load to each block, which is equally dvided according to the number of stoves). The wood is of a very inferior kind, but sufficient in quantity.

The cooking arrangements are very good. Two rooms below are connected with each block, and there are in each block large cooking ranges for each mess. In addition to this there are private cooking stoves belonging to messes and often there are about twenty cooks selected and employed from among us and they give food out to each group as they see fit. Rations are issued every day except Sunday, except sugar and coffee, beans, rice or hominy. They are given out in quantities to last from six to ten days as the case may be. Our bread is baked on the island and is very good and the rations are very good as a general thing. We get beef four days in the week, and pickle pork the rest of the week. The only complaint we have in the food line is that we do not get enough bread, only one loaf being given to every four men, and I am confident that they will not weigh over two pounds

to the loaf. One thing I notice and cannot help mentioning, is the morbid appetites of the men here. Whether it is the climatic conditions, the confinement or the fact that they are Southern men, I cannot say, but they are like a parcel of famished wolves whose hunger is never satisfied. Before my arrival there was a regular sutler inside and the manner of selling to prisoners was this: All the money sent you by friends or relatives is deposited outside and you receive a receipt for the same. You are not allowed to use a cent of it. The sutler takes your name on his book with the amount due you from the outside and when you trade with him you sign a check or order for the amount. He will also give you fifty to seventy-five cents in checks or tickets with which to trade. This was the only currency we had. Shortly after my arrival this sutler business was broken up and it was a great inconvenience, as the sutler kept a general supply of everything, it is true, at a very high price, but Southern men care little for high prices as long as they have got anything to buy with. For two months we could not get anything, not even a postage stamp or any tobacco. This was a sore trial to us. We all had some money, but could not spend it. At the present time we have a sutler whose mode of doing business is similar to the one we had before. His supply is, however, very limited, consisting of tobacco and stationery and a few postage stamps. To get the latter, however, you are bound to purchase not less than one dollar's worth of something else. He had at one time butter, cheese, sugar, crackers, dried fruit, etc., but so great was the rush for these articles it was impossible for an ordinary man to stand any chance. The supply, however, was soon exhausted. This sutler was very unpopular, as his prices would make a Richmond merchant blush. A few days ago he had a lot of pictures, views of this island, and he would not sell one anything unless he first bought a picture. This scheme was stopped by the authorities, to their credit. All packages, boxes of express, etc., were faithfully delivered to the prisoners after being properly examined to see that nothing contraband entered. Liquor is strictly prohibited. You are compelled to pay from 25 cents to $2.00 for each package to defray the ex-

penses from Sandusky to the island. We have a postoffice inside the enclosure where letters are received and distributed. A short time ago one could write long letters by paying 2½ cents for each package, these letters could only be sent inside the lines. The clerk read them after his hours of business, but this was stopped, as the commander here decided that if letters were proper to go it was worth extra charge for same.

February 14, 1864.—Time passes rapidly. Last week about four hundred men were sent from this prison, their destination, we supposed, being Point Lookout, as we are confident that they are not to be exchanged. They were taken alphabetically by name and the same number will leave again as soon as they can cross the lake, which at this time is impracticable on account of the ice. I am somewhat surprised at this climate; it is more changeable than North Carolina. Virginia is not even so much so. It is a strange thing to me how quickly the ice can form. A few days ago when the prisoners left they crossed in a boat, the next day men were skating on the ice, and yesterday men were walking on the ice. The weather not being very cold with a fresh wind, this morning it has nearly all disappeared.

February 23, 1864.—The weather for the past week has been so cold as to prevent me from writing at all, the ink would freeze on my pen, water froze in canteens while under our heads in our bunks. The cold was terrible. It would penetrate our very bones. I lay under six heavy blankets, but sleep was out of the question, notwithstanding I had a bunk mate. Yesterday was the anniversary of the birth of Washington, and it was celebrated in mockery by the Federals outside of our bull pen. Drums beat, cannons belched forth its thunders in honor to the memory of that great man, and flags were waved by many. Yes, this was done by men fresh from the gory fields of Virginia, the home of Washington, the first great rebel of the land they had invaded and desecrated, a land whose devastation will remain a monument to their shame. Yet these very men dared to pollute the name of Washington, with their foul breath. We had our celebration too, without any permission from our keepers. The

men met together and called for some of our orators. Captain Fellows, from Arkansas, responded to the call and in a few beautiful and appropriate remarks held his audience spell-bound with his burning eloquence. He was followed by Colonel Lewis, of Missouri, a favorite minister and a noble Christian patriot. His remarks were excellent. He was followed by Lieutenant Houston, of Virginia, who recited some beautiful poems appropriate to the occasion, and the whole festival wound up by Captain Fellows giving a sentiment composed by a rebel. I do not remember it, but will get it. We also had music by the rebel band. As the Yankees were not spoken of in very glowing terms, they interfered and ordered us to our quarters, where we went with the usual Confederate yells. Thus passed the anniversary of Washington at Johnson's Island.

You will doubtless find this narrative very conflicting in some cases, but it is no waste of effort on my part to make it truthful. One thing I wish to call your attention to, and that is the manner in which facts are perverted and how grossly things are misrepresented here. A long article appeared in the New York *Herald* a few days ago describing the life and condition of prisoners confined on Johnson's Island. Among other things it stated that we were supplied with everything by a sutler, and that we were a happy lot of fellows. I leave you to infer how happy we are, and as to our being supplied by a sutler, I will explain, is because we all have money—that is, the commander has it on deposit for us. We have a sutler, his stock consists of almost nothing. As I stated before, one is not allowed to purchase any vegetables or delicacies, not even if it would save life.

Notwithstanding this is one of the most secure prisons I ever saw, yet sometimes our men manage to make an escape. This can only be done when the bay is frozen over, as it is impossible to get off the island after getting out of the enclosure. Owing to the bad and insufficient quantity of water in the wells, we are permitted to go to the lake once a day and fill our canteens, and it is only about twenty yards from the enclosure to the water, yet they have a double line of men watching us when they open the gate for us to go through to

get water. On last Sunday one of our men secured a Yankee overcoat and cap and passed out through the gate with a bucket. This was three days ago and he has not returned yet and they do not even know that he has escaped.

February 25.—It has been nearly four months since my confinement on Johnson's Island and things have not improved at all for the better; in fact, they get worse. It is in fact what one might call a refinement of cruelty. I have never yet heard of political or prisoners of war being denied the right of purchasing the necessaries of life, yet it is done here by those who call themselves the most civilized and enlightened people on the face of the earth. We are now under the command of one General Shaler. His orders this morning were to the effect that any prisoners attempting to escape should be fired on by the guard. Our pen is getting very filthy, and no wonder with 2,600 officers confined in a space about twice the size of my garden. I do not exaggerate when I say that it is worse than a hog pen. All kinds of filth is allowed to accumulate around the buildings. This, with the black mud, renders it almost impossible to get from one building to another. It is not so bad when frozen over, but is terrible when the weather thaws and on rainy days. We have not a great deal of sickness here now, the average deaths not exceeding one a day, but the mortality will be increased as the warm weather approaches

The moral and social condition of our men is deplorable. There are many noble exceptions, but generally speaking, there is much low bred vulgarity, in fact almost as much as you would find among the same number of men in ranks. In nearly three years experience in the army, I have not heard as much profanity in my regiment as I have heard from the officers in my room here. With this there is very little dignity or self-respect. Politeness or chaste conversation is out of the question. Selfishness predominates, and many bitter words and angry looks are exchanged. I have often seen in this room a small number reciting a Bible lesson, and in another part of the room others would be playing cards, while another group would be telling yarns that would make the inmates of a brothel blush with shame to listen to. Few enjoy

good health here, and the general complaint is that they do not get enough to eat. I often get sick at heart when I contemplate my situation and think of the gloomy prospects ahead of us for an early exchange. We have but one hope, and that is, a successful campaign in the spring will give us an excess of prisoners. Then they would be very willing for an exchange. But time will tell.

March 5, 1864.—It has now been four months since my captivity began, and the prospects for an exchange are very gloomy indeed. We get letters now very regularly from our friends which are a great relief to our gloomy situation. The weather for the past few days has been very beautiful. All the ice has disappeared from the lake and it is amusing to see the men fall out of their blocks like bees in the spring time to taste the sunshine. Our astonishment was great this morning to see the ground covered with snow and old winter upon us again with all his vengeance after such a pretty day as yesterday. We have had some excitement for the last day or two and as I am interested in it, I will relate the facts. We have no regular chaplain for the prison, but have some eloquent and pious ministers who preach every Sunday to large congregations, and in addition to this, we have a Christian Association and a committee whose duty it is to procure and circulate religious works. We have at the present time a great feeling on the subject of religion among us. Our enemies know this, so a few days ago some of the chaplains belonging to the troops outside called on Colonel Lewis, one of our able ministers and desired to know whether we needed any help, at the same time expressing a willingness to assist our ministers in the good work. As we needed no help their offers were politely declined. They then requested permission to send to the committee for distribution among the prisoners a lot of newspapers and tracts of purely a religious character. The committee thereupon informed them that if they were of that character they would gladly accept and distribute them, but if they found upon examination that the matter was otherwise than religious, they would reserve the right to reject and return the same. The books and papers were sent, and upon examination they were found to be abo-

lition in character, interspersed with political works. The committee then refused to have anything to do with them and the large box containing them was sent to the gate to be returned to the Federal chaplain. The Yankee chaplains became very indignant and said to the committee that they were very glad that they had rejected same, as the officers had not only taken them, but had applied to them for more for distribution. Colonel Lewis and the committee felt that they have been treated very disrespectfully by some of the officers here, so a meeting was called yesterday, consisting of one delegate from each block. I was elected to represent my block at the meeting. The committee met, each block having a representative. A question arose upon which much debate and difference of opinion was expressed. Several reports were offered, but none were adopted. The committee finding it impossible to act harmoniously together, abandoned the idea of taking any action whatever upon the subject. The Sunday following we were all very much surprised when one of the Yankee chaplains came into our block to hold services. Most of the officers attended out of curiosity. Others were indignant and considered it an insult and an outrage. There was some little disturbance during the service, and after he got through, an officer from Kentucky mounted the stand and read that portion of Mr. Allen's inaugural address that refers to Northern clergymen—this created some excitement, some contending it was right, others that it was wrong. Blows were exchanged and a bitter feeling engendered, destroying what little good feeling there was among the men confined here.

March 12, 1864.—It snowed yesterday, but the weather is not very cold. We are kept warm now upon the exciting question of being exchanged. It certainly does look a little more encouraging, but hope has been deferred so often that the heart sickens when it thinks of again being disappointed. This special exchange will damage our cause. It is strange that favoritism will extend even to prisoners of war. We have some men who have been here over twelve months, others who have been here only a few months, and the latter are made objects of special exchange. This is unjust and

men will not submit to it. The past week I received from Mrs. Webb, of Louisville, Ky., a box containing a fine lot of dried fruits, a box of candies, a lot of fine soap, a pair of shoes, a carpet bag and other things very acceptable. I learn that we are again to have a sutler who will sell us anything we want. This will be a great convenience to us. Then we can purchase vegetables, etc. My men at Point Lookout write me sometimes. They say that they fare as well there as we do here. I am now sleeping by myself, having bed clothes sufficient of my own to make me very comfortable.

March 26.—I am getting letters very regularly from home. They are a source of great pleasure to me. This month has been very cold and we have felt it more keenly than in the winter. The lake is now frozen over, but as the weather is warm, the prospects are that it will soon be over and break up. I heard yesterday in a letter from Amanda, of your marriage. I must confess I can hardly realize it, but still I am glad for I think you will be happy. I promised you to state facts in this rough sketch of prison life, and my style of writing is a good barometer of my feelings. So I will honestly confess that I did envy you your happiness. This, my dear friend, is natural. My situation is so miserable and unhappy, you will never know, nor will I ever be able to tell you my sufferings here. It is at times almost maddening. I write cheerfully to my friends, particularly to my wife. I have two reasons for this. One is I dare not complain; the other, I do not wish to add to her unhappiness by letting her know the truth of my situation. This prison is different from any other in the United States. One is not allowed to write for anything only to a relative. The consequence is the officers here have a large number of cousins and aunts. An incident of this kind happened to me. A lady of Louisville, Ky., by the name of Webb, wrote me. (She is a niece of John Webb, of Granville.) She heard of my being a prisoner and immediately claimed me as a cousin and sent me a lot of very nice presents. She also wrote to me to learn to which branch of the family I belonged. I answered her letter and explained to her who I was. This did not satisfy her. She insisted that I was related to her and must let her

know what I stood most in need of, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of her generous offer.

We are having all kinds of rumors about exchange now, and a great deal of excitement exists among the officers here, as it is known that some of their friends have gone to Dixie. The general impressions are that it is still going on, but I have little faith in it. We are looking forward with much interest to the spring campaign, as everything connected with our situation depends upon our success. If the Yankees get an additional excess of prisoners our confinement will be indefinite. On the other hand they would willingly exchange, but this does not interest you. The weather has been so awfully cold and when it was not cold it was knee deep in mud which prevented our taking any out door exercise. Now that the spring is about to open the ground being in a little better condition, we are feeling some better. The small space allotted to us is always full, some promenading, some playing ball and other amusements, and if a stray dog should happen to find his way inside through one of the gates, it would do the men good in here to have the pleasure of yelling over it.

April 5.—Everything here lately under the direction of the commander, has undergone a change decidedly for the better, and yet it is one of the filthiest places it ever was my misfortune to be placed in. Our rations now are more abundant, and in addition to this we have a sutler who sells everything not contraband, true at very high prices, but even at the high prices it adds much to our comfort. A great deal of excitement is manifest to-day among the prisoners. A telegram from Old Point Comfort states that our commissioners have agreed upon an exchange. This, if it is true, is joyful news to us. I have not received any letters from home now in over two weeks. I cannot account for it, as the flag of truce boat runs regularly. I am afraid that the great fault is in Richmond. My experience in getting mail matter through that department enables me to form a proper estimate of their efficiency We have been badly used up here in the letter line. The custom was for the clerk who read the letters to appropriate the stamps on all contraband letters

to his own use, and he made money by the operation, as more letters were condemned than were sent off. And in consequence the general has issued an order that on all letters condemned, the envelope and stamp shall be returned to the writer. The young men here enjoy themselves in every imaginable way Among other amusements we have a theatrical club, whose members perform twice a week. It is really a very good troupe, and if one is not too far gone with the blues he can enjoy a hearty laugh.

May 14.—I have not for some time continued my yarn for various reasons. The weather this spring has been so unfavorable as to preclude the possibility of writing. Then again, I have had nothing new. Some changes have taken place, not at all calculated to make me happy, nor affecting much my present situation. My old wound has given me much trouble and pain. A few days ago an order came to send all the sick to Richmond on exchange, and I, with many others, expected to get off, but was disappointed, not so with Colonels Godwin and Ellis. They both succeeded in getting through and here I am yet over six months a poor prisoner. I often ask if I am forgotten, this of course, to myself, and then follows a spell of horrid ennui. Oh, God! how dreadful are these bitter feelings of hope deferred. I sink almost in madness and despair. Will no one send a little word to cheer us in our gloomy hours of captivity. Thus we linger, thus we drag the slow, tedious hours of prison life. Since the first day Grant crossed the Rapidan to attack Lee, we have been posted up with the Yankees' account of the brilliant success of their army. This is the tenth day of fearful suspense to us. We know that it has been a long and bloody contest and thousands have been slain on both sides. Still we know nothing definite and Lee and his brave men may be compelled to fall back by overwhelming numbers. The Yankees seem to have staked their all upon this issue. If they fail now it will be difficult for them to raise another "On to Richmond" army With us it is of equal magnitude. If the Army of Northern Virginia is destroyed, the last hope of the Confederacy is gone. We know these things, consequently our anxiety must be deep. This is indeed a time of terrible

suspense to us. The accounts from the field through Yankee papers are anything but encouraging. They have the most bombastic headings, and judging from what they say, they must have killed and wounded twice as many men as Lee had, and driven him at least a hundred miles south of Richmond. But we know our little army yet presents a wall of living fire around Spottsylvania Court House and it is no fault of ours that we are not there to share in the hardships and dangers of our comrades. There is no reliable news about our being exchanged. The prospects are gloomy enough about getting to Dixie. There are here now over two thousand officers, and how many more will be added to our number before the war is over, God only knows. I am nearly out of money and clothes, and have no prospects of procuring any more. It seems that my friends are tired of me for they write but seldom now. Everything is enormously high, but money will procure one anything he wants. Tobacco, for instance, is $1.00 a plug, or $2.50 a pound. Confederate money is worth 7 cents in the dollar; so you can figure to yourself how much our money will buy. During the greater part of the winter and spring we had a part of Sedgewick's Corps to guard us. They were very kind to the prisoners and we received many favors at their hands, and we were all sorry when they left for the front, for they left us in the hands of the cold blooded militia of this State, whose acts of cruelty will long be remembered with unpleasant reflections. General Shaler, lately captured at Spottsylvania, was in command of this post. Major Belvin, who shared his fate, was in charge of the prison inside. So you see how fate changes. I have a little bunch of wild flowers that came from our graveyard outside and you have no idea with what fondness and tenderness I nurse them. They carry me back to happy hours before the horrid war. It is cold weather here, yet I almost dread warm weather for the stench from our filthy den will be almost intolerable.

May 16.—The same painful suspense is with us in regard to the situation of General Lee's army. The Yankees in this morning's issue of the Sandusky *News* claim a great and decisive victory, with General Lee in full retreat. Truly we do

not believe all the stuff we read. If we did and it was true, we should by this time have Lee a hundred miles from Richmond, wounded and dying, and lost more prisoners than he had men. We should also have to realize the sad spectacle of seeing a Yankee General gobbling up men and swallowing cannons. It would astonish you to see some of the bulletins sent from the army and published by authority of the Government. They are exceedingly jubilant over their supposed victories over Lee, but time will show.

May 19.—A little lull in the great storm of excitement. The news from the army to-day is more favorable and we have the glad assurance that all is yet well. The Yankees make a feeble effort to claim victory, admitting a loss of 40,000 men.

May 23.—The great excitement is now over and we can look around upon our gloomy prison and breathe free. Yesterday being Sunday, we had preaching, the Rev. Colonel Lewis officiating. I never in my life listened to a more eloquent and appropriate sermon. About a thousand officers were present representing every Southern State, as well as every degree of wickedness and good. It is a great privilege to have such a good man among us as Colonel Lewis.

I saw a little incident this afternoon that struck me very forcibly. The Yankees were having a grand parade, just as one of our poor fellows was being carried out to the grave. The coffin, a square box, was being handled in a dray followed by about a dozen of his comrades. They had to pass the Yankee regiment, which was having a great flourish of trumpets as they marched by. The contrast was very impressive. One was the pomp and show, the other the stern reality of war. The weather is quite warm here now. We understand that seven hundred more prisoners are to be added to our already crowded prison. This looks as if there was to be no exchange and I don't think the prospects very flattering. There must be now, on both sides, at least sixty or seventy thousand men held as prisoners. This is a burlesque on civilization and a lasting disgrace to the Federal Government. Pity at least, for their own men, should induce them to encourage an exchange. No, they are willing to sacrifice

them to their cold-hearted cruelty. Another thing, is the neglect on the part of our government in regard to special exchange. I am in prison with men who have been confined for nearly two years, good, true, and faithful officers, while others by using a little money and having a few friends have succeeded in getting through on exchange. I can justly complain, even in my own case. Has the government had an officer serve them more faithfully than I have, while some captured at the same time that I was, have gone through, though hardly smelling gun-powder? Such injustice is disheartening and if persisted in by our government will cause many men to exchange themselves. Injustice is hard to bear under any circumstances. I have not complained, nor will I unless I have just cause. I have suffered much here, more perhaps than you will ever know, but by the help of God I will try and bear it. I cannot hear from home, I suppose owing to the active hostilities in Virginia, but we have learned to wait.

June 4, 1864.—There has been but little change since I wrote the above. We still get through the Northern journals the most gloomy accounts of affairs in the South, but we put little confidence in them. I have not had a word from home yet, but have just heard that my regiment was at Plymouth, and was engaged in the taking of that place. We have now on this island four regiments of infantry and one of artillery to guard the prisoners, who number about two thousand officers. Two-thirds of the Yankee force are national guards of militia. They are as a general thing, a fine looking body of men, and well equipped. Some of them are mere children in appearance and present a strange contrast to the grim warriors whom they guard. We have all kinds of rumors as usual floating about. One is that a thousand more prisoners are to be sent to our usually crowded quarters. This is certainly one of the best guarded prisons in the world, and all attempts lately to escape have proved futile. A tunnel was cut from one of the blocks last week, a distance of some thirty or forty feet, but just about the time it was completed and arrangements made to leave, the Yankees, like magic, discovered it. Last night another attempt was made by dig-

ging a tunnel from the dead house, but this was also discovered before an opportunity was offered to use it. It is an evident fact that we have spies among us. Last Sunday we were all turned out of our blocks by a guard and a general search was made. Some strange articles were brought to light. Among them were ladders, sails, spades and various digding tools. An escape here is a very rare thing. Even if one succeeds in getting out of the enclosure, his troubles have just begun. The island is small with a heavy patrol all the time along the shores, and the nearest point to the mainland is a good mile. You would hardly believe the amount of dishonesty that prevails here, even by men who call themselves officers and gentlemen. This I consider a delicate subject, for prison life levels us all and one is obliged to associate with those who are in fact not fit to associate with the vilest of the vile. It is only in the dead hours of night, when all is still, that your ears are not saluted with some horrid oath or some vile epithet. Such is prison life. We have had but little warm weather, yet 1 June we had to roll up in our blankets to keep warm, our stoves are taken away, and in my room there are four windows and not a glass is left in one of them. It is by far the filthiest den it ever was my misfortune to inhabit. I remember in one of the marches I was doing duty on the upper Rappahannock with my regiment on picket. During the night there was a heavy storm and I took shelter under cover of a corn crib. The next morning I found that I had a sow for a companion during the night, but I have often thought that that was a nice clean place compared to this den I now inhabit.

June 10.—We have another very important change on this island. Colonel Hill, of this State, relieves Colonel Pierson in command of the post. We are now beginning to feel to some extent the vengeance of the Government of the United States. They have stopped our rations of sugar, coffee and candles. We get nothing but bread and meat with a few beans. This, of itself, is not so bad, had it not been for an outrageous order from Colonel Hill, holding each man responsible for any attempt to escape on the part of any prisoners by withholding entirely the rations, or in other words,

starving us entirely unless we turn spies and informers upon our fellow prisoners. This is an outrage that meets with the scorn and defiance that it is entitled to. The situation of military affairs is very cheering to us. Lee stands with a bold front, hurling death and destruction upon his foes at every turn, repulsing them every time they attack him. Johnston has found a resting place for his weary troops and now confronts his foes. Still more cheering news from the trans-Mississippi of utter defeat and ruin of the Federal armies and better still, Morgan is carrying it with a rough hand in Kentucky and threatens this State with his legions. All this cheers the hearts of the prisoners and causes them to look with brighter hopes to the future. The weather today is cold, and we are shivering in our bunks. An old fellow remarked at roll call this morning that he did not mind freezing to death in winter, but he protested against it in summer. An order was issued day before yesterday and carried out, which was to the effect that the prisoners were not allowed to receive a letter that was over a half a page in length, written even on note paper. This was very hard to many of us. Just to think for a moment, that you had been separated for years from the companion of your bosom, at last a letter would arrive and the envelope would be handed to you and the letter carried off to be burned.

I saw a very affecting incident to-day—a gentleman confined here for the war for running the blockade. His wife, who lives in Nashville, came here on a visit and she was not allowed to speak to him, but was allowed to mount the wall with two beautiful little children and look upon that fond father and affectionate husband. When those little innocents kissed their little hands in token of sad farewell to one who had fondled them so often with parental kindness, I could bear it no longer. At last I have heard from home with the glad tidings that all are well.

June 14.—For the past four days the weather has been very much colder and I have never felt anything like it before in my life. One lays down here sometimes suffocated with heat and wakes up the next morning almost freezing. I have also fallen into very bad habits. I sleep until nearly

8 o'clock in the morning in addition to a nap every evening after dinner. I do this more to kill time than anything else. Our rations now are very slim. The meat we get is about enough for one meal a day. We get beans about once a week; also four potatoes. For supper or breakfast it is dry, stale bread, unless one can afford 40 cents a pound for butter. Notwithstanding the dull monotony of this place, it is not destitute of changes. General Shaler, of Sedgwick's Corps, who commanded this post late in the winter, is now a prisoner and Major Belvin, who had charge inside, is badly wounded. The two officers who called our roll are killed or prisoners, and even the Sergeant is missing. Last week a regiment of Ohio National Guard who had domineered it over the prisoners, left suddenly for Kentucky. Yesterday we learned they were gobbled up by John Morgan. I can assure you that there were not many tears shed here for them.

June 29.—We still continue to receive various and conflicting reports from the seat of war. One thing is certain, the Yankees are not very jubilant over what they claim great victories. Morgan's raid in Kentucky was a great failure, as the number of his officers sent here as prisoners will testify. We have also received a lot from General Sherman. Also the officers captured in Virginia by Hunter. All the officers captured from Lee are sent to Fort Delaware and Point Lookout, as this prison is full to overflowing. At the present time we get along very quietly with the authorities. Our rations are small and hardly sufficient to satisfy hunger, but the larger portion of the men have money and they buy from the sutler at very high prices. We have had some of the warmest weather here that I ever experienced in my life. The water in the lake is quite warm, but the Yankees very kindly supply us with ice which is sold at 1 cent a pound and is quite a luxury. Yesterday and to-day the weather has been quite cool and at this time there is a terrible drought prevailing in this country. There has been no rain since early in May. Everything in the way of vegetables are burnt up, corn is out of the question and the farmers say that they will not make more than a half crop of wheat. From the extensive arrangements being made to improve this

place one would think that it is to be made a permanent prison. They are enlarging the enclosure, digging reservoirs, putting up extra buildings, etc. It looks like there will be no exchange at least for some time to come. I am satisfied that we have as many men as they have, but I think they must have double the number of officers as prisoners, and it is astonishing that every little squad of ten or twelve men brings a Colonel with them. I do not say this to disparage our officers, but it is singular to me. I have heard various reasons assigned for this, but I have my own private opinion. The general impression among Yankees and Confederates is that the present campaign of Grant and Sherman will end the war. We get very few letters now and no news that we can rely upon. Everything with these people is a glorious victory and the winding up of the Confederacy. Time will show.

July 29.—A month has elapsed since I have written anything in my journal of events. I have been sick at heart over my long confinement. We were much gratified last Saturday over the arrival of a Southern mail. I had two letters from my wife, but they did not afford me much consolation, as she seemed very low spirited and complained of being unwell. My quarters now are more comfortable, as I am in a small room with seven others. A great outrage was committed last Saturday night by the sentinels on post. Without any provocation they fired into one of the blocks and severely wounded two officers. The commander expressed much regret and assured us that there would be no repetition of such a cowardly action.

August 11.—Still greater improvements are going on here. They are building a large mess hall to cook and eat in, but this will be of little advantage to us unless the amount of rations are increased. We have been much elated at the success of the Confederate arms everywhere until this morning, when the news came of the entrance of the Federal fleet in Mobile Bay and the surrender of Fort Powell. This news cast a gloom over us all. We have a hard time here killing time. We read, spin yarns, read the Bible, etc., to get away with it.

Day before yesterday a bold attempt was made by a num-

ber of prisoners to escape. Several wagons were engaged in hauling sand, and our men procuring blue pants with caps would get in the empty wagons and hop out at the gate. About forty had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the guards and had gotten out of the bull pen before they were discovered. As it was the alarm was quickly given and all but two or three were recaptured. The punishment here is severe for attempting to escape, but as a general thing the Yankees are good natured and usually release them. Another attempt was made by a young man yesterday to get out. He dressed himself in citizens' clothes and with a forged pass he got by the officers of the guard and was making his way to the boat that was about to leave for Sandusky, when he was recognized by a Corporal and arrested. I am out of money, but I have an abundance of good clothing. I might say that I have an elegant wardrobe for a soldier, thanks to my kind friends.

August 28.—To-morrow is the day set for the meeting of the great Chicago Convention. We look forward with great interest toward the outcome of that meeting, for upon its action depends our release from prison and we are all convinced that the administration does not intend to exchange prisoners. In our prison many petty things are done to make us feel the sting and degradation of prison life. Late orders from the Secretary of War forbid the selling of any kind of clothing to us; also provisions, vegetables, etc., and no one is allowed to send us anything. If one is very sick, he can get an order from the Surgeon (if he is in good humor), by which you can send to some near relative for what you need. This order does not prevent one from receiving anything from the South, as they well know that nothing of any use or value will reach the one intended for, even if sent.

September 1.—The all-absorbing topic of excitement here is the Chicago Convention, as the future destiny of our Confederacy and our own release from prison depends upon the success and harmony of that body. The nomination of McClellan was unexpected, but we do not think we can be worsted. The scarcity of rations is another topic that is serious with us now, and we have actually taken to eating rats.

I myself saw half a dozen of them dressed for the pot. This bull pen abounds with them. They are fat and gentle and easily killed.

An execution took place here to-day. A young man from Kentucky charged with murder, was hung by the military authorities. I do not know the circumstances. I saw the poor fellow seated on his coffin in a carryall, with the Chaplain administering to him the last consolations of God's holy promises, and in mockery were the loud notes of the shrill fife and drum with the usual parade of flags, music and troop. Will we be exchanged before another horrid winter sets in on this bleak island? I fear not. We must suffer a little longer. Perhaps it will be for our good.

September 15.—The same life of weariness every day, no change, dull, dull. What shall I do to kill time? is heard every day all around. What a glorious opportunity you will say to improve your mind. Try it, my young friend. You pick up a book, you try to read. The first thing that flashes upon your mind is to hurl it at some one's head. Then your thoughts will wander to home and loved ones and you cannot read. You would walk and take some exercise, but this would only aggravate your appetite, one that cannot, as it is, be satisfied with the coarsest food. One hundred privates were added to our crowded pen on yesterday. What they are sent here for I do not know. I heard it was to do police duty for us; if so it is another outrage. Twenty-five sick leave to-day on exchange. What joyful news it is to these poor fellows. The thoughts of once more returning to their homes is indeed a pleasure. Our very distinguished and able divine, Colonel Lewis, also leaves to-day on special exchange. We part with him with regret, but our well wishes go with him. We have adopted one rule among ourselves in our little room, and that is to have prayer every night. You see we are not so heathenish in our propensities as one might suppose. The future looks gloomy enough before us. There is no possible chance that we see of beating Mr. Lincoln and he will not exchange prisoners. We had some hope of his defeat to better our condition, but we have none now. We will have to weather another winter here and perhaps trust to another

spring campaign for our exchange. Take any view you please of it, it is bad enough.

September 27.—On the night of the 23d one of the most terrific hurricanes and thunder storms passed above this island. It was more severe than anything of the kind ever witnessed. It happened about 8:30 o'clock while we were at prayers. One-half the high fence around the enclosure was blown down, carrying with it all the sentinels. At the time three of the blocks were torn to pieces, blowing the roof and rafters off like so many leaves, trees were prostrated, a portion of one of the wings of the hospital was carried away. What was most miraculous was that no one was seriously injured, though several were knocked down and bruised. Our bull pen, as the prisoners call it, was a perfect wreck. No one escaped; how could they? We are on a small island with as many troops to guard us as we have prisoners. In addition they have a gun-boat that can shell every part of our prison; also block house and artillery bearing upon us. To-day a salute of one hundred guns was fired in honor of Sheridan's victory over Early. All kinds of rumors are afloat among the Yankees. They have it that Petersburg and Mobile have surrendered; also that Early and Breckinridge have surrendered. Time will show.

NOTE.—Colonel Webb was paroled about 25 June, 1865. The paroles being granted in alphabetical order he was among the last to leave. His interesting diary, which was continued till he left the Island, was unfortunately lost since the war except what is printed above. The following incident contributed by his son Garland E. Webb, Esq., of Winston merits preservation. "A few weeks before the company of which my father was Captain was called out Judge W P Mangum who lived a short distance from the mustering place of the company sent word to my father to bring his company to his home. Of course my father responded at once, and I, a boy of 7 years, went along. Judge Mangum was at that time paralyzed, and as I remember him, was a splendid looking old gentleman with long white beard and hair. As the company marched into the beautiful grounds of Walnut Hall, the home of the old Statesman, Judge Mangum was sitting out in his rear porch with his daughter standing by him. The company went through its maneuvres, and when the command Halt! was given and the boys saluted the old gentleman, he turned with tears running down his cheeks and said to his daughter 'tell William Preston to join the company.' On receiving the message from his father young Mangum walked down the steps, and to the place where the company was standing, and amid cheers joined the Confederate Army. He was at once made a Lieutenant and was killed at the first battle of Manassas, (21 July of that year)." Young Mangum was an only son and the news of his death hastened that of his distinguished father.—ED.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND

By COLONEL THOS. S. KENAN, Forty-Third Regiment N. C. T.

I was in the three days' battle (1, 2 and 3 July, 1863,) commanding the Forty-third Regiment, at Gettysburg, and was wounded in the third day's fight in a charge on Culp's Hill, on our extreme left. On the retreat I was captured with other wounded Confederates, taken to a Federal hospital at Frederick City and thence to Baltimore where I remained until able to walk on crutches; thence with about thirty others I was carried to Johnson's Island, arriving there, I think, on 28 August, 1863.

Johnson's Island is in Lake Erie, about two and a half miles north of Sandusky City, Ohio. Its area is perhaps a mile long and a half mile wide, or thereabout, and the area of the prison grounds, located near the southern end of the island, was about 200 by 300 yards, with a block-house at each end where the big guns were kept in readiness to open on the prisoners in the event of a general uprising. The grounds were enclosed by a strong plank fence twelve or fifteen feet high, with sentinel beats on the parapet. A United States war vessel lay in the offing whose services could be brought into requisition if necessary. There were thirteen roughly constructed wooden buildings two stories high, with entrances to the upper stories by stair-ways on the outside—six of the buildings on either side and one at the lower end midway the grounds, and bunks arranged in vertical tiers in each building. Nearly 3,000 prisoners of war, mostly officers, representing almost every command in the Confederate army, were guests of the United States Government at this place for about fifteen months to two years—the period of imprisonment of some being less. Hope of exchange was abandoned,

and they engaged in every species of amusement and entertainment available, as was perhaps the case of others under similar conditions, in order to while away the time and lessen the monotony and severity of prison life. Repeated efforts were made by the writer and others to escape, but their plans were discovered by the guards and frustrated. If one got out of the enclosure the difficulty was in getting off the island, for guards were stationed on or near the shore. Many who made the attempt were recaptured and assigned to their old quarters after undergoing punishment by temporary confinement in a cell in one of the block-houses.

I was one of a party who were engaged for some time in digging a tunnel from Block 11, which was situated near the fence at the northern end of the grounds, in which I was "bunking." We began operations by taking out a loose plank in the floor, getting under the house and digging a deep hole from the bottom of which the tunnel was commenced. The work was always done late at night and the plank replaced. It was continued for weeks under many difficulties. We used ordinary case knives and tin plates for removing the earth and crawled about under the house in spreading it, as the floor was near the ground and did not admit of even a stooping posture. To a point just outside the fence where the line of the tunnel was to be turned upward until the surface was reached, we estimated the distance from the starting point to be about forty feet. Nearly three-fourths of the work was executed, and we then began to make plans necessary to make good our escape after getting through the tunnel when completed. But to our surprise the operations were reported to the guard (by some spy kept inside as we supposed) and a detail was sent in by the prison authorities one day who dug down into that part of the tunnel between the end of the block and the fence, and filled it with pieces of timber and other obstructions, immovable by our appliances. We gave up the job, and the next year moved over to Block 4, but no opportunity for making another attempt was ever presented.

But there were a few successful ventures, notably that

of John R. Winston, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-fifth Regiment, and three or four others, whose names are not recalled. They had been engaged for some time in making preparations for escape in securing additional clothing, ladders, etc. On the intensely cold night of 31 December, 1863, when the thermometer was several degrees below zero and the sentinels on the walls were in consequence forced to remain in their boxes for protection, they saw their opportunity and took advantage of it. They scaled the wall without being seen by the guards and walked on the ice to the opposite shore. Winston and one other finally reached Canada, thence by Nassau to Wilmington in a "blockade-runner." The others were recaptured, with hands and feet frozen. Winston rejoined his regiment and was afterwards its Colonel. So severely cold was the weather that it was doubted whether the poorly clad prisoners could have been induced to encounter it, if permission had been given them to leave at that time. And they continued "to look beyond the dreary now, to brighter days and better."

Of course we did not know when we would be released and our abode upon the island was beginning to assume a permanent character. To increase the means of relieving the consequent mental and physical strain, it was proposed in the early part of the year 1865 that a "government" be established by the prisoners on the island, with a legislative, executive and judicial department. The matter was discussed among the prisoners and resulted in the election, after due notice posted on the "bulletin board," of delegates to a convention to frame a constitution. The prisoners were divided into "messes," varying in number, and each mess was entitled to one representative—making about twenty-five who would compose the convention. After this election was held, it was deemed advisable to consult the prison authorities and ascertain if they would give their consent to the movement. Thereupon, a committee consisting of three of the delegates elected, namely Jos. J Davis, Captain Company G, Forty-seventh Regiment, and myself (the name of the other member

not remembered), were directed to seek an interview with Colonel Chas. W Hill, commandant of the post. The committee communicated with him by letter, stating the purpose of their proposed interview, and received a favorable reply. We were then permitted, under guard, to go to his headquarters, near the entrance to the prison grounds, and were courteously received. He was informed of the plans proposed for organizing the "government" and enacting such statutes as might be considered necessary by the prisoners for the regulation of their affairs—with a president to execute and a judiciary to interpret the laws. There was no suggestion that we wished to have diplomatic relations with the United States or any other foreign power, for we were satisfied that any representative we might accredit would be *persona non grata.* Nor was it our purpose to discriminate against any government in the free delivery of goods of any sort to the prisoners—no duties would be imposed. But the commandant said he had no power to grant the application, but would submit it to the War Department at Washington and advise the committee of the result. Then came rumors of exchange which produced a condition of anxious excitement; obstructed the flow of enthusiasm for the movement and increased the desire to leave the island upon which the proposed ""government" was to be established; and we were never informed whether our application received further consideration.

After a while the authorities gave notice of the time when the names of those selected to go upon the paroled list would be called, and when the time arrived the whole body of prisoners assembled near the gate—each with the hope of responding to the call of his name. All wished to be released, but it was ascertained that only a comparatively small number would be. The occasion created the most intense nervous expectancy. The scope of one's imagination may take it in, but it is doubted whether the pen of the most experienced and accomplished writer could fully describe it.

In this connection I will give a copy of a letter received, in reply, from the commandant, which is the only document I

found among my old war papers in my search for data in preparing this sketch. It is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,
"JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO, 23 February, 1865.

"GENTLEMEN:—I have your note of yesterday alluding to the matter of making up rolls for exchange and tendering assistance in the clerical labor. I thank you for the offer of assistance. I have received like offers from other prisoners and to some extent have accepted them, and will gratefully accept of such assistance when a proper dispatch of business requires that I should do so. You are in error as to the rule under which rolls for exchange are being prepared. Rolls have already been made up to 1 July, 1863. In making rolls of prisoners captured after that date, smaller periods are taken. The first period will include only the first five days of July; the next period, the next five days of July, and so on, adjusting periods in length in proportion to the number of captures, and within each period the rolls will be made alphabetically. I trust that the justice and propriety of this course will be apparent, though it involves much more labor than would otherwise be the case.

"I am, very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"CHARLES W HILL,
"Colonel Commanding.

"To Colonel Thos. S. Kenan,
Lieutenant-Colonel W H. Luce,
Lieutenant-Colonel W S. Rankin,
Prisoners of War."

So it will be seen that the names of the particular prisoners on the rolls prepared by the prison authorities were known only to them.

The result was, however, that in March, 1865, three hundred of us were sent south and reached Richmond the latter part of the month—a few days before the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and reported to the proper authorities and received our pay. No cartel was agreed upon;

indeed the exchange of prisoners had long since been discontinued in consequence of the policy adopted by the Federal Government. Being on parole, we could not rejoin our respective commands. Some went to their homes; others felt that it would be unsafe to attempt to get there as the country was occupied by Union troops, and they did not wish to be within their lines. A considerable number came to Greensboro by rail—the writer and his brother James G. Kenan, Captain of Company A, Forty-third Regiment, among them —and after learning of the surrender at Appomattox, decided to go to the Trans-Mississippi Department if necessary to keep in touch with our forces and to be in a position to report for duty, should the policy in reference to exchange be modified. To avoid the possibility of being intercepted by a raiding party of Union cavalry who, we were told, were operating somewhere west of Greensboro, and tearing up the railroad track, we walked through the country from the latter place to a station west of Salisbury where we got aboard a freight train and went to Charlotte. While there, information was received that General Johnston's army had surrendered and hostilities had ceased. We remained in Charlotte a while as the guests of Mr. Kerr, proprietor of a hotel, and of Mr. Thos. W Dewey, and others, whose kindness in supplying the wants of moneyless Confederate soldiers will always be gratefully remembered. After the railroad track was repaired and trains were running through, we left Charlotte and reached our home in Kenansville, Duplin County, on 17 May, 1865.

A more detailed account of the incidents of prison life and the homeward journey cannot now be given. But the above epitome, though perhaps not quite accurate in some particulars, may serve to refresh the memory of fellow prisoners and stimulate their interest in collecting additional material for future publication. So varied were our experiences that it is impossible for any one to prepare a comprehensive statement.

The frontispiece to this volume was taken from a drawing made for me at Johnson's Island by one of my "mess-mates,"

W B. Hardy, Lieutenant in a Virginia Artillery Company.

THOS. S. KENAN.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
30 March, 1901.

The following poems were copied at Johnson's Island by Colonel Thos. S. Kenan from the originals:

By Major George McKnight of Louisiana, ("Asa Hartz") Adjutant-General of Loring's Division, while a prisoner on Johnson's Island.

"A captive on a lake-girt isle
Looks o'er the waters sadly.
His thoughts on one whose blessed smile
Would welcome him so gladly,
But that beneath a northern sky,
A sky to him so dreary.
He's doomed to pine and vainly sigh,
Away out on Lake Erie.

"The winds that waft to others bliss
But mock him with their tone.
The lips are pale they stoop to kiss,
With yearning, for his home,
The waves that dash upon the beach,
Keep ceaseless guard and weary,
They chant of joys beyond the reach
Of him who looks on Erie.

"They bear to him his mother's tone,
His sister's mournful song,
Until he longs to be alone,
Far from that captive throng.
And when he lays him down to sleep,
With aching heart and weary,
The winds and waves his vigils keep,
Dear dreamer on Lake Erie.

"But all who love him pray to God
To bless his precious life,
With patience to endure the rod,
With faith to close the strife,
And look beyond the dreary now
To brighter days and better,
When native winds shall fan his brow,
And only fond arms fetter."

"THE CONFEDERACY"—"MEMORIAL OF THE CHOCTAW PRISONER." BY SIMEON E. HAMILTON (AN INDIAN), CAPTAIN SECOND CHOCTAW CAVALRY, C. S. A.

"As freemen ought, the South contended for her rights,
The Choctaw was stand by her.
For her rights she sacrificed her many brave sons,
Choctaw has done the same, likewise.
For her rights many bloods of her beloved sons
Has been shed on her own soil,
Choctaw's blood has been required as one of them.
For her rights she have many brave sons imprisoned on Johnson's Island, &c.,
And there is Choctaw among her sons.
On an island unaccustomed and hostile climate,
Her brave sons are kept looking for better days,
And Choctaw is among tnem."

Captain Hamilton died on 5 February, 1864, while a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island.

PRISONERS AT JOHNSON ISLAND TO GOVERNOR VANCE.

30 MARCH, 1864.

FURNISHED BY COLONEL THOS. S. KENAN, FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

During the campaign of 1864, Governor Vance made a speech at Wilkesboro, a copy of which was seen in a newspaper procured by one of the North Carolina prisoners on Johnson's Island. How its sentiments were appreciated and endorsed, is set out in the following letter:

"U. S. MILITARY PRISON, JOHNSON'S ISLAND,
" NEAR SANDUSKY CITY, OHIO, March 30, 1864.

"*Governor Vance*:

"SIR:—At a meeting of the officers from North Carolina confined in this prison, on yesterday, we, the undersigned, were appointed a committee to express to you the intense satisfaction with which we have marked the distinguished ability and lofty patriotism which have characterized your administration. It has been with peculiar pride during this, our long and tedious imprisonment, that in every wind that has brought to our ears a whisper from the land of our birth and of our unchangeable love, we have heard the utterance of our own sentiments, the echo of our own prayers, of our highest hopes and purest aspirations, in the manly and patriotic language of the Governor of our State. Exiles from our homes and country, captives in the land of those who hate and would destroy us, we watch with anxious concern the progress of events and the course of the war, and note with unmingled pleasure the manifestations of ardent patriotism and unyielding firmness among the masses of the people of our own State. But, sir, it is with peculiar pleasure that we advert to your late noble effort at Wilkesboro—so genuine in its eloquence, so exalted in its patriotism, so forcible in its arguments, and

withal so hopeful and confident of success that every son of the old State felt a glow of pride in the reflection that these grand utterances emanated from his own honored Chief Magistrate.

"Sir, your exposition of the policy of the Federal Government, your startling portraiture of the miseries that would be endured by our unhappy country and the oppressions and indignities that would be heaped upon her in case of submission, are so forcibly verified by the actions of the dominant party in this country, that no reasoning man, enjoying, as we do, an unlimited access to the leading journals of all political parties here, can fail to realize the fact that even the most appalling apprehensions of misery that have presented themselves to the minds of our most sagacious statesmen; even the most hideous pictures of ruin that have been painted by our most eloquent countrymen—would fall far short of the realities of the doom that would await us, should we be so demented as to lay down those arms and disband those armies that have hitherto protected us from the fury of our enemies. Those who delude themselves with the hope that there is still a conservative party here sufficiently strong to restore them again even to those precarious rights they enjoyed before the disruption of the Union, in case they return to that Union, are indulging in a vain, a dangerous hope. We have it daily manifested to us here that this party is utterly powerless to protect even its own rights and liberties from the aggressions of the administration; their danger is even more imminent than our own, and their only hope of deliverance is in the triumph of our cause; they grow weaker with every defeat of ours; they grow stronger with every success. At present they are writhing in helpless wretchedness. The one great idea of the people of this country is the subjugation of the South, and so to appropriate its property to the liquidation of their stupendous debt; and the dominant party is stronger or weaker in proportion as the prospect of success is nearer or more remote.

Let our people by any event, either through submission or subjugation, be thrown on the mercy of this nation, and the great plan will have been consummated, and this success will

have insured the perpetuity of the Republican party What policy this party would pursue in the government of our country is but too plainly manifested already; we gather it daily from their congressional actions, from their party conventions, from their leading journals. We hear it even from their own lips, so to humiliate the South, so to crush her spirit, so to cripple her resources, so to disarm her, so to quench her hopes, that never again within her wide borders shall even a whisper be heard in claim of freedom. They declare that this war must be waged, not only until the rebellion is crushed and the people subjugated, but that it must be prosecuted until the possibility of its recurrence is forever gone. To accomplish this design they declare that it is both the right and the duty of Congress to confiscate the property of our people, both real and personal, and to apportion it among their soldiers and freedmen; (slaves whom they have liberated); they propose to take the arms from the whites and put them in the hands of the negroes; they propose to extend the right of suffrage to the blacks, while among the whites it is to be restricted to those who have been hostile to their country throughout the war. In short, in their blind vindictive rage they would make of our country one vast ruin, so hideous that far down into the coming ages of mankind it may stand as a ghastly warning to deter the rash patriot that would claim freedom as his birthright or republican government as a heritage. War may cover the land with sorrow and mourning, but peace on the terms of submission would cover it with the blackness of the shadow of death. War has still the blessing of hope, but in such a peace there is only the darkness of despair. In such a state of existence the order of nature would be reversed. Life would be the king of terrors and death its only solace. In final, eternal separation lies our only hope, our only safety Other terms were dishonorable, were dangerous. As soldiers of North Carolina, as citizens of our young Confederacy, we can be content with no peace that does not recognize us as a free and independent people.

So long sir, as you tread the path of duty with the same manly, unfaltering step as heretofore, so long will our hearts

go with you in gratitude; so long will we hail you as among the great deliverers of the State we reverence, from a tyranny more revolting than the visage of death.

"We have the honor to be, sir, with distinguished esteem,

"Your obedient servants,

"WHARTON J. GREEN,
"Warren County, Chairman.

"JOS. J DAVIS, Franklin, HENRY T. JORDAN, Person,
"THOS. S. KENAN, Duplin, H. C JONES, JR., Rowan.
"Committee.

"SAMUEL P HILL, Caswell, Chairman of Meeting.
"JAS. M. MAYO, Edgecombe, Secretary.

M. E. Alexander, Mecklenburg;
C. A. McGeehee, Rockingham;
J. M. Kendricks, Gaston;
Wm. Taylor, Caswell;
Wm. G. Woods, Caswell;
Isaac H. Nelson, Stokes;
J. W. Roberts, Rockingham;
J. F. Hodges, Rockingham;
Nat. S. Smith, Rockingham;
M. F. Joines, Wilkes;
Jas. B. Pool, Alexander;
A. H. Miller, Rowan;
B. F. White, Alamance;
S. J. Crawford, Alamance;
Israel B. Watson, Hyde;
W. J. Dickerson, Jones;
G. B. Davis, Polk;
R. F. Drake, Nash;
S. P. Gill, Franklin;
H. G. Whitehead, Pitt;
R. E. Mayo, Pitt;
J. A. Hanrahan, Pitt;
R. M. Royster, Granville;
R. L. Hamilton, Polk;
J. M. Tate, Haywood;
H. Ringstaff, Union;
W. M. Mathews, Jr., Mecklenburg;
L. H. Rothrick, Rowan;
W. C. Ferrell, Nash;
D. M. McDonald, Cumberland;
W. L. Morris, Polk;
F N. Dick, Guilford;
Will. S. Rankin, Guilford;
J. B. Oliver, Duplin;
H. C. Moore, Duplin;
Wm. Sharp, Hertford;
A. McFadgen, Cumberland;
H. H. Draughan, Sampson;
J. W. Wright, Sampson;
Alex Miller, Jr., Craven;
J. M. Hancock, Randolph;
W. G. Lane, Randolph;
A. G. Murdoch, Randolph;
T. C. Miller, Wilkes;
M. P Roberts, Buncombe;
A. C. Godwin, Rowan;
J. Calder Turner, Rowan;
C. K. McNeely, Rowan;
E. A. Small, Chowan;
S. A. Jarvis, Davie;
Jas. D. Newsom, Wake;
E. A. Osborne, Yadkin;
N. Horton, Watauga;
B. A. Queen, Jackson;
L. H. Enloe, Macon;
M. W Norfleet, Caswell;
F J. Haywood, Jr., Raleigh;
W L. Morris, Henderson;
S. J. Evans, Franklin;
H. C. Dixon, Alamance;
Jeremiah Ratcliff, Haywood;
John Turpin, Haywood;

T. J. Shipman, Henderson;
J. M. Crawford, Clay;
L. C. Neil, Transylvania;
J. H. Chappell, Richmond;
G. F. Smith, Davidson;
W. L. Hand, Mecklenburg;
R. H. Hand, Mecklenburg;
H. A. McDonald, Cumberland;
M. A. Parks, Wilkes;
N. A. Foster, Wilkes;
E. G. Gray, Wilkes;
Geo. A. Graves, Caswell;
J. E. Williams, Cherokee;
J. M. Shearer, Cherokee;
Jas. B. Jordan, Raleigh;
Pleasant M. Parker, ————;
F Y. Hicks, Cleveland;
R. W Thornton, Cumberland;
E. D. Dickson, Cleveland;
S. D. Randall, Cleveland;
J. A. Camp, Cleveland;
P. R. Elam, Cleveland;
Thos. D. Falls, Cleveland;
D. B. Magness, Cleveland;
J H. Randall, Cleveland;
B. H. Winston, Franklin;
S. Weatherspoon, Wake;
B. Y. Martin, Ashe;
W C. McDaniel, Fayetteville;
W A. Marloe, Yadkin;
S. W Brewer, Chatham;
W R. Young, Franklin;
J. S. Joyner, Franklin;
W H. Williams, Franklin;
Henry G. Turner, Granville;
W H. Young, Granville;
Richard Howard, Henderson;
A. D. Hicks, Duplin;
R. M. Wilson, Jackson;
Henry G. Lewis, Tyrrell;
Jos. Kinsey, Jones;
G. F Justice, Transylvania;
J. F. Cross, Gates;
Jas. T. Burton, Caswell;
Lee Russell, Montgomery;
W W Cole, Moore;
S. J. Wright, Anson;
H. P Lovell, Surry;
W O. L. Bonner, Surry;
H. J. Walker, Mecklenburg;
Jas. Tiddy, Mecklenburg;
Jas. I. Metts, Wilmington;
R. M. McIntire, Wilmington;
George Gilliam, Chowan;
David W Parker, Gates;
S. J. Rountree, Gates;
M. L. Eure, Gates;
J. T. Forrester, Wilkes;
John Moore, New Hanover;
M. L. Helton, Catawba;
C. L. Turner, Iredell;
A. A. Inman, Robeson;
John H. Nicholson, Warren;
Jas. J. Laughlin, Warren;
J. M. Harris, Iredell;
A. D. Hooper, Jackson;
W E. Goolsby, Rockingham;
J. T. Martin, Rockingham;
B. P Jenkins, Edgecombe;
N. M. Lawrence, Edgecombe;
Jas. G. Kenan, Duplin;
Lewis T. Hicks, Duplin;
Jas. J. Huggins, Duplin;
E. R. Fennymore, Haywood;
W J. Wilson, Haywood;
Jas. H. Watson, Alamance;
S M. Roberson, Alamance;
Jno. M. Lawrence, Randolph;
M. H. Cox, Randolph;
A. E. Peele, Northampton;
O. A. Hanner, Chatham;
T. M. Jenkins, Chatham;
D. D. Suttle, Cleveland;
G. M. Whiting, Wake;
J. E. Ferrell, Wake;
A. A. McKinney, Rutherford;
J. Y. McIntyre, Rutherford;
W. W Dickson, Haywood;
Robt. L. Owens, Caldwell;
N. G. Bradford, Caldwell;
G. O. Cherry, Bertie;
J. M. Whittenberry, Transylvania;

R. L. Hooper, Guilford;
R. R. Saunders, Guilford;
S. E. W Pharr, Cabarrus;
P A. Tatum, Guilford:
Wm. J. Christian, Orange;
Nat L. Brown, Wake;
Nathan D. Laffoon, Surry;
J. D. McLester, Stanly;
Sidney P Clark, Wilson;
O. A. Ramseur, Lincoln;
W. J. Kincaid, Burke;
W. G. Turner, Burke;
W M. Norman, Surry:
M. H. Norman, Surry;
E. T. Thompson, Surry:
B. W Minter, Surry;
J. H. Saunders, Orange;
L. H. Workman, Orange;
Calvin Pritchard, Bertie;
Thomas Ruffin, Bertie;
L. Bond Sutton, Bertie;
W. A. Mebane, Bertie;
Matt Manly, Craven;
Wm. H. Johnson Mecklenburg;
E. Smith, Mecklenburg;
B. R. Smith, Jr., Mecklenburg;
M. R. McDonald, Richmond;
A. A. Moffitt, Richmond:
M. H. Shuford, Lincoln;
J M. Pierson, Stokes;
M. L. Efland, Guilford;
B. F Pearce, Cumberland;
Anderson Ellis, Rowan;
J. A. Lea, Caswell;
Sam'l G. Parham, Granville;
W. G. Guess, Orange;
Edward A. Speed, Orange;
Robt. F. Webb, Orange;
A. S. Staynes, Lincoln;
W W. Sherrill, Lenoir;
J. H. Gilbert, Catawba;
J. J. Forney, Burke;
L. Warlick, Burke;
Thos. L. Cooley, Orange;
Edward A. Brietz, Forsyth;
S. C. Rankin, Guilford;
E. P. G. Murray, Haywood;
W. H. Leatherwood, Haywood;
Thos. P Jones, Buncombe;
Virgil S. Lusk, Buncombe;
Asbury T. Rogers, Haywood;
W G. B. Morris, Henderson;
Geo. T. Bethell, Rockingham;
John T. Williams, Warren;
W. N. Garrett, Madison;
J. P Gaston, Buncombe;
Ira Proffit, Madison;
Z. M. Candler, Madison;
Chas. T. Garrett, Madison;
Thos. C. Powell, Wake:
Isaac N. Tillett, Camden;
Henry E. Shepherd, Fayetteville.

The foregoing was copied by me from the original letter, which was transmitted to Governor Vance by being concealed in the clothes of a Confederate soldier who was exchanged on account of bad health.

The committee appointed by the meeting met and decided that each member should submit to an adjourned meeting a letter to the Governor for its consideration. The original draft prepared by Colonel Hamilton C. Jones was in substance adopted—a few formal changes, suggested by other members, being incorporated.

THOS. S. KENAN.

RALEIGH, N. C.,
30 March, 1901.

N. C. OFFICERS IN PRISON AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND, 1864.

By J. F. CROSS, First Lieutenant Company B., Fifth N. C. T.

I enlisted in Company B, Fifth North Carolina State Troops, commanded by Colonel Duncan K. McRae, and was at the first battle of Manassas; was with General Jackson at Chancellorsville, where he received his death wound; and was in command of Company B at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., in Iverson's Brigade.

I was wounded twice in the first day's fight and taken prisoner. I was taken to the military hospital on David's Island, near New York City; afterwards to officers' military prison on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. The stockade in which we were kept was surrounded by a wall about twelve feet high. There were block houses at opposite corners, with cannon mounted to guard against a revolt of the prisoners. Also within the enclosure were thirteen buildings for the use of the 2,437 Confederate officers, an average of 187 to each building.

At first we were fairly treated. A sutler's store was allowed within the enclosure, where we could supplement our short rations, provided we had money. I wrote to a friend in the Government Department at Richmond, Va., to draw my back pay, invest it in tobacco, and forward it to me, which was received (100 pounds) a few days before the blockade was closed against the prisoners receiving anything from the South. As I did not use tobacco, I sold the whole lot in the prison for $100,00 in United States currency, which made me quite a capitalist there. Very soon the sutler was withdrawn and then came the pinch, but we were equal to the occasion. In a small way the camp became a work shop; out of bones and rubber buttons we made chains, rings, etc.

We could occasionally bribe a guard to bring us in food

more suitable to our taste, than that we usually had, and also other necessary articles. Fortunately the prison swarmed with large wharf rats and we turned our attention to their capture. We found when salted and allowed to stay a day or so they were quite toothsome. In fact, they became quite a delicacy for hospital use. We tried them cooked in various ways. Captain Mills Eure, of our mess (since Judge of the Superior Court) suggested an old fashion pot pie. After that rats were not in quite so much demand, for our mess, as it made us sick.

Many efforts were made to escape, but only one succeeded during my imprisonment. I secured a Federal uniform from one of the guards, and made the attempt, but was detected and returned to prison and punished.

The most exciting time of our experience in prison was in a tornado that swept the island. Several of the buildings were badly wrecked, but we availed ourselves of every protection by getting into the shallow wells in the enclosure.

There were, among the prisoners, men of every variety of talent. Some were ministers before entering the war, so we had preaching, prayer-meeting and such devotional exercises. Had Lyceum, with lectures, debates, etc We organized a theatrical corps and charged a small fee for admittance. In fact we engaged in everything to meet the necessities of the hour, and to beguile its tedium.

Thirty-six years ago this month I left the inhospitable clime of Johnson's Island and walked two miles on the ice to Sandusky, Ohio, where I set my face southward. Being discharged, alphabetically, I was among the first released.

While in prison I kept in a book the names, rank, regiment, etc., of all the prisoners. There was in all one Major-General, five Brigadier-Generals, fifty Colonels, forty-one Lieutenant-Colonels, sixty-two Majors, 575 Captains, 1,675 Lieutenants, 28 Adjutants. Every State which had troops in the Confederate Army was represented, including therefore, of course, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri.

The following is a list of the prisoners from North Carolina while I was there:

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT	HOME.
G. W Armstrong.	Lieutenant.	63rd (5 Cav.)	Wilson.
W. B. Allen.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Carey.
G. W. Albright	Lieutenant.	6th.	Melville.
F. S. Abernathy	Lieutenant.	30th.	Forestville.
B. F. Armfield.	Lieutenant.	9th (1 Cav)	Monroe.
Thomas Allen.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Marshall.
M. B. Allison.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Webster.
J. V. Arrington.	Lieutenant.	32nd.	(Died in Prison.)
S. T. Adams.	Captain.	45th.	Troublesome.
M. E. Alexander	Lieutenant.	53rd.	Charlotte.
I. D. Arrington.	Lieutenant	32nd.	Battleboro.
W. H. Bryson...	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Webster.
D. F Brown.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Webster.
W A. Batson...	Captain.	64th.	Georgia.
A. I. Brown.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Marshall.
W J. Byrd.	Lieutenant.	16th.	Brownsville.
J. H. Bloodworth.	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.)	Burgaw.
A. H. Brown.	Lieutenant.	31st.	Longstreet.
D. Bell.	Captain.	59th (4 Cav.)	Currituck.
Nat. L. Brown.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Raleigh.
H. K. Branch...	Lieutenant.	10th.	Morganton.
J. F Burton.	Lieutenant.	45th.	Missouri.
S. H. Boyd..	Lieut. Col..	45th.	Troublesome.
E. A. Brietz.	Lieutenant.	21st.	Salem.
S. W Brewer	Captain..	26th.	Goldston.
G. H. Broughton.	Lieutenant.	26th.	Raleigh.
A. J. Brown.	Lieutenant.	38th.	Hallsville.
G. T. Bethel.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Statesville.
C. C. Blacknall..	Major..	23rd.	Kittrells.
W G. Baldwin.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Whiteville.
O K. Brumley	Captain..	20th.	Oak Lawn.
W B. Bunford.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Oak Lawn.
W R. Bond.	Lt. A. D. C	43rd.	Scotland Neck.
George P Bryan.	Lieutenant.	2nd.	Hotel.
J. B. Boone.	Lieutenant.	12th Bat.	Murfreesboro.
M. J. Beardon.	Capt.A.Q.M	58th.	Asheville.
Robert Bingham.	Captain.	44th.	Oaks.
B. J. Blount.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Died in prison.
N. G. Bradford.	Captain..	26th.	Lenoir.
S. M. Benton.	Lieutenant.	2nd.	Jackson.
J. M. Bergin.	Lieutenant.	22nd.	Marion.
W. B. Bradford.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Okalona.
J. F. Cross.	Lieutenant.	5th.	Gatesville.
J. M. Cole.	Lieutenant.	60th.	Sulphur Springs.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME.
W H. Cheek.....	Colonel.. .	9th (1 Cav.).	Warrenton.
M. Q. Coleman.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Fair Bluff.
I. Coggin. ...	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Troy.
T. J. Cahill.	Lieutenant.	7th.	Mecklenburg Co
R. B. Carr ...	Lieutenant.	43rd.	Magnolia.
H. R. Covington.	Lieutenant.	38th.	Bostick's Mills.
J B. Cabaness.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Shelby.
J. A. Camp.	Lieutenant.	54th.	Shelby.
S. J. Calvert.	Captain. ..	56th. .	Jackson.
S. P. Clark..	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.) .	Wilson.
G. O. Cherry	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.)	Windsor.
W J. Christian.. .	Lieutenant.	6th.	Durham.
T. L. Cooley	Lieutenant.	6th.	Hillsboro.
D. S. Cockerham.	Captain. .	54th.	Jonesville.
R. C. Cotten.	Lieutenant.	61st.	Hadley's Mills.
U. M. Coala.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Marshall.
J. A. Caldwell.	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Drypond.
E. Cantwell.	Lt. Col. ..	59th (4 Cav) .	Raleigh.
J. H. Chappel.	Lieutenant	23d.	Rockingham.
S J. Crawford.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Pleasant Grove.
A. S. Cloud.	Captain. .	16th.	Morganton.
G. S. Cobb.	Lieutenant.	44th.	Graham.
T. J. Cahill.	Lieutenant.	7th.	Charlotte.
W. W Cole.	Lieutenant.	54th.	Moore Co.
J. B. Deberry..	Captain. .	54th.	Jackson.
W J. Dickerson.	Lieutenant.	2nd.	Jones Co.
J. R. Dills.	Captain. .	62nd.	Webster.
R. F Drake.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Hilliardston.
E. D. Dixon.	Captain. .	55th..	Pierceville.
J. J. Davis.	Captain. .	47th.	Louisburg.
E. G. Debass.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Greenville, Tenn.
H. C. Dickson.	Lieutenant	6th.	Haw River.
S. D. Davis.	Lieutenant	60th.	Tonguch, S. C.
H. H. Draughan.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Dunston.
W. W Dickson..	Lieutenant.	22nd..	Lenoir.
F. N. Dick.	Lieutenant.	44th.	Greensboro.
S. A. Dillinger	Lieutenant.	52nd.	Ivon.
N. H. Euten.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Franklin.
Mills L. Eure.	Captain.	19th (2 Cav.) .	Gatesville.
A. Ellis..	Lt. Col..	54th.	Salisbury.
W. B. Ernheart.	Lieutenant.	50th.	Salisbury
P R. Elam.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Shelby.
C. E. Elmore.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Lincolnton.
M. L. Efland.	Lieutenant.	53rd.	Greensboro.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME.
S. J. Evans.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Louisburg.
N. A. Foster	Captain.	52nd.	Wilkesboro.
E. R. Ferguson.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Crabtree.
J. T. Forrester	Lieutenant.	37th.	Wilkesboro.
A. H. Freeman.	Lieutenant	8th Georgia.	Lincolnton, N. C.
T. D. Falls.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Shelby.
W C. Furgus.	Major	12nd Ala.	Wilmington.
J E. Ferrell.	Lieutenant.	30th.	Roger's Store.
J. J. Forney	Lieutenant.	54th.	Morganton.
W N. Garrett.	Lt. Col..	64th.	Warm Springs.
C. T. Garrett.	Lieutenant.	65th (6 Cav.)	Warm Springs.
E. G. Gray..	Lieutenant.	54th.	New Castle.
W. G. Guess.	Captain.	6th.	Durham.
W. J. Green.	Vol'teer aid	Daniel's Brigade	Warrenton.
J. P. Gaston.	Adjutant.	64th.	Asheville.
J. H. Gilbert.	Lieutenant	57th.	Newton.
A. H. Grey	Lieutenant.	57th.	Salisbury.
R. B. Gorrell.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Winston.
G. Gilliam.	Captain.	52nd.	Edenton.
J. E. Galloway	Lieutenant.	62nd.	High Top.
L. C. Gentry	Lieutenant.	20th.	Jefferson.
W E. Goolesberry	Lieutenant.	21st.	Haynes Creek.
S. P Gill.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Franklinton.
R. Howard.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Hendersonville.
J. J. Hartsell.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Jonesboro, Tenn.
James Hanrahan.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Greenville.
W L. Hand.	Captain.	11th.	Charlotte.
R. H. Hand.	Lieutenant.	11th.	Charlotte.
W. J. Hill.	Major	5th.	Gatesville.
A. D. Hicks.	Lieutenant.	28th.	Mount Holly.
M. L. Helton.	Lieutenant	23rd.	Catawba Co.
A. D. Hooper..	Captain.	62nd.	Webster.
F. J. Haywood.	Adjutant.	5th.	Raleigh.
J. M. Harris.	Lieutenant.	26th.	Poplar Bridge.
F. Y. Hicks.	Lieutenant.	49th.	Camp Call.
O. A. Hanner	Lieutenant.	26th.	Goldston.
A. S. Haynes.	Captain.	11th.	Lincolnton.
R. L. Hamilton.	Lieutenant.	65th (6th Cav.)	Columbus.
T. L. Hargrove.	Lt. Col.	44th.	Oxford.
S V. Hill.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Yanceyville.
N. Horton.	Lieutenant.	37th.	Boone.
R. L. Hooper	Captain.	54th.	Gibsonville.
A. H. Hickman.	Lieutenant.	54th.	Griffin.
F. Henderson.	Lieutenant.	37th.	Louisburg.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME.
J F. Hodges.	Captain.	45th.	Ayersville.
J J. Huggins.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Faison.
L. T. Hicks.	Captain.	20th.	Faison.
J. M. Hancock.	Major	2nd Bat.	Asheboro.
S. M. Inglish.	Lieutenant.	65th (6 Cav.)	Asheville.
S. A. Jarvis.	Lieutenant	54th.	Farmington.
H. T. Jordan.	Adjutant.	55th.	Roxboro.
J. S. Joyner	Lieutenant.	47th.	Franklinton.
W H. Johnson.	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Charlotte.
T. M. Jenkins.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Williams's Mill.
Jas. B. Jordan.	Lieutenant.	26th.	Raleigh.
B. P. Jenkins.	Lieutenant.	7th.	Tarboro.
M. F. Joines.	Lieutenant	33rd.	Trap Hill.
H. C. Jones.	Lt. Col.	57th.	Salisbury.
T. P. Jones.	Major	64th.	Hominy Creek.
G. F. Justice.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Transylvania Co.
W B. Klutts.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Gold Hill.
T. S. Kenan.	Colonel.	43rd.	Kenansville.
Jas. G. Kenan.	Captain.	43rd.	Kenansville.
H. Knittle.	Lieutenant.	Ball Legion.	Wine Grove.
W J. Kincaid.	Lieutenant.	11th.	Morganton.
M. L. Kelley	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Franklin.
J. M. Kendrick.	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Gaston county.
G. B. Kibler	Captain.	54th.	Morganton.
N. D. Laffoon.	Lieutenant.	2nd Bat.	Dobson.
J. F Litaker	Lieutenant.	57th.	Concord.
J. C. Letz.	Lieutenant.	50th.	South River.
J. J. Laughlin.	Lieutenant.	30th.	Warrenton.
N. M. Lawrence.	Lieutenant.	8th.	Tarboro.
W. H. Leatherwood.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Haywood Co.
J. S. Love.	Captain.	64th.	Haywood Co.
H. P Lovell.	Lieutenant.	54th.	Siloam.
V S. Lusk.	Captain.	65th.	Asheville.
E. Lytton.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Asheville.
J. A. Lea.	Captain.	6th.	Lanceyville.
H. C. Lawrence.	Lieutenant.	60th.	Leicester.
A. F. Lewis.	Lieutenant.	38th.	Hamptonville.
J. M. Lawrence.	Lieutenant	23rd.	Cedar Falls.
J. I. Metts.	Lieutenant.	3rd.	Wilmington.
Joseph Macon.	Captain.	58th.	Asheville.
W L. Morris.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Hendersonville.
C. J. Martin.	Lieutenant.	11th.	Charlotte.
A. A. Moffit.	Captain.	18th.	Laurinburg.
John Moore.	Captain.	18th.	Colvin Creek.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME.
D. M. McDonald.	Lieutenant.	56th.	Fayetteville.
H. A. McDonald.	Lieutenant.	38th.	Fayetteville.
W. A. Marlow	Lieutenant.	28th.	East Bend.
J. D. McLester	Lieutenant.	4th.	Big Lick.
T. P. Mall.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Knob Creek.
D. B. Magness.	Captain.	38th.	Camp Call.
H. C. Moore.	Lieutenant.	38th.	Duplin county.
C. K. McNeely	Captain.	24th.	Deep Well.
Matt. Manly	Lieutenant.	2nd.	New Bern.
N. M. Moore.	Captain.	62nd.	Clay Co.
W G. B. Morris.	Captain...	64th.	Hendersonville.
E. P. G. Murray	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Forks of Pigeon.
A. McFadyen.	Lieutenant.	63d (5 Cav.)	Fayetteville.
James Moore.	Lieutenant.	5th.	Clinton.
A. G. Murdock	Lieutenant.	38th.	Hill's Store.
Alex Miller	Captain.	2nd.	New Bern.
C. A. Major	Lieutenant.	52rd.	Madison.
W. C. McDaniel.	Adjutant.	54th.	Fayetteville.
A. H. Miller	Captain.	57th.	Salisbury
James M. Mayo.	Major	59th (4 Cav.)	Tarboro.
R. E. Mayo	Lieutenant.	44th.	Sparta.
W. A. Mebane.	Lieutenant.	27th.	Wardville.
K. M. Murchison.	Colonel.	54th.	Fayetteville.
M. R. McDaniel.	Lieutenant.	52nd.	Rockingham.
A. A. McKinney	Captain.	16th.	Rutherford.
J. Y. McIntire.	Lieutenant.	16th.	Rutherford.
R. M. McIntire.	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.)	Wilmington.
J. T. Martin.	Lieutenant.	21st.	Ayersville.
B. Y. Martin.	Lieutenant.	53rd.	Mt. Airy.
W. M. Matthews.	Lieutenant.	53rd.	Charlotte.
T. C. Miller	Lieutenant.	53rd.	Elkville.
B. Y. Martin.	Lieutenant.	34th.	Landsprings.
M. W Norfleet.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Caswell county.
W M. Norman.	Lieutenant.	2nd.	Rockford.
M. H. Norman.	Lieutenant.	20th.	Judesville.
L. C. Niell.	Captain.	62nd.	Brevard.
W. B. Neal.	Lieutenant.		
J. D. Newsom.	Lieutenant.	47th.	Raleigh.
P. Nicholls.	Captain.	66th.	Castalia.
W. P. Norton.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Franklin.
Isaac H. Nelson.	Lieutenant.	32nd.	Germantown.
W. W Noland.	Lieutenant.	16th.	Dallas.
J B. Orr	Lieutenant.	64th.	Jonesville, Va.
E. M. Orr	Lieutenant.	65th (6 Cav.)	Asheville.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME
W P. Oldham.	Captain....	44th.	Oaks.
J. B. Oliver	Lieutenant.	20th.	Mt. Olive.
J. G. Odum. ..	Lieutenant.	12th.	Jackson, S. C.
J. A. Oliver.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Salisbury.
E. N. Osborne.	Lieutenant.	54th..	Jonesville.
R. L. Owens.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Waynesville.
B. N. Owens.	Lieutenant	62nd.....	Haywood Co.
E. F. O'Neal. .	Lieutenant.	Beckett's Bat...	Charlotte.
M. A. Parks..	Colonel. .	52nd.....	Wilkesboro.
M. Passmore.	Lieutenant	62nd....	Clay County.
W R. Parish....	Captain. .	6th.	Flat River.
B. F. Pearce	Lieutenant.	54th..	Fayetteville.
A. E. Peele.	Lieutenant.	57th. .	Jackson.
S. E. W. Pharr	Lieutenant	57th.	Cabarrus Co.
J A. Phillips.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Fauquier Co., Va.
W Porter	Lieutenant.	26th.	Haynesville.
C. Pritchard.	Lieutenant	57th.	Windsor.
F A. Price.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Salisbury.
W W. Propst.	Lieutenant.	57th. ..	Concord.
Ira Proffit.	Lieutenant.	16th.	Marshall.
W A. Proffit.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Marshall.
J. B. Poole.	Lieutenant.	37th.	Taylorsville.
T. C. Powell.	Lieutenant	47th..	Raleigh.
W Payton.	Lieutenant.	45th.	Salisbury.
D. W. Parker	Lieutenant.	52nd.	Sunbury
B. A. Queenn.	Lieutenant	62nd.....	Jackson county.
O. A. Ramseur	Lieutenant.	11th.	Lincoln.
W S. Rankin.	Lieut-Col...	21st.....	Greensboro.
S. D. Randal. ..	Captain.. .	55th...	Shelby.
J. H. Randal. .	Lieutenant.	55th.	Shelby.
S. J. Rountree.	Lieutenant.	5th.	Gatesville.
M. P. Roberts.	Captain. .	55th.	Asheville.
B. L. Rice. ..	Lieutenant.	44th.	Turnersville.
Thos. Ruffin.	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.)	Windsor, (d in pris)
Lee Russell.	Captain. .	22nd.	Wind Hill.
D. V Rhodes...	Lieutenant.	54th..	Whiteville.
S. H. Rierson.	Lieutenant.	52nd..	Danbury.
J. Ratliff.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Wavnesville.
J. N. Robinson.	Lieutenant.	15th.	Saxapahaw.
L. H. Rothrock.	Lieutenant.	6th.	Salisbury.
S. C. Rankin.	Captain.	45th..	Greensboro.
Henry Ringstaff.	Lieutenant.	43rd.	Monroe.
A. T. Rogers.	Captain. .	62nd.	Crabtree.
Willis Randall.	Lieutenant.	52nd.	Centerville.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME.
J. W. Roberts.	Lieutenant.	45th.	Croginsville.
R. M. Royster	Lieutenant.	55th.	Granville Co.
J. M. Rudhow	Lieutenant.	57th.	Mossy Creek, Tenn
H. E. Shepherd.	Lieutenant.	43rd.	Fayetteville.
T. J. Shipman.	Lieutenant.	60th.	Henderson Co.
N. S. Smith.	Lieutenant.	13th.	Leaksville.
W. W. Sonell.	Lieutenant.	57th.	
L. B. Sutton.	Lieutenant.	59th (4 Cav.)	Windsor.
D. D. Suttle.	Lieutenant.	30th.	Shelby
E. A. Small.	Captain.	11th.	Edenton.
R. Shaw	Captain.	4th.	Haynesville.
J. H. Saunders.	Major	33rd.	Chapel Hill.
G. F. Smith.	Captain.	54th.	Lexington.
M. L. Shepherd.	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Dry Pond.
J. Y. Sanford.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Winston.
G. A. J. Seckler	Captain.	57th.	Chishan's Cross.
J. M. Shearer	Captain.	29th.	Cherokee Co.
W Stovall.	Lieutenant.	55th.	Oxford.
B. F. Sharpton.	Lieutenaut.	7th.	Cold Springs.
R. R. Sumner	Lieutenant.	7th.	Faison.
T. J. Stewart.	Lieutenant.		Tarboro.
E. A. Speed.	Lieutenant.	6th.	South Lowell.
R. R. Saunders.	Lieutenant.	45th.	Oak Ridge.
E. Smith.	Lieutenant.	13th.	Charlotte.
J. M. Tate.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Haywood Co.
James Tiddy	Lieutenant	34th.	Charlotte.
J J. Tucker	Captain.	2nd.	Whites Depot, Ga
J. Turpin.	Captain.	62nd.	Haywood Co.
C. S. Turner	Lieutenant.	33rd.	Turnersville.
P. A. Tatham.	Captain.	19th (2 Cav.)	Greensboro.
J. C. Turner	Captain.	6th.	Salisbury.
H. G. Turner	Captain.	23rd.	Henderson.
E. T. Thompson.	Lieutenant.	28th.	Gordonsville.
W Tritt.	Lieutenant.	64th.	Hickory Flat.
W. K. Tarber	Lieutenant.	64th.	Columbus.
Isaac N. Tillett.	Lieutenant.	11th.	Shiloh.
R. W Thornton.	Lieutenant.	56th.	Cumberland Co.
D. Verbal.	Lieutenant.	57th.	Salisbury.
John R. Winston.	Lieut-Col.	45th.	Reidsville.
G. W Whitmire.	Lieutenant.	62nd.	Claytonsville.
W. J. Wilson.	Captain.	62nd.	Webster.
Robert F. Webb.	Colonel.	6th.	Flat River.
J. B. Yarrington.	Lieutenant	22nd.	Died.

NAME.	RANK.	REGIMENT.	HOME
W H. Young. ...	Lieutenant.	54th. ...	Oxford.
W. R. Young. ..	Lieutenant.	23rd.	Louisburg.

SUNBURY, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

J. F. CROSS.

NOTE.—Some names appear on this list which are not among names signed to the "Letter of Prisoners to Gov. Vance" *ante*, i. e., those who left or died before the date of that letter or who were captured afterwards. And there may be names signed thereto which, notwithstanding Lieutenant Cross' great care, are omitted here and some prisoners are on neither list. For various causes it was difficult to get every name.—ED.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT MORRIS ISLAND

By CAPTAIN WALTER G. MacRAE, Company G, Seventh Regiment N. C. T.

In the month of August, 1864, a report spread among the prisoners of war at Fort Delaware that six hundred of their number were to be sent off and placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries in Charleston harbor in retaliation for alleged cruelties to Northern soldiers confined in the South.

It was only a few weeks since about fifty Field Officers went away under a similar threat; and they had been duly exchanged. We were so certain that this last move was a bluff that every one was anxious to go. Many, whose names were not on the list, gathered up their poor belongings—watches, rings, a little money—anything and everything of value which had escaped confiscation, and came and laid them down at the feet of the elect—if haply they might persuade some one to exchange places. They cared not what was to come. Anything for a change! The list was made up of

6	from	Maryland,
186	"	Virginia,
111	"	North Carolina,
24	"	South Carolina,
60	"	Georgia,
10	"	Florida,
26	"	Alabama,
22	"	Mississippi,
31	"	Louisiana,
5	"	Texas,
27	"	Arkansas,
8	"	Missouri,
35	"	Kentucky,
49	"	Tennessee.
600		

Of these—

28	were	Field Officers,
172	"	Captains,
393	"	Lieutenants.
6	"	Enlisted Men,
1	a	Citizen.
600		

On 20 August these formed up and were marched aboard the steamer *Crescent,* those left behind shouting messages for "Dixie," and wishing the crowd a safe trip. In the hold of the ship, rough bunks, four tiers deep, stretched from stem to stern, and into these the men were crowded. Only one hatch was left open, so that the place was very close and dark. The August heat was intense even on deck. Imagine then the situation in this foul hold, near the steaming boilers, and glowing furnaces, with six hundred sea-sick men, already enfeebled by close confinement, sweltering and gasping for water, which was doled out hot from the condensers. Every day, as we voyaged South the conditions grew more unbearable. Two gun-boats, with shotted guns bearing upon the *Crescent,* acted as escort, and a battalion of infantry patroled the decks and guarded the open hatch. A few of the Field Officers were permitted to remain in the cabin on deck. It was from them that the tenants of the hold learned what was going on above; and it was clearly understood that, if any chance for escape should offer, the line officers would risk a rush for the deck, and a fight with the guard. Improbable as it seemed, the opportunity came, but was not seized, owing to the treachery of one or more of our own men, or the secret work of spies. It was this way: Just before day one morning when we were off the South Carolina coast, there came a sudden jolt and a stoppage of the machinery. Pretty soon, word came down from the field officers that the transport had become separated from the gun-boats, and was ashore near Cape Romain; and that they had summoned the guard to surrender. The Captain had asked for half hour's grace, promising to give up without a fight at the end of that time, in case

the gun-boats did not come up. The counsel of Ahithophel was to take the ship at once and escape to the beach. But, some traitor prevailed against this advice. We had promised to be ruled by orders from the cabin. Before the half hour was out the gun-boats were alongside. We heard that the pilot who ran us ashore, was a Southern man; that he was immediately arrested, and, later, tried for his life; but we had no means of verifying this "grape-vine telegram."

The Southern soldiers were always cheerful. The greater their trials, the brighter shone this quality. When pushed to the utmost on some forced march, when rations failed, through biting blasts or scorching heat, they maintained their good humor and took "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks," breaking into songs, gibes and chaffings like Mark Tapley under very adverse circumstances.

This happy disposition helped to keep us alive in the *Crescent's* hold. There were several of Morgan's officers aboard, and, though invisible in the darkness, you might hear them calling to one of their mess, a tall cavalry Captain, who was a fine story teller, and a clever mimic, "Say, Hammock, tell us about the hair-lipped man! What did he say to Mrs. Gillespie, etc., etc.," and pretty soon would follow shouts of laughter as Hammock progressed with his yarns and imitations. Long afterwards, when many had died and all had starved, and when the scurvy had ploughed lines of suffering on every face, when the war in the field was over and we were about returning to face the more heartless war of reconstruction, Captain Hammock stood before the poor, emaciated crowd, spread out his legs, and, with arms akimbo, personated the "Loyal" Irish woman and said: "Now yez must all go home and be clever fellies, bekaze the government's thrated ye so leniently"

On 25 August the *Crescent* anchored for a short time at Hilton Head, and during the night two or more prisoners managed to slip overboard, swim ashore, and escape.

On 7 September, we disembarked at Morris Island, and when we finally came out into the light of day, and had a look at each other, we were astonished to note the ravages made by the terrible heat and the nauseous confinement. One could

scarcely recognize his best friends. There were six of us from Wilmington, N. C.—all badly damaged. Had we been consigned to any good business man, he would have rejected the cargo, and refused to pay the freight.

We were turned into a stockade, built immediately in front of what was formerly Battery Wagner. Our position was such that every shot or shell from the guns on Sumter and Moultrie and the other Confederate batteries, must either pass close over our heads, or right through the pen. Any which fell short, or exploded a tenth of a second too soon, must strike death and destruction into our crowded ranks.

As soon as the Federals got us "fixed" to their notion, they opened fire right over our heads upon the Confederate positions. They may have counted on receiving no reply, as our men knew we were in front of Wagner, and I think the Southern artillerists were slow about taking up the challenge. Perhaps they were selecting their best gunners. Any way, one fine morning when the Yankees opened up, and were getting "gay," we saw a puff of smoke blow out from Fort Moultrie, and almost immediately, heard the rush of a fine, large shell. It passed howling over our heads and smashed into the nearest embrasure, where it exploded with much havoc. We noted signs of great excitement within the battery, and an ambulance dashed from the rear to the scene and took away the wounded. Our officers fervently shook hands with each other, and not one lifted up a voice of lamentation. It was a good shot!

At night, when the firing was going on, the burning fuse was plainly visible; and one could mark the flight of the shells from the moment they left Moultrie until they burst near us. Always some fellow would shout a warning, "Here she comes, here she comes—grab a root!" Albeit there were no roots to grab on that bald sand beach. Very few of our men were killed or wounded, and we had reason to thank God and give praise to the good Southern gunners who sighted so true. It is certain our enemies made every provision for our annihilation!

The rations consisted of sour corn meal, meal which would stand alone when the barrel was knocked from it—stuff, as

we were informed, which had been condemned by the Union Commissaries as wholly unfit for their troops. Occasionally we received a piece of hog meat, about one inch square, and, say half inch thick, with as many pickles, put up in something near akin to vitriol, as we wanted. Of the rotten meal we received daily six or eight ounces.

Some of the prisoners, for the sake of the record, complained to the Colonel. He replied that it was all right; there was meat enough in the meal, bugs and worms, and that, if he had his own way, he would be only too glad to feed us on greasy rags. This man, it was said, commanded a Massachusetts negro regiment, and was not a veteran. We heard later that some of his own men killed him. But perhaps the wish was father to the rumor.

In striking contrast to this vile treatment was the conduct of Colonel P P Brown, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, who, when the prisoners were sent to Fort Pulaski 23 October, treated them with great courtesy and respect, and did everything possible for their comfort. He had met the Southerners on the line of battle, where he was doubtless worth a regiment of the other sort. But the government was determined, as Captain Hammock said, to be *lenient* with us, so they at once removed Colonel Brown, who was a gentleman, and therefore unfit for the work, and substituted another. The truth is that wherever we came in contact with veterans, we received only kindness.

It is always the non-combatants who are the most venomous. It was one of this kidney—a certain Douglas, of an Ohio Regiment, who murdered Colonel E. P Jones, of Virginia. The Colonel, a wounded officer, was not walking fast enough to suit the cowardly sentinel, who ordered him to get a better move on him, and, when the prisoner turned to explain the difficulty, the fellow heartlessly shot him to death and threatened a like fate to some brother officers who wanted to take up the body!

The United States Government termed this treatment of Southern officers retaliation. But retaliation implies the paying back in one's own coin. And that is what we have never admitted. No rumors, reports, affidavits, no exhibi-

tions of sick and disabled prisoners, no judicial hangings could then, or ever since, convince us that Davis, Stephens, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson or any other of the great and good men of the South would have maltreated unarmed prisoners of war! Did not Jackson say, while he lay mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, when the physicians wished to send him off the field lest he should fall into the hands of the enemy: "And if the enemy does come," he said, "I am not afraid of them; *I have always been kind to their wounded,* and I am sure they will be kind to me." And any of our leaders might have said the same.

It is well known that supplies and medicines, and clothing were not always to be had for our own soldiers at the front. We know that a large part of the army had been more than a day without food when they fought the battle of Sharpsburg, and that the thin gray line in front of Petersburg never knew a full ration: and we know that, because of all this, our leaders exhausted every effort to exchange prisoners, offering several for one, but without avail. So we resolved to take what came with a good courage, knowing that to us was not the shame. And this resolve was kept by many unto death. A few, as many perhaps as might be counted upon the fingers, worn out with exposure, scurvy and starvation, "fell away to the Chaldeans."

But all of these things and much more—the many attempts at escape, always betrayed—the sickness, the wounds, the deaths, the organized efforts for mutual help—though there was little to give except sympathy, and literally a cup of cold water for His sake—the names, rank, command and native States of all the six hundred, are they not written, and minutely set forth in Colonel John L. Cantwell's book of statistics and notes which he began to collect from the start, and which, with untiring zeal and great patience, he continued to enlarge and perfect on the spot, and down even to the present day, and which he preserved, Heaven knows how, amid all the chances and changes of our prison life—so that it furnishes the only authentic statement of those trying times which is now extant, though I believe he has permitted the authorities at Washington to copy the list of names and

deaths, and several other copies have appeared in the South without the proper credit. Glancing over this little book, the eye rests on this pathetic sentence: "Was not allowed to mark the graves of brother officers at Fort Pulaski, though head boards were prepared (by the prisoners) for all the dead." What need of any further comment!

On 4 March, 1865, we left Fort Pulaski, and on 26 April Colonel Cantwell, Captains John T. Rankin, John Cowan and other Wilmingtonians left for the South. To Captain Thomas C Lewis the writer is indebted for his notes of prison life, and which have been followed in this account. It would require a book to tell the whole story This is a mere sketch.

When Queen Anne told Dr. South that his sermon had only one fault—that of being too short—he replied that *he should have made it shorter if he had had more time!*

I have purposely refrained from details since we have settled down to the arts of peace and are trying to forget the hate and bitterness of the past. One may see now the smoke of thousands of factories and furnaces, where grim visaged war left a waste. The South is risen, as if by a miracle. The government and the Morris Island man could maltreat us, but some of his prisoners have attained to national fame—all have done well, and their *land*—God Himself hath blessed it, and neither Baalam nor his ass can curse it.

WALTER G. MACRAE.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
31 December, 1901.

N. C. OFFICERS PRISONERS UNDER FIRE AT MORRIS ISLAND,

7 SEPTEMBER TO 21 OCTOBER, 1864.

By COL. JOHN L. CANTWELL, Fifty-First Regiment, N. C. T.

Colonel John A. Baker, 41 N. C., (3 Cav.), Wilmington.
Colonel G. N. Folk, 65 N. C., (6 Cav.), Morganton.
Lieutenant-Colonel T. L. Hargrove, 44 N. C., Oxford.
Major James R. McDonald, 51 N. C., Fayetteville.
Captain Thos. L. Johnson, 1 N. C., Edenton.
Captain W. H. Day. 1 N. C., Halifax.
Captain H. D. Fowler, 1 N. C., Rolesville.
Captain Jno. L. Cantwell, 3 N. C., Wilmington.
Captain John Cowan, 3 N. C., Wilmington.
Captain H. W Horne, 3 N. C., Fayetteville.
Captain W. G. MacRae, 7 N. C., Wilmington.
Captain J. G. Knox, 7 N. C., Rowan County.
Captain John C. Blair, 9 N. C., (1 Cav.), Boone.
Captain W. H. Kitchin, 12 N. C., Scotland Neck.
Captain J. W Lane, 16 N. C., Hendersonville.
Captain T. C. Lewis, 18 N. C., Wilmington.
Captain C. R. Bromley, 20 N. C., Concord.
Captain Alex T. Cole, 23 N. C., Rockingham.
Captain N. G. Bradford, 26 N. C., Lenoir County
Captain S. S. Bohannon, 28 N. C., Yadkin County.
Captain W. A. Dewar, 31 N. C., Harnett County.
Captain J. E. Hodges, 32 N. C., Deep Creek, Norfolk Co., Va.
Captain H. M. Dixon, 35 N. C., Mecklenburg County.
Captain E. McN. Blue, 35 N. C., Moore County.
Captain W J. Alexander, 37 N. C. Wilkesboro.
Captain Lemuel H. Hartsfield, 41 N. C., (3 Cav.), Kinston.
Captain J. W Moore, 41 N. C., (3 Cav.), Wilmington.
Captain Samuel H. Hines, 45 N. C., Milton.
Captain W F. Murphy, 51 N. C., Clinton.
Captain J. K. Kyle, 52 N. C., Fayetteville.
Captain David S. Cockerham, 54 N. C., Yadkin County.
First Lieutenant Jacob A. Hartsfield, 1 N. C., Rolesville.

First Lieutenant Julian A. Latham, 1 N. C., Plymouth.
First Lieutenant John M. Guyther, 1 N. C., Plymouth.
First Lieutenant J. J. McMillan, 1 N. C., Wilmington.
First Lieutenant J. M. Hobson, 2 N. C., Mocksville.
First Lieutenant Jos. H. Darden, 3 N. C., Snow Hill.
First Lieutenant C. P. Mallet, 3 N. C., Fayetteville.
First Lieutenant T M. Allen, 4 N. C., Fairfield.
First Lieutenant W T. Anderson, 5 N. C., Fayetteville.
First Lieutenant Wyatt B. Allen, 6 N. C., Wake County.
First Lieutenant David A. Coon, 11 N. C., Lincolnton. Has nine wounds.
First Lieutenant Nathan S. Moseley, 12 N. C., Warrenton.
First Lieutenant John F Gamble, 14 N. C., Shelby.
First Lieutenant Frank McIntosh, 18 N. C., Richmond.
First Lieutenant George W. Corbett, 18 N. C., Caintuck.
First Lieutenant (Ensign) J. O. Frink, 18 N. C., Cerro Gordo.
First Lieutenant B. W. Birkhead, 22 N. C., Asheboro.
First Lieutenant John T. Bullock, 23 N. C., Tranquility.
First Lieutenant H. Earp, 24 N. C., Johnston County.
First Lieutenant M. McLeod, 26 N. C., Carthage.
First Lieutenant Albert N. Leatherwood, 29 N. C., Fort Embry.
First Lieutenant Sidney S. Abernathy, 30 N. C., Wake County.
First Lieutenant F F. Patrick, 32 N. C., Columbia.
First Lieutenant R. B. Carr, 43 N. C., Magnolia.
First Lieutenant G. W Avent, 35 N. C., Chatham County.
First Lieutenant T. B. Henderson, 41 N. C., (3 Cav) Jacksonville.
First Lieutenant Jno. D. Malloy, 51 N. C., Buckhorn.
First Lieutenant J. W Brothers, 67 N. C., Kinston.
First Lieutenant H. J. Jenkins, 15th Bat., Murfreesboro.
Second Lieutenant J. B. Coffield, 1 N. C., Tarboro.
Second Lieutenant A. J. Howser, 1 N. C., Lincolnton.
Second Lieutenant J. M. Hargett, 1 N. C., New Bern.
Second Lieutenant E. A. Carver, 1 N. C., Forestville.
Second Lieutenant Wm. H. Ivey. 2 N. C., Jackson.
Second Lieutenant T. P Barrow, 3 N. C., Washington.
Second Lieutenant A. J. Gurganus, 3 N. C., Onslow.
Second Lieutenant Z. H. Lowdermilk, 3 N. C., Randolph.
Second Lieutenant J. E. King, 3 N. C., Onslow.
Second Lieutenant R. H. Lyon, 3 N. C., Black Rock.
Second Lieutenant C. C. Lane, 3 N. C., Snow Hill.
Second Lieutenant L. J. Henderson, 3 N. C., Jacksonville.
Second Lieutenant Geo. M. Crapon, 3 N. C., Smithville.
Second Lieutenant Geo. N. Albright, 6 N. C., Melville.
Second Lieutenant W C. Gordon 6 N. C., Morganton.
Second Lieutenant H. Y. Gash, 6 N. C., Hendersonville.

Second Lieutenant W B. Chandler, 13 N. C., Yanceyville.
Second Lieutenant David S. Bullard, 18 N. C., Owenville.
Second Lieutenant John M. Burgin, 22 N. C., Marion.
Second Lieutenant J. A. Blain, 16 N. C., Franklinton.
Second Lieutenant John Q. Elkins, 18 N. C., Whiteville.
Second Lieutenant J. Coggin, 23 N. C., Troy.
Second Lieutenant H. C. Andrews, 28 N. C., Orange.
Second Lieutenant Alex H. Brown, 30 N. C., Chatham County.
Second Lieutenant J. B. Lindsay, 31 N. C., Wadesboro.
Second Lieutenant W. F. Doles 32 N. C., Nash County.
Second Lieutenant G. S. Coble, 44 N. C., Graham.
Second Lieutenant B. A. Gowan, 51 N. C., Whiteville.
Second Lieutenant W. T. Jones, 35 N. C., Moore County.
Second Lieutenant Gavin H. Lindsay, 54 N. C., Madison.
Second Lieutenant Francis F. Floyd, 57 N. C., Leesville.
Second Lieutenant Gilbert P Higley, 57 N. C., Lumberton.
Second Lieutenant J. H. Bloodworth, 59 N. C., (4 cav.), Wilmington.
Second Lieutenant N. H. Fennell, 61 N. C., Wilmington.
Second Lieutenant M. B. Allison, 62 N. C., Webster.
Second Lieutenant J. C. Hines, 63 N. C., (5 Cav.), Clinton.
Second Lieutenant J. F. Heath, 67 N. C., New Bern.
Second Lieutenant A. B. Davis, 75 N. C. (7 Cav.), Wilson.
Second Lieutenant T. D. Crawford, C. S. Navy, Washington.
Sergeant-Major C. M. Busbee, 5 N. C., Raleigh.
Corporal E. S. Hart, 23 N. C., Bosticks Mill.
Private W. P Johnson, 9 N. C., (1 Cav.), Charlotte.

IN HOSPITAL AT MORRIS ISLAND.

Captain S. J. Parham, 54 N. C., Henderson, N. C.

OFFICERS SENT FROM HILTON HEAD TO BEAUFORT, S. C.

Captain J. C. Gorman, 2 N. C.
Captain Robert W Atkinson, 19 N. C., (2 Cav.).
Captain A. S. Critcher, 37 N. C.
First Lieutenant A A. Cathey, 34 N. C.
First Lieutenant J. H. Gilbert, 57 N. C.
Second Lieutenant E. W. Dorsey, 11 N. C.
Second Lieutenant R. A. Glenn, 22 N. C.

DIED ON MORRIS ISLAND.

Second Lieutenant J. C. E. Cowper, 33 N. C., died Oct. 5, '64.

RECAPITULATION.

In Stockade.	102	
In Hospital.	1	
Died.	1—104	Under Fire.
In Hospital at Beaufort....	7	Not Under Fire.
Total No.	111	

RANK.

Field Officers.	4
Captains	31
First Lieutenants	31
Second Lieutenants	43
Enlisted men	2—111

TWO YEARS AT FORT DELAWARE.

By SERGEANT CHAS. W RIVENBARK, Company C, First Regiment N. C. T.

I was a member of Company C, First Regiment State Troops, a native and resident of New Hanover County, and was captured with many other North Carolinians at Gettysburg.

Soon after, being turned over to the tender mercies of Kilpatrick's command, we had a slight foretaste of what was in store for us. A band played Yankee Doodle; some thoughtless prisoners whistled and called for Dixie; the guard rushed down upon us, and when no one would betray the offenders, three innocent men were seized, at random, tied up by the thumbs for three hours, taunted, reviled and abused, and only at last released in time to save their lives.

Passing through Frederick City we saw a Confederate flag at a window exhibited for a moment only, as we learned by whispers, by a noble woman to cheer the poor, dispirited "rebs" whom she knew would pass her house that day as prisoners. Prudence suggested *silence*, and though no noisy demonstration was made, many a gallant heart swelled, many a sun-browned cheek was wet by a tear as we were marched by that house; and to this day wherever any of that old band of prisoners lives, he remembers the emotions of that moment. God bless that woman!

Just beyond the town, we saw a man hanging dead on a persimmon tree—he was naked, and our guard informed us he had been hung some time before as a spy, and that all his clothing had all been sent away in small pieces as trophies.

To Baltimore by Railroad—and there, in that noble old city, where a Southern soldier ever found friends, numbers of ladies and gentlemen thronged the streets, anxious to see and talk to us, but they were not allowed to approach us. Occasionally some daring one would rush to us with tobacco,

water or some other little gift of luxury, but always at the risk of arrest.

At 9 o'clock p. m., strongly guarded (for our captors evidently feared the Baltimoreans), we were marched to Fort McHenry, where, after three days of speech-making, promises, threats and persuasion, we were formed into line and the "oath of allegiance" offered to us. Two men out of twelve hundred and fifty stepped forward and took it. Only *two!* and they were not Americans. Immediately afterwards we were marched on board a steamer which conveyed us to Fort Delaware.

This fort, or prison, is situated on a mud shoal, said to have been formed long ago by the sinking there of a vessel loaded with peas; hence the name of Pea Patch Island, in the center of Delaware Bay, two and a half miles from the mainland on either side.

The island contains ninety-three acres, *is below low water mark,* and only protected from overflow by a levee.

Muddy, filthy dykes or canals, without outlet, traverse the island, and for a long, long time supplied the only water allowed the prisoners for any purpose.

So filthy and poisonous had these ditches become that even a slight wound washed in their waters would inflame and mortify—and then amputation or death, or both—was the consequence.

For weeks and months we had to use this water or none, except when we could manage to catch rain water. After a while there was a little improvement in this respect, as a patent water purifier was fixed up, and a tank kept filled with purified rain water, to which we had access, but under constant supervision of a sentinel who had orders to shoot down any man who attempted to carry any away, or who spilled any on the ground.

As to eating, during the cold and pitiless blasts of winter as they swept over the bay and chilled our feeble frames; during the scorching summer and autumn months, when no protection was allowed us from the burning sun, and the pestilence-laden, damp, dark, deathly winds, we were, twice a day formed in a line, marched out by a door to a plat of

ground, known by the prisoners as "Devil's Half Acre," where all remained until the last man of the nine thousand had passed out—this generally occupied about two hours—and the piece of corn bread (yellow) three inches long, one inch thick, a very small piece of bacon or beef and a cup of decoction of logwood and beans called coffee for breakfast; and the same for dinner, substituting so-called soup for the coffee, afforded but poor solace for the hours of suffering which all had, in turn to bear.

Here I ought to mention that once a month "Inspection" or "Health" Commissioners visited the prison; but the officers in charge always knew when they were coming, and had things cleaned up, beans and meat put in our soup, and a general appearance of good treatment made, so that a fair report could be made and published.

And as I write these things a name occurs never to be forgotten by a Delaware prisoner. "Old Hike" we called him—his real name was Adam or Adams, a Vermont yank who was first sent to the prison as a *convict*—his crime being that he was the first man to reach Washington City after the Bull Run battle. But by his shrewdness and meanness he had been promoted and now held some rank in the service; was a sort of supervisor over everything and devil's agent in general at our prison.

No meaner or more utterly despicable being ever cursed the earth with his presence. "Hike out! hike out! you d—d rebel sons of b—!" was his command on all occasions. Once a week he would "hike" us to search our persons, bunks and clothing, for contraband articles, and whack! would come his heavy stick on the person of some poor sick prisoner who was not able to move promptly. From 400 to 900 North Carolinians were confined (to themselves as were the prisoners from other States) in a room 19 by 60 feet, with bunks, three tiers, on either side, heads to the wall, feet to center, with a passage, of course narrow, between.

Only one blanket was allowed to each prisoner. Soap, knives, forks, bottles, an extra stick of wood or lump of coal—anything, everything was "hiked" from us. All sorts of swindles, cheats and tricks were practiced upon us by "Hike,"

even to the robbing us of an occasional Yankee jacket or pair of pants, no matter how obtained, by specious promises of Confederate grey uniforms in exchange.

Once he caused about five hundred of us to strip, saying he would furnish us with new clothes, but as soon as we had been "hiked out" of all clothing except our shirts, right face, forward, double-quick, march! and back through the cold mud and water to our cheerless barracks we went (where one stove and one barrow-load of coal per day were all that was allowed to us) to get more clothes as best we could. This was one of "Old Hike's" villainous tricks on us, and in keeping with his many acts of cruelty and torture. Every Christian should pray that "Hike" has long since been "hiked" by the devil to a clime where he *don't suffer from cold*—where there is plenty of *fire*, and no need of clothing.

Many of us worked cheerfully for a long time in toting lumber half a mile and building a church and hospital for the use of prisoners. I say cheerfully, because we were promised pay for it, and thought that we or some other poor rebs might be benefitted by the buildings. But we never got a cent of pay; no prisoner ever entered the church, and few, if any, the hospital.

Such as had money could buy anything they wanted at the sutler's, but very frequently, as soon as bought, say a knife, piece of soap, vial of whiskey (labelled painkiller) search would be made and all taken away, to be sold again.

One day when the tide was unusually high and the wind and waves boisterous, an alarm was raised that the levee was breaking: "Hike out! hike out, you, you d—d rebel sons of b—s, or you will all be drowned. Run, run!" And when we had run, or waded through ice, snow and mud, many of us shoeless and nearly naked, we found that there was no danger only to a pile of wood and some sutler's stores which were likely to get wet; and we were forced to work several hours, freezing and starving, to remove them.

One favorite species of tormenting us was to tell us that the great and glorious leaders of the South, Davis, Lee, Jackson and many others were killed, or captured or had deserted our cause or that women and children were starving through-

out the South, or where not actually starving were only kept from death by selling themselves, body and soul, to Yankees and Southern "loyalists;" and the most active in this and other works of cowardice, inhumanity and malignity was, I regret to say, a renegade Mississippian who called himself Campbell. Taken prisoner, he soon became a Yankee Lieutenant, and like all rascally renegades was noted for his merciless cruelty to all who had called him friend. "Hike" found in him a willing and pliant tool; and we found in him a vile scamp, whom some of us would like to see again, that we might give him tokens of our recollections of him and his deeds! Doubtless he is a "bright light" somewhere. As an evidence of his character, two prisoners, a Tennesseean and a Marylander, bribed him to allow them to escape, a fine gold watch and a hundred dollars being the price paid, and after they were smuggled aboard a steamer *he* was the man to "go for" them, hunt them up, and bring them back handcuffed and his cocked pistol leveled at them! But notwithstanding the vigilant watch kept over us, guards all the time being stationed along the levee with orders to shoot any one attempting to escape, a good many did get away, though many perished in the attempt.

Expert swimmers, by taking advantage of the tide at certain hours, could reach the mainland; but unless the tide was just right those who undertook it, if escaping the sentinels, would be borne out to sea and drowned, as many were.

Once I was selected to saw through a wall composed of 4 by 6 timbers, which I succeeded in doing by means of a jeweler's saw, in twenty-two feet of a sentry's post. One hundred and thirty of us had provided ourselves with two canteens each, air tight by means of cork and wax, and all escaped (one only being drowned), except myself. Being the last to leave, I found that some one had appropriated my canteen life preservers. So I sorrowfully crept back to my bunk, but listening at a crack I could hear shouts of recognition and encouragement away out on the bay, and to my surprise I learned that while we were working for our escape a number of officers confined in a separate part of the prison, and with whom we had held no communication, had been doing the

same thing, and they with many of their men were out together on the water.

Then I was into a scheme to build a boat, which we accomplished by means of knife-saws and screws; but just as we had got it finished (and at best it could not have carried more than eight men), in came old Hike with a guard, tore up the floor, found and destroyed our boat.

A "coffin detail" was made every morning, twenty-five rough boxes being the day's task, and more frequently it happened that more coffins were lacking than *corpses*. Over on the Jersey shore was the burial ground, and there, in the rude holes we dug for them, reposes the body of many a gallant Southern man, whose noble heart once throbbed only for truth and honor and liberty and love and home; whose unrecorded greatness and valor will only be known at the great final day when the graves shall give up their dead and *justice* at last be meted out to all.

Once, during my prison life, a copy of the Philadelphia *Enquirer* fell into my hands, containing the experience of some Yankee officer who had escaped from Andersonville prison. Of course everything was exaggerated and made to look as black and bad as possible, and a great parade was made over the "cruel, barbarous treatment" of Union soldiers in Southern prisons.

I read it over carefully, as did many others; showed it to our jailors, officers and privates, compared the statements with actual facts before our eyes, and all were forced to admit that, taking everything there said as true, prisoners at Fort Delaware were faring worse, suffering more, and bearing greater indignities, hardships and privations than those of Andersonville. And still Delaware was held up as the *model prison!* I remember now one gallant fellow, his name I have forgotten—who having been captured was accused of being a deserter from the Federal army Many there were who knew him, were ready to swear that he was a native Southerner and had never been in the United States service, but after a mock trial he was condemned to die He was tied to a stake, and the officer told him that he had only a few seconds to live; that he had better improve his time by confess-

ing himself to be a traitor, etc., and ordered the file of Yankee soldiers to advance and make ready to fire.

Then spoke that heroic man: "I am your prisoner; kill me if you will; I'd rather die than suffer as I do! But, so help me God! I am neither traitor nor deserter, I am a Confederate States soldier. Jeff Davis, and Lee and Jackson, and Beauregard and Johnston yet live and my death will be avenged." No quailing there! and his noble bearing had its effect even upon his persecutors, for he was returned to prison and finally released! I hope he is alive yet, for such fearless and true men are few.

And so the long weary months wore on; and even in our almost hopeless condition we sometimes heard a rumor that cheered us, or caught a word from some of our enemies that caused a gleam of sunshine and pleasure.

Few of the many prisoners "gave way" (and to this I attribute the fact that the mortality was not greater, shocking though the number of deaths were) but generally tried to make the lingering hours pass lightly. We had a debating club and theatrical performances, all improvised and gotten up by ourselves.

Every bone, horn, brass tack, bit of tin, wire or copper were appropriated to some purpose. Bushels of rings, pins, buttons, chains, charms and puzzles were patiently wrought out of such crude material; and many of such articles would have reflected credit upon the most skillful artisan or jeweler, in a shop supplied with all requisite tools and materials for such work. A fan was made by a prisoner which sold for forty dollars, and when not stolen from us ("hiked") we could always find ready sale among the garrison for these things.

At last the day of my deliverance came; a little money that I had made, some trinkets, etc., brought me out, money would bring anybody out if properly invested. That is, while all were "in the market," it was useless to bribe a private or subordinate officer; one must go up to the high officials with his offering, and then if it was pretty liberal his release was sure to follow.

The particulars of my escape, with all the adventures at-

tending it, ending in my escape to "Dixie's Land," a month before the sad day of Appomattox, would necessarily extend this narrative, besides prudence forbids, even at this late day, that I should give the names of those who aided me to get out of prison or on the long route home—or the methods and means used.

CHARLES W RIVENBARK.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
9 April, 1901.

NOTE.—The above was written in 1874 and published in our "Living and Dead." It has now been revised by its author for this work.—ED.

AN ESCAPE FROM FORT WARREN.

By J. W ALEXANDER, Lieutenant C. S. N.

In the month of November, 1862, I was detached from the James river squadron and ordered to Savannah, Georgia, as executive officer of the new iron-clad *Atlanta,* being constructed for the Confederates at that place. On arriving, I found the *Atlanta* at the lower end of the city, still in the hands of the contractor; but her guns were on board, and there only remained some finishing to be done before she was turned over to the government. Captain McBlair was in command, and the other officers reported for duty about the same time as myself. The *Atlanta* was an iron steamer, built in Scotland, and had run the blockade into the Savannah river and been purchased by the Confederate Government. Her upper works had been removed and she had been cut down, and a shield for the battery constructed upon her iron hull after the pattern of the old *Merrimac,* with sloping sides covered with two bars of iron, each two inches thick. These bars were bolted to the solid pine logs with which her shield had been constructed. It is not my purpose to give any detailed account of this vessel or her career, but only to state in a general way how she was eventually captured by the Federal fleet in Ossabar Sound. Her crew were mostly Georgians, volunteers from the army, and, with the exception of a few sailors, were totally unacquainted with the duties required of them, but they soon learned to work the battery very well, and with the few sailors that were on board made eventually quite an efficient crew. The vessel was at first commanded by Captain McBlair, but before her sailing, Captain W A. Webb had been placed in command. After the usual delay, we dropped down to the obstructions in the river

Note.—Lieutenant Alexander was a North Carolinian and a most gallant officer. His narrative of life at Fort Warren deserves record here to show what so many from this State suffered as a part of their army experience —Ed.

and began exercising and drilling the crew; and it was not until June, 1863, that it was thought the vessel was ready for action.

Sometime before this we passed through the obstructions in the river and dropped down to Fort McAllister, which was on one of the mouths of the Savannah river. On the night of 16 June, we dropped down to the bar at the entrance of Ossabar Sound, where the Federal fleet, consisting of two monitors and some wooden gun-boats, were lying, awaiting the expected attack. The next morning we were under way before day, and steaming down so as to get over the bar at high water. At daylight the Federals were under way and coming to meet us, and not long afterward, in attempting to cross the bar, we ran hard and fast aground, and notwithstanding every effort, here we remained, not able to move. The two monitors came up within close range, and taking positions where our guns could not be brought to bear on them, they opened fire on us with their heavy guns. Nearly every shot hit, and it was only a short time before one struck the pilot house, wounding both pilots and Captain Webb; another struck the shield on the starboard side forward, and the effect was to stun nearly every man in that part of the ship, wounding several severely. The wood-work to which the iron plates were bolted was completely shivered, and many men were struck by the splinters. The shot did not come through, but wherever a shot struck the woodwork was broken and splintered. In a very short time it was evident that to continue the contest would only result in the destruction of the crew The tide had fallen so low that all hopes of getting the vessel afloat had to be abandoned. No resistance could be made, as our guns could not be brought to bear on the enemy, they having taken positions on our bow and quarter. Captain Webb reluctantly gave the order to haul down the flag, and in a few minutes we all found ourselves prisoners of war on the different vessels of the Federal fleet. We were carried first to Port Royal and then to New York, and were, for a time, confined in Fort LaFayette. From this place we were taken to Boston and placed in Fort Warren, on one of the islands about seven miles from the city.

Fort Warren was commanded by Colonel Dimmick, and was garrisoned by some local Massachusetts troops. The officers and men always treated us kindly. At first, we were allowed to purchase anything we wished, and for awhile our friends in Baltimore and some in Boston sent us many things, clothing and eatables; but after a time, acting under orders received from Washington, we were not allowed to buy anything, and had only the rations usually allowed prisoners, which were neither plentiful nor inviting. The privilege of purchasing provisions was taken from us, it was said, in retaliation for the treatment the Federal prisoners received at the hands of the Confederates; but this matter has been fully discussed, and will not be dwelt on here. After this the underground railway brought us such things as we were able to pay enormously for.

Besides the prisoners taken on the *Atlanta,* there were the officers and crew of the *Tacony* and some political prisoners and blockade-runners confined in Fort Warren. We were kept in the case-mates under the main battery. In the day time we were allowed to take exercise on the pavements in front of our quarters, but after sundown we were locked in the casemates and sentinels placed in front of our doors. Four of us, Lieutenant C W Reed, of the *Tacony* (a prize vessel converted into a Confederate naval boat); Lieutenant of Marines James Thurston, of the *Atlanta;* Reed Sanders, a political prisoner from Kentucky, and myself, determined to escape. Many plans were suggested and discussed, but none seemed feasible. Indeed, situated as we were on an island, and strictly guarded day and night, with sentinels stationed in front of our doors, confined within solid masonry constructed to resist the shot from the heaviest guns, it seemed impossible to escape; and yet the escape was easily accomplished.

In the basement under the room in which we were confined was a pump where we obtained our water, and in the outer wall of this basement were two holes called musketry loopholes. These were something over six feet high, two or three feet wide at the inside of the wall, and gradually sloping to a point, so that at the outer side of the wall they were

only a little over seven inches wide. One day, while bathing, the thought struck me that I could get through this hole—and I immediately tried it. I found that by turning my head so as to look over my shoulder, I could get through, but with my clothes on I could not get my body through. Stripping off my clothes, I tried again, and found I could squeeze through, though it was hard to do it. This discovery was made known to the other three, and each one found he could get through quite easily, as I was the largest one of the party. No time was lost after this in getting ready for our escape.

Waiting for a dark night, we one by one squeezed through the loophole, and lowered ourselves down into the dry ditch between the main and water batteries. We made our way cautiously over the water battery and then through the grass towards the sea-wall, where we found, as we expected and feared, that sentinels were posted. These would walk backwards and forwards on the wall, and when they met they would turn and walk off in the opposite directions. Keeping close to the ground we would approach the walls when they were walking from each other, and remain quiet after they turned and were coming together. Finally we succeeded in passing between them while their backs were towards us and got into the water close to the wall, lying down with our heads against the wall, and our feet in the water. Finding the sea very rough and the wind high, after a considerable time we concluded it would be very dangerous to try to swim off at that time; so we watched our chance and succeeded in regaining our quarters, as our friends inside, by our direction, had left the rope hanging down from the loophole so that we could go back if for any reason we could not succeed in getting off the island. Only a few of the prisoners knew we had been out. Most of them ridiculed the idea that any one could get through so small a hole. A smart little midshipman, seeing our wet clothes, *tasted*, and, finding them *salt*, was convinced.

The failure of our first attempt did not discourage us. Lieutenant Reed suggested that two of his men, good swimmers and very reliable, be allowed to go with us. He talked

to them, and they readily agreed to accompany us. The plan was for these two men to swim over to the adjoining island, procure a boat and return to within a short distance of the shore, and we would then swim out to them.

We made the second attempt the night following the first. At the time agreed on we lowered ourselves down into the ditch, and were here joined by the two sailors.

Proceeding as before, we stooped in the grass, between the water battery and wall, while the sailors, crawling on, passed between the sentries, and getting into the water swam off, and we never saw them again. I heard that they finally made their way back to the Confederacy, but I am not certain that this is true. Waiting, as it seemed to us, for hours, and the sailors not returning, Thurston and I determined that we would swim over to the island on which the lighthouse stood, get a boat and return for Reed and Sanders, neither of whom, being poor swimmers, were willing to run the risk. Close to the shore where we passed to the water was a target, made of white pine and very light. The garrison used this target to practice on, and after consulting together we, Thurston and I, determined to use it to float our clothes over on, shoving it ahead of us as we swam. Watching our chance, we pulled it down and got it into the water while the sentinels were on their outward trip; and it came very near being the means of defeating our plan; for before we could get away they came together again, right over our heads, on the sea-wall, and began to talk on indifferent subjects, and continued for some time. Finally one said to the other, "Where is the target? Wasn't it here when we came on post?" "Yes," was the reply. "Where can it be?" They came to the edge of the wall and looked over. It was very dark in the shadow and we lay close together, barely breathing.

"I believe I see something down here in the water," said one. "Stick your bayonet into it and see what it is," said the other. The sentinel lowered the muzzle of his musket, and shoved it slowly towards Reed's breast, directly under him. The point finally rested on his *chest!* He never moved a muscle, but remained perfectly quiet. That was the bravest thing I saw during the four years of the war.

But it was only for a moment. The man pulled his gun up, remarking, "I am not going to stick my bayonet into salt water." After this they stood for what seemed to us an age, and discussed the disappearance of the target, finally concluding that the "spirits had taken it away." Then they separated and moved off, widening the distance between us.

Now was our chance. Tying our clothes to the target, we pushed it off and headed for the shore of the island, which lay some distance from the fort. Though it was August, the water seemed as cold as ice. Want of exercise had weakened us, and though we made apparently good progress, it seemed hours that we were in the water, and the tide swept us down all the time. There was a lighthouse on an island opposite the lower end of the island on which the fort was built. We kept this light a little to the right of us as we swam, and finally, after a long time—it seemed hours—we stopped for a moment, letting our feet sink under us. We both touched bottom at the same time, and, straightening up, we waded ashore, pulling the target after us. We were almost frozen, but as soon as we had put the target some little distance from the water we set out along the shore to look for a boat, keeping together for fear we might not be able to find each other without a noise, if we separated, and not knowing whether or not any one lived on the island. After a long time we came upon a small fishing boat which had been dragged up on the beach, and anchored so as to keep it in place. We pulled the anchor up to the bow of the boat and secured it; then we tried to shove the boat into water. It was so small that we ought to have launched it easily; yet after moving it a certain distance, we could get it no further. I cannot tell how long we were at this business, but it was a long time. Finally, trying to see what kept the boat from moving, we found there was a second anchor over the stern. Cutting the rope which held the boat, we shoved it into the water, and getting on board we hoisted the sail and steered over towards the fort, intending to take down the sail when we got nearer and pull in for Reed and Sanders. It had been getting lighter for some time, but was not quite daylight. We stood on, but did not go too near, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the

sentinels, whom we could see very plainly Finally, as it got lighter and lighter, we reluctantly turned the boat's head toward the sea, as we could plainly see that Reed and Sanders had left and were perhaps back in the casemates, having given us up. It was a sad disappointment to us. I believe we could have gotten them off if we could have launched the boat without delay. I afterwards learned that, waiting till nearly daylight, they attempted to return to the casemates; but they waited too long, and were discovered and put in close confinement. Thurston and myself sailed by the fort, in plain view of the sentinels on the sea walls, and after getting outside to what we considered a sufficient distance from the land, we headed up the coast, intending to land in New Brunswick. All that day we sailed with a light breeze, and towards night we ran close in shore to see if we could get something to eat. We had no clothes except our hats and shirts, and we were very hungry and thirsty Just about dark we were close in to the beach. Near the shore we saw a house and a man standing in front of it. We hailed him and asked him to come off, which he proceeded to do in a small boat. He looked at us very suspiciously, but listened to our tale calmly. We told him we had sailed out from Portsmouth for a lark, and had gone in bathing, and that while in the water our clothes had blown overboard, and asked him to get us some clothes if he could, and bring us some water and something to eat. He went on shore and soon returned with some old clothes, a good supply of plain food, some tobacco, and a small bottle of cherry brandy. I am satisfied he knew what we were, but we said nothing except to thank him for his kindness, telling him we would remain where we were till next day; but as soon as he was out of sight, we hoisted our sail and stood on up the coast towards Eastport, intending to land in New Brunswick. Had the wind held we should have reached there before morning; but it was nearly calm. Thurston slept some in the first part of the night, and at midnight he took the helm, and I lay down to rest. For two nights I had had no sleep, and I was very tired. I slept soundly When I woke it was broad daylight; indeed the sun was up, and the breeze was very light. We were not

heading our course, but we afterwards did so. For the greater part of the forenoon the wind was light, and we made little progress. We noticed about eight or nine o'clock what appeared to be a good sized schooner, which was sailing around; and from the fact that it changed its course frequently and was apparently running towards different sails—several being in sight—we concluded that the vessel was hunting for us. This proved to be the case, for towards noon she came sailing towards us. The officers in the boat hailed us, and coming alongside asked us a number of questions, we telling pretty much the same tale we had told at Rye Beach. I think they were about to let us go, when some one suggested we had better be searched. This was done, and finding some Confederate money on one of us they at once told us that they knew who we were, and that we must go on board the revenue cutter, which the vessel proved to be. I think the Captain's name was Webster. He treated us very kindly, and told us he had been looking for us both that day and the day before, and that several other boats were out after us. He carried us into Portland harbor and before we had been there very long the United States Marshal came on board, and Captain Webster delivered us into his charge.

As soon as we had passed into his boat, which lay alongside the revenue cutter, he put his hands into his pockets and, pulling out a pair of handcuffs, proceeded to put the cuffs on to my left wrist and on to Thurston's right wrist, so we were handcuffed together, which made me feel very queer. We must have presented a sorry spectacle on landing, for a little newsboy seemed to have felt very badly about us. He ran off some where and came back with two apples, which he gave us. A crowd was collecting about us, and the Marshal put us into a cab and carried us to the city jail and delivered us over to the jailer, who took us up stairs and put us into cells adjoining each other. We could talk, but could not see each other. The food furnished us in this jail was certainly the most disgusting ever offered to men. After a few days our friends in Fort Warren sent us some clothes, and we heard that Reed and Sanders were well, but were in close confinement. We were kept locked up in our several cells at night,

but in the day time we were allowed to be out for a short time in the morning, being afterward locked up in the same cell for the balance of the day.

Our capture evidently caused great excitement in Portland. The jail was crowded with visitors to see the two "rebel" prisoners, or pirates, as we were generally called. They would come and stand at the doors of our cells and discuss us as if we were a species of wild animals; and I suppose we were a kind of menagerie to them.

After awhile we got used to being stared at and paid no attention to them. One day, I remember, there was a large crowd peeping at us through the bars. One young and quite pretty girl said, looking at me: "Oh, Susan, he is reading!" To which Susan replied, "Pshaw! this one's writing." Several of the visitors were evidently very sorry for us, and some few books were sent us by some kind people of the city; but, as a general thing, the people were very bitter, and told us plainly that they thought we ought to be killed.

We remained in Portland jail about one month, and while there formed plans for escape. We were confined in cells on the second story of the jail. The doors of the cells were of iron bars about one inch in diameter. We determined to saw through these bars, and once out of our cells we could go down to the lower floor, where we were permitted to go for a short time to wash. The windows of this wash-room had the usual iron bars; by removing one or two of them we could get through—and once out we determined to make for the water or the country, as seemed best, and get up into Canada.

It took some time to get the instrument to saw the bars with, but we finally succeeded. Before we could make much progress, however, we were again transferred to Fort Warren, and found our two friends, Thurston and Reed, confined in a room on the opposite side of the fort from the other prisoners, and closely guarded. We were put into this room, and some time afterward we were joined by Samuel Sterrett, a son of Captain Sterrett, of the Confederate States Navy. Sterrett was a native of Baltimore, and had been arrested as a Southern sympathizer and sent to join the other political prisoners in the fort, but being regarded as a dangerous pris-

oner, he was put with us into close confinement. He was a real acquisition, for he came in provided with many things by friends, and was generous, dividing liberally with us all he had and everything that was sent to him from Baltimore by his friends.

We were kept in close confinement for several months. The Colonel commanding offered to put us with the other prisoners if we would give our parole not to attempt to escape; but this we declined to do. We had formed our plans to get out of this room; but before we could make any beginning, we were put back with the other naval officers in our old original casemates.

Never losing hope, we began to look around at once to see how we could get out of the casemates. There were two chimneys in our room, and both were stack chimneys—that is to say, there were two flues in the chimney, one for the fireplace in our casemate, and one for the fireplace of the adjoining one.

We determined to move the partition in one of these chimneys and get out at the top. This would be a work of months, but we commenced at once. The fireplaces were closed and only a hole for a stovepipe remained. We took down enough of these bricks to let one man get into the fireplace, and he commenced removing the partition between the fireplaces, or rather enlarging the flue so we could pass up. The bricks removed from the inside of the chimney were beaten into dust and carried out in the slops every morning. After working nearly all night, taking turns and being helped by another prisoner, Morrell, an engineer on the *Atlanta*, we would put back the bricks we had taken down, using bread made into dough for mortar, and whitewashing the brick over every night before we went to bed. This work went on for several months; but when we could see that our work was getting to a point where we could begin to see the end, we ascertained that a sentinel was posted at the top of the chimney and that all our work was thrown away. It was a bitter disappointment to us; but we did not have to bear it for a very long time, for in September, I think it was, we were ordered to get ready to go to City Point for exchange. While in the

fort I had a beautiful little English terrier named Fanny, which had belonged to one of the sons of Captain S. S. Lee, and was turned over to me when Lee was ordered abroad. This little dog gained the affections of one of the Sergeants attached to the Commissary Department in Fort Warren, and he used to bring fresh beef every day it was issued to the garrison as a present to the dog. Of course we took charge of the meat and the little dog was given the bones, and this meat was a great addition to our larder. This little dog was with me until the close of the war, and was carried to my home in Lincolnton, North Carolina, where she lived to a good old age, and raised many sons and daughters.

The exchange was a special one, arranged between the Navy Departments of the two governments. We were sent in a steamer to City Point, on James river, where General Grant had his headquarters on a large river steamboat. We remained here some time, and we learned that the reason was that the Confederates refused to treat with General Butler, the Federal agent for the exchange of prisoners. The Confederates had outlawed General Butler on account of his conduct in New Orleans, and refused to hold any communication with him. Then Captain Webb, the senior captain present, asked for and obtained an interview with General Grant, who listened to what he had to say, said nothing himself, but on the following day we were sent up the river, and meeting the Confederate flag of truce about nine miles below Richmond, we were put on board that vessel and the Federal naval prisoners sent down to be exchanged for us took our places in the one we left. After a short time the two vessels separated and our boat steamed up the river. We had not gone very far before we saw a Confederate picket standing among some bushes near the bank of the river, and we knew we were once more inside the Confederate lines after having been prisoners for seventeen months. I think that was the happiest day of my life.

J. W ALEXANDER.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.,
26 April, 1883.

SALISBURY PRISON.

By CHAPLAIN A. W MANGUM, Sixth Regiment N. C. T.

On 19 February, 1839, a few of the enterprising, public-spirited and wealthy citizens of Salisbury, N. C., and the vicinity resolved to establish in the town a large steam cotton factory. On 4 April following the company was organized and applied themselves with energy to their commendable enterprise The establishment was located in the beautiful oak grove that bordered the town on the south. The company secured about sixteen acres of the surrounding grounds. It was not long before the grove was vocal with the lively buzz and rattle of the machinery and the cheerful song and laughter of the busy factory boys and girls. Those were the halcyon days of peace and the daily picture in the grove was as full of beauty and pleasure as it was of labor and life.

A few years passed in that way, when the factory was closed, the company dissolved and finally the property passed into the hands of the trustees of Davidson College.

Again after a season, the solitude and stillness of the place were cheerily disturbed by a school of happy, hopeful boys.

THE FACTORY BECOMES A PRISON.

By a deed bearing date of 2 November, 1861, the old factory lot and buildings were conveyed to the Confederate States, and were fitted up and used during the four years of war as a prison for Confederates under sentence of court-martial, and those arrested for alleged disloyalty, for deserters from the Federal army and for prisoners of war.

Note.—Rev. A. W. Mangum was one of the most talented ministers of the Methodist Church in this State and a most loveable man. He died in May, 1890 while Professor of English Literature at the University of North Carolina, which chair he had filled since 1885 He was a cousin of Senator W P. Mangum. His church and State may well lay a wreath of immortelles on the grave of one whose life reflected honor on both. —Ed.

A company composed of the students of Trinity College, styling themselves the "Trinity Guards," and commanded by Rev Dr. B. Craven, their president, arrived and went into quarters at the garrison, with the duty of acting as guard to the prison. The first lot of prisoners, numbering one hundred and twenty, was brought in by the train on 9 December, 1861. Their arrival caused considerable excitement in town, very few of the citizens having seen a "live Yankee soldier" up to that time. Their imprisonment was probably attended by as few discomforts and privations as regular prisoners of war were ever required to bear. They were quartered in the large brick building (which was 100 by 40 feet, with three stories above the basement). Some of them were allowed the parole of the town. They strolled carelessly and cheerfully through the grounds, laughed and chatted in their warm quarters, tattooed their arms with the "Stars and Stripes," whittled on fancy toys and Yankee notions, etc. When the commandant went in amongst them his language, his tone, the attention and respect, the quiet discipline and genial humor reminded one rather more of a pleasant scene in a college chapel than of rigid confinement in a prison.

On 26 December, another train of cars came in, with the guards upon the platforms, bringing one hundred and seventy-six more prisoners.

Dr. Craven and his boys remained but a few weeks, and Colonel George C Gibbs was assigned to the command of the prison. The guard was composed of several companies raised for the purpose. A number of the citizens of Salisbury joined the guard.

On 7 February there was another arrival of eighty prisoners. These different installments came from various points—some being captured in Virginia, some on the coast of North Carolina and some by the Army of the West in Kentucky. By the middle of March, 1862, their number aggregated nearly 1,500. In December previous, Dr. J W Hall, of Salisbury, was appointed Surgeon of the post. His report for the month of March, 1862, is the best commentary on the treatment of the prisoners, the fidelity of the officers, the care and attention of the Surgeons and the management of

the hospitals. That report states that there were 1,427 prisoners, of which 251 had been under treatment, and only one had died. Compared with the daily reports of many of our regiments in the field, this showed that the suffering and loss among the latter was at least twenty times greater. The quarterly report, which was dated about 21 April, embracing from 26 December to that date, stated that of the guard there had been 509 cases of sickness, and but three deaths—of the prisoners 403 cases, and only three deaths. Proportionately, there had been more sickness among the guard. Let it be remembered that this was the treatment the Confederate Government gave its prisoners while its resources were yet abundant, and it possessed the power to be humane in practice as it was in principle.

During this year even the ladies visited the grounds inside the stockade. Dress parade by the troops of the garrison was held near the southwest corner and witnessed by many of the prisoners. I remember attending the parade one pleasant summer evening in company with a number of ladies. When it was finished the officers among the prisoners came out and presented truly a beautiful scene in their recreation. A number of the younger and less dignified ran like schoolboys to the play ground, and were soon joining in high glee in a game of ball. Others, arm in arm, promenaded and conversed, while several sat down side by side with the prison officials and witnessed the sport and indulged in free and gentlemanly intercourse. I remarked particularly the tall form of Colonel Corcoran (captured at Manassas) who, as he walked with measured step and sad countenance, told plainly how deeply his pride was wounded—how severely his spirit was chafed.

A PRISONER'S PROPHECY.

I remember a conversation with Major Vogdes, in which he prophecied the exhaustion of the supplies of the Confederacy, and marked with his cane upon the ground how the State might, and probably would be, invaded on the lines of the railroads, and all opposition overcome. The position of Sherman's army at the finale of the struggle was similar to the diagram which he drew.

When Colonel Gibbs completed his regiment (the Forty-second North Carolina Troops), and left for service in the field, Colonel A. C. Godwin took command of the prison.

Like Colonel Gibbs, he was a gentleman and a soldier. His management of the prison may be inferred from the fact that, while he was occupying a similar post in Richmond, he showed himself so generous to some Federal officers that, when he was captured on the Rappahannock and sent to the Northern prisons, he was sought out and signally favored in grateful return by either the individuals he had kindly served in their captivity, or by their relatives and friends.

It was during his command that a lofty flag pole was erected near the main entrance in front of headquarters, and a number of citizens, including ladies, went down to witness the raising of the Confederate flag.

When the cartel for exchange of prisoners was agreed upon by the commissioners of the two governments, all the prisoners of war were exchanged. This left only Confederate convicts, Federal deserters and political prisoners.

The following official documents, together with a list of the civilian prisoners, copied from a paper kindly furnished by Governor Swain, is published with the conviction that while they indicate the government in the premises, they will be of interest to many in the future:

RICHMOND, VA., *February 27. 1863.*

To the House of Representatives:

I herewith transmit a communication from the Secretary of War, covering a list of the civilian prisoners now in custody at the military prison at Salisbury, N. C., in further response to your resolution of the 5th inst and invite attention to the recommendation in regard to a class of officers to be charged with the special duty of inquiring into the cases of prisoners arrested by military authority. I think such officers would be useful, they being selected for special qualifications and invested with special powers. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., *February 27, 1863.*

To the President of the Confederate States:

In answer to a resolution of the House of Representatives, I have the honor to inclose a list of the civilian prisoners now in custody in this city and in Salisbury, N. C., under military authority No arrests have

been made, at any time, by any specific order or direction of this department. The persons arrested have been taken either by officers of the army commanding in the field or by provost marshals exercising authority of a similar nature, and the ground of arrest is, or ought to be, founded upon some necessity, or be justified as a proper precaution against an apparent danger. The department has had commissioners to examine these persons, with directions "to discharge those against whom no well-grounded cause of suspicion exists of having violated a law or done an act hostile or injurious to the Confederate States."

The department appointed in November last a commissioner to examine prisoners in the Southwestern Department, embracing a portion of Georgia, Alabama and a portion of Mississippi. This commissioner found some obstructions in the performance of his duties from the provost marshals and some difficulty in obtaining reports from them. He resigned in the latter part of January, without making a report of the prisoners remaining in the department for which he was appointed.

These commissioners have been found useful, and I recommend that the department may be authorized to appoint them for the objects before mentioned, and that they be clothed with the authority of commissioners under the act of the Provisional Congress, No. 273, respecting commissioners appointed by the district courts.

In conclusion, I have to say that under the examinations that have been made a large number of prisoners have been discharged, and none are retained unless there be a cause of suspicion supported by testimony rendering it probable that the discharge of the prisoners would be prejudicial to the public interests.

Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES A. SEDDON,
*Secretary of War.**

* List of political prisoners at Salisbury, N. C., omitted.

SUSPENSION OF HABEAS CORPUS.

Remembering the long and bloody struggle which the friends of liberty have waged in the defence of the privilege of *habeas corpus*, recognizing it as an inestimable security and protection of the individual against the arbitrary acts of ambitious power, I am, nevertheless, forced to the confession, from my own observation, that occasions may arise when the most devoted defenders of liberty may with propriety, aye, must from necessity, suspend it for the protection of the country.

The fundamental principle and design of all proper government is the well-being and defence of society in its rights and privileges. Occasions may, and often do, arise in time of war or insurrection, when the right to suspend the writ is to be decided by the plain question between a single individual and the whole community. It often happens, further,

that while the danger to society and the government is clearly apparent, existing circumstances render a fair and full trial utterly impossible even though the public interest may demand it at once.

Such was the case in numerous instances in the Southern Confederacy Furthermore, arrest and imprisonment in such cases, when they are not attended by the infliction of any punishment beyond what is involved in the restraint of the confinement, are not to be viewed necessarily as a violent deprivation of enjoyment and freedom, but as a prudential deprivation of the opportunity to commit contemplated injury and destruction.

There are cases of reasonable suspicion against an individual when it is impossible to find evidence to justify his imprisonment under the civil law. It would certainly be a suicidal policy for a commander in such cases to wait till his plans are frustrated, his command betrayed and irretrievable losses sustained by some overt act of the supposed traitor or spy before ordering his arrest.

A case of this character occurred in General Whiting's Brigade in the latter part of 1861. While posted on the right wing of Johnston's army, one of his regiments encamped near a farm house, where, among others, lived a young man whose countenance betokened a base, designing spirit. I watched him loitering with an air of ill concealed thoughtfulness about the regiments and suspected from his conduct that he was giving information to the enemy The suspicion was entertained by the officers, too, but no clue to his guilt could be obtained. On the morning that the long roll beat for the regiment to leave he was seen galloping on the road to the river in great haste—in all probability communicated the movement of the whole force to the enemy and was not arrested till his return.

But while it may sometimes be proper, from the peculiar circumstances, to arrest and confine suspected parties, it cannot be right to postpone the examination of such cases a day longer than is unavoidable. Prompt investigation should decide whether the arrest is "founded upon some necessity," or can be "justified as a proper precaution against an appar-

ent danger." It is believed that the Confederate authorities are censurable for delay in such examination touching the arrest and custody of the civilian prisoners at Salisbury. One case is remembered, as reported by the commissioner when he came to Salisbury, of a citizen from Western Virginia, who had been in prison for fourteen months, and when his case was examined there was not the shadow of reason for his imprisonment. Mr. Seddon, speaking of the result of the examination in the Southwestern Department, states that "a large number had been discharged." Not recollecting positively, my impression is that a considerable number of those confined at Salisbury were promptly released when the facts of their arrest were brought to light.

After the departure of Colonel Godwin for the field, who, like Colonel Gibbs, made the prison guard the nucleus for a fine regiment (the Fifty-seventh North Carolina Troops) Captain McCoy held the office of commandant for some time. He was also Quartermaster of the post for a considerable period, and finally held a position on the staff of his relative, General Winder.

THE PRISON'S BETTER DAYS.

Up to the latter part of 1864, the prison presented few of those horrors which afterwards rendered it so shocking and deplorable. The citizens of Salisbury will long remember how often they have heard the loud songs of the prisoners in those first years, when in the first still hours of the summer night they beguiled the heavy moments in singing those familiar hymns which bring to all hearts the sad, sweet memries of other days and absent friends. Those songs told of sad home thoughts, and there were many, doubtless, who heard them with a kinder sympathy than the singers dreamed.

Coming from the prison they fell on the heart like "a thought of heaven in a field of graves." They called up sacred musings of that Better Land, where peace is never broken and freedom has no foe or fear.

About this period we have the testimony of an escaped prisoner—a newspaper correspondent—that the rations were tolerable both in quality and quantity. The prisoners had

the privilege of purchasing a variety of articles from outsiders. The above correspondent says that at one time his mess had seventy-five dozen eggs. During the Spring, Summer and Autumn some of the citizens showed their kindness and humanity by carrying or sending down quantities of provisions. The buildings afforded ample shelter, there being, in addition to the large house, six other smaller brick buildings. The old well afforded pure, refreshing water, and the oaks shed a cool and grateful shade. An escaped prisoner published a complimentary acknowledgment of the genial courtesy and generosity of Captain Swift Galloway, who was at that time commanding. They then had for the sick clean mattresses, and a frame hospital large enough for forty patients. There was one peculiarly sad feature, however, connected with the prisoners. It was the close confinement of two or three officers as hostages for a like number of Confederate officers whom the Federal Government was threatening to execute in retaliation for the death of certain criminals by order of the Confederate authorities. Their lot was of necessity very severe, but was alleviated by the magnanimous treatment of the commandant.

METHODS OF ESCAPE.

There were a few regular prisoners of war at this time in addition to other classes. Twelve officers were confined in the upper story of the large building. They concluded to make a desperate effort to escape. Accordingly they tied their blankets together, hung them out of the window, and a deserter, who was to act as their guide, started down. But the blankets were torn by his weight, he fell to the ground, the sentinels discovered him, and the plan was foiled.

Other attempts were made by means of tunnels, one running from the commissary building to the stockade, but the vigilance of the guards again foiled them. The efforts and plans resorted to in order to effect their escape were often very irregular. The dead were buried outside of the stockade by a detail of prisoners under guard. Upon one of these occasions one of the prisoners, being a ventriloquist, threw his voice into the coffin and so frightened the guards that the

escape of the entire detail was easily effected. Another successful plan was known as the "smallpox ruse." The hospital for those afflicted with this dire malady was without the stockade. A number of prisoners, heating some needles red hot, burned small holes in their faces and bodies, and presenting themselves to the Surgeon of the post, were ordered to the hospital. Once beyond the stockade, but little time elapsed ere they, too, had escaped.

When new deserters were brought to the prison they were generally "mugged" by those already there, and stripped of everything they had thus far preserved for their comfort. The parties were detected and subjected to severe corporal punishment, but as they continued their rapacious violence, the balance of the prisoners petitioned the authorities to send them to Andersonville. They were sent in compliance, and after reaching Andersonville became so obnoxious that they were arraigned before a court-martial of the prisoners, tried for their lives, and six of them were convicted and hung. It might have been one of these who, at Andersonville, murdered his own brother in order to get his property at the North, buried his body in his tent, spread his blanket over it, and for some time slept upon it. A gentleman from Georgia informed me such a case actually occurred.

On 3 March, Captain J. H. Fuqua was appointed to the duties of inspector, and second in command.

Captain Swift Galloway (Company H, Third Regiment North Carolina Troops), was succeeded by Colonel John A. Gilmer, Twenty-seventh Regiment North Carolina Troops, who had been so severely wounded in battle that he was unable to perform active service again.

In July the officers of the prison were Colonel John A. Gilmer, Commandant; Captain J H. Fuqua, Assistant Commandant; Lieutenant F. D. Stockton, Adjutant.

The prison guard was composed of three companies known as "Freeman's Battalion."

Company A, Captain C. D. Freeman, 110 men; Company B, Captain H. P Allen, 108 men; Company C, Captain E. D. Snead, 112 men.

The prisoners at that time numbered and were classified as

follows: Confederates under sentence of court-martial, 310; Federal deserters, 96; political prisoners, 164.

POLITICAL PRISONERS.

In September Judge Sidney S. Baxter came to Salisbury as commissioner to make inquiry into the cases of the political prisoners. He was eminently qualified from his humane disposition, integrity and talent to discharge the duties of his delicate mission. His voluntary efforts to assist Major Gee, during the next month, in relieving the suffering thousands of the prisoners who were crowded into the stockade, sufficiently attest the fidelity with which he addressed himself to the interest of those unfortunate men whom he was specially commissioned to look after.

Colonel Gilmer's health was not sufficient for the duties of the post. I have never heard from any source any complaint against the manner in which he discharged his duties as commandant. In September, 1864, he resigned, and the office of commandant was filled by the appointment of Major John H. Gee, of Quincy, Florida. Chief Justice Dupont, of Florida, being in Richmond, soon after this appointment, was told by General Braxton Bragg that there were "a number of hard cases at Salisbury, and Major Gee was appointed to that place on account of his prudence and discretion."

About the last of September Major Gee received a dispatch from Richmond ordering him to make provision immediately for a very large number of prisoners. Being a very humane man, he was greatly shocked by the order, for he knew it would be impossible to take care of so many. But bad as the state of affairs at Salisbury, it was vastly worse at Richmond. There the population had become so numerous, and the drain by the army had been and still continued to be so enormous that the question of bare subsistence had become one of alarming interest. One of our Senators stated that, accepting an invitation to eat at the President's table, he found nothing but corn bread and fried bacon for the bill of fare. The condition of many of the citizens was deplorable, and the remnant of the great Army of Northern Virginia was compelled to bear hunger while doing four fold service

against a vastly outnumbering army. No wonder then that the protest of Major Gee was unheeded.

Determined to do the best he possibly could with the limited means at his command, he addressed himself with earnest endeavor to the task of putting the prison in condition to receive the coming thousands. And that task was indescribably arduous. There were scarcely any axes, shovels, tools, lumber, wells, tents or any other requisite in the place or within his reach. He put a number of men to work with the best implements that could be gotten, to dig more wells. He required them not only to dig by day, but by candle-light at night. The carpenters were also ordered to enlarge the stockade. But before these improvements could be accomplished immense trains of prisoners began to arrive. By 5 October about 5,000 had come. One train, probably the first, brought between one and two hundred officers of various rank, from Brigadier-General down. On the 5th I visited the prison in company with several ladies. The ground was then firm and quite dry, and the place appeared well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. But that was the last time that the place had the appearance of aught but misery and wretchedness. The officers' and privates' respective portions of the grounds were separated by only a line of sentinels—the former occupying the eastern quarter, with the old wooden buildings.

The prisoners were always trying to escape, and not unfrequently they succeeded. Occasionally they would be arrested again by citizens and brought back. Frequently they would reach the mountains, find plenty of friends to supply and direct them, and make their way across the mountains to the Federal lines.

PRISON HORRORS.

When the officers arrived an attempt was made by robbers to "mug" them under cover of the darkness, as they had done many before; but an alarm was given and they did not effect their design. These "muggers," as they were termed in the prison parlance, were a regularly organized band of desperate characters, ready to rob the living or the dying, or to

commit actual murder to get money, provisions, clothes or other property. Although a number were sent, as before stated, to Georgia, the prison still continued to be infested with them to the last. It will never be known how many of their fellow prisoners they murdered. I think it was not uncommon for marks of violence to be discovered on the bodies of the dead. I saw one laid in the grave who appeared to have been killed by choking. Another, who was very emaciated, had a narrow wound like the incision of a small dagger near the jugular vein. Without this he could not have lived long, and I could divine no reason for his murder but impatience to get possession of clothes or something else which could not be obtained while he was alive.

During the month of October, 1864, the number of prisoners amounted to 10,321. The regular prisoners of war and the rebel convicts were in perpetual feud, owing to the latter having in September found and seized a Federal flag which one of the prisoners had brought in concealed upon his person. So bitter was the feud that the convicts did not dare to leave their quarters in the large building and venture out in the grounds at night.

There was no great degree of kindness between the Federal deserters and the convicts. They would gamble together in the upper story of the main building, insult one another, and get into terrible altercations. One of the guards told me that at night walking the parapet, he had heard them fighting, heard the cry of "murder," growing fainter and fainter, and finally heard the gurgling struggles as of men weltering in blood. One night a deserter was thrown from the upper window and taken up dead.

By order of the War Department General Martin received about fifteen hundred guards, of whom over a thousand were Senior Reserves,* men between 45 and 50, and several

*The Senior Reserves were the 73rd, 74th and 76th Regiments, and the Juniors, Millard's (20th) Battalion Mention of their services at Salisbury is made in their respective histories. As above stated, the 42nd regiment was prison guard earlier in the war, then the 57th, and in 1864 the 68th regiment for a while served in that capacity, and in 1865 the 81st regiment for a short while, for which see their respective histories in these volumes.—ED.

hundred Junior Reserves, who were boys between 17 and 18 years of age. Add to these "Freeman's Battalion," and you have all the troops that Major Gee was furnished to control ten thousand regular soldiers. The stockade was simply a plank fence about ten or twelve feet high so frail in many place that it could be shaken for a long distance by the hand.

It was the opinion of competent judges that a rush by a body of men against it would have broken it down. In some parts the planks at the bottom did not reach the ground, and it required but little effort, as experiment proved, to open a way for egress under them. The Senior Reserves who comprised the large majority of the guard, were ignorant of discipline, and so old and awkward and unteachable—many of them—that they appeared more like Quixotic burlesques than veritable soldiers. The Junior Reserves were much more vigilant and efficient, but many of them were exceedingly small and presented quite a grotesque picture as they lugged a huge musket around their beat. But for their diminutive size they would have made excellent sentinels. Freeman's men were all who had enough of the soldier about them to be depended on to discharge all the duties of a guard. Under such circumstances it may well be conceived how anxiously those who were entrusted with the keeping of the prisoners felt their responsibility. From October to the time they left there was no time (except perhaps, while Colonel Hinton with the Sixty-eighth Regiment, was there), when, acting in concert and with determination, the prisoners could not have overpowered the guard and sacked the town. A knowledge of this fact doubtless caused many a wakeful hour to Major Gee while others were sleeping, and may account for seeming severity in the regulations which were enforced.

When the prisoners came they could not be supplied with a sufficient number of tents, and in consequence they suffered greatly from exposure. In apology for this it must be observed that there was a much larger proportion furnished them than were employed by our own soldiers in the field; and there were really no more that could be procured. As soon as they could be obtained two hundred tents were furnished them—of different kinds—fly, wall and others. Thus

did they get what was denied our sons and brothers. After General Bradley T. Johnson came he made direct application to Governor Vance for tents, knowing probably that they could not be obtained from the government, and the Governor, notwithstanding he had taken steps to contribute to the relief of the Salisbury prisoners, was compelled to answer that he had none.

YANKEE INGENUITY IN PROVIDING SHELTER.

As they did not have enough houses or tents to shelter them and the scarcity of tools, teams, lumber and guards for the working parties prevented cabins being constructed, they resorted to "Yankee ingenuity" to provide shelter for themselves. A few crowded under the hospital and other houses, and slept there in bad weather. But the main resort was burrowing in the earth. The whole enclosure was literally honey-combed by these burrows. They were square, or round holes dug some three feet deep, with a mud-thatched roof—a hole being punched through to the surface at one end and a little chimney further built up out of baked earth. Over the entrance there was a little porch or projection that, as long as it withstood the rain itself, kept the water from the main burrow. But for the dampness these places would have been comparatively comfortable—for they shielded the tenant from the winds and rains, and required a very small quantity of wood to make them warm. I have seen a thin matting of shavings which had been whittled with a pocket knife, lying on the floor of some of them. The tenant had either to sit or lie down in them; they were too shallow for him to stand erect. They must have been wretchedly uncomfortable and destructive to health and life in those heavy, incessant rains that fell in January and February, 1865. The hospitals were so crowded, and such numbers died in them that some preferred to linger and suffer in their sickness in these little cells. Consequently they not infrequently died there alone, and were not discovered for some days.

AN ACCIDENT.

Major Moffatt, who was Quartermaster to the prison, with duty to provide shelter, etc., had a chimney begun to the large

building. When it had reached the third story, the unsound brick at the bottom gave way and the whole structure fell. Several were injured and perhaps one killed. The sentinels were ordered to clear the building and keep everybody out—and one, rushing back to get something, paid no attention to the sentinel's warning, was fired at and either killed or wounded. Those who were injured were rescued from the rubbish as soon as possible.

Major Moffatt found the greatest difficulty in getting lumber for building purposes, but, having procured some, had ordered the carpenters to put up six buildings, 200 feet in length, 22 feet wide, and 20 feet high. When they were engaged in framing these, General Winder, Commandant of Prisons in this and other States, visited and inspected the prison, pronounced the place unfit for a prison, declared that he would have them moved down in South Carolina and therefore ordered all improvements to be discontinued. Before the arrangements necessary for their removal were completed, the advance of Sherman became so threatening, and the whole situation so critical that the project was abandoned. It was also contemplated to move the prisoners to a more comfortable site on the Yadkin, but the place in view, on examination, proved ineligible. The Confederacy was in its last struggle—its resources all gone, and therefore though the condition of the prisoners was wretched and appalling, there was no way to ameliorate it. They were in a miserable plight when they came. Large numbers of them were unable to walk and had to be carried from the train to the prison. Those who had been confined elsewhere for a long time were pale, emaciated and dejected. Many of them were very filthy and ragged. Some were without hat or cap or any sign of shoes. The clothing of many was very meagre and of summer texture. A very large portion had no blankets. Such being their condition it is evident that their sufferings in the cold weather were intolerable. Situated as they were the allowance of wood, according to army regulations, was insufficient. Yet as to fuel most energetic efforts were made to supply them. A train ran regularly on the Western Railroad to transport wood. Fifty or sixty of the prisoners went

with it as a detail for loading and unloading. Numbers of wagons were frequently, if not constantly, employed in hauling wood to them. The wood-yard was immediately on the Central road, near the crossing just west of the stockade. It was carried thence by the prisoners who passed to and fro between a line of sentinels. The wood-master was allowed as large a detail for this purpose as he thought necessary. He stated on oath, that the average quantity furnished the prisoners was thirty-five to forty cords per day. According to General Johnson they received more nearly, on an average, the regulation allowance, than the troops who guarded them. Yet exposed as they were, twice or thrice the quantity would not have rendered them comfortable.

When the plan was agreed upon, for the two governments to send supplies to their respective soldiers in prison, Major Gee made out a requisition for ten thousand suits of clothing and sent it to the proper authorities at Richmond. A large supply was received and distributed under the supervision of United States officers, who were paroled for that purpose. In addition to their other ills, they had to bear the pangs of hunger. Just prior to their sudden advent, Major Myers, post commissary, had in obedience to orders, sent all, or nearly all, his stores to Richmond, Goldsboro and Wilmington. The district from which he was allowed to draw was limited to Surry, Yadkin, Davie, Stanly, Montgomery and Anson; and, for a time, Stokes and Forsyth Counties. From these he had received and shipped to the army vast quantities and it had now become extremely difficult to procure day by day what was required. With a daily demand of 13,000 rations, he often had not a day's supply ahead, and no certain source or means for procuring it. He engaged the mills for miles around to grind for him. He sent out purchasing and impressing agents with rigid instructions. He wrote to various points for assistance. He went or sent daily to the depot and train to impress the passing supplies. He, on one occasion, seized some stores that were on the train en route to Lee's army He joined Major Gee in his protest about more prisoners coming. He begged, entreated, warned, threatened the people to extort provisions from them. I have seen him in

the heavy rain, dashing hither and thither, striving to meet the requisitions that were made upon him. When the condition of the people was such that he could neither buy nor impress, he would borrow from them. At first the ration was 1⅛ pound flour, 1 pound beef, or 1-3 pound bacon (or in lieu of meat when it could not be had 1 pound potatoes or 1 1-2 gills sorghum) and to every hundred men 10 pounds rice and 3 quarts of salt. As the scarcity grew more pressing the flour was reduced one pound or meal was taken. That was in December. Sometimes several days would elapse without Major Myers being able to procure any meat. The same rations were issued to the guard as to the prisoners. Indeed, if preference was shown, it was in favor of the prisoners. When Colonel Folk (Sixty-fifth North Carolina) had returned from his imprisonment (at Fort Delaware) and visited the Salisbury prison, he pronounced the ration more in quantity than he had ever received in a Northern prison. In addition the prisoners were sometimes the recipients of humane offerings by the citizens, and had the liberty, when outside, to purchase, at least occasionally, from the numerous hucksters that hung around the garrison.

CLIMBING OAKS FOR ACORNS.

Yet after all this, they suffered intensely from hunger. They would climb the oaks for acorns and fish from the filthy sewers the crusts and the bones. The sick especially suffered, as what they got was often so coarse that they could not eat it.

Although such efforts were made to provide water, the supply was insufficient for drinking, cooking and washing. Wells were dug until they drained one another. The prisoners were allowed, under guard, to cross the bridge and get water from the wells in town. Those that were near the prison were often kept low and muddy by their constant drawing. They were allowed to go in squads, as numerous as could be guarded with the small number of the garrison, to the creek which ran within a few hundred yards of the place. From there they brought water in barrels. They were going and returning all through the day. Strenuous efforts were made

to have the creek turned to run through the grounds, but Major Turner, on examination, pronounced it impracticable with the means at hand. One of the guard was detailed to try to obtain a pump of sufficient capacity for the purpose, but he could not find one.

The hospital accommodations were not such as were desired by the prison officials, and were greatly inadequate to the necessities of so large a number of men so unfavorably situated. The buildings were too small, there was a limited supply of bunks and covering and even straw, and withal a distressing scarcity of medicines. Time after time were requisitions made for these articles upon the proper officials, but with very little success. The United States had made medicines contraband of war—a remarkable innovation on the rules of civilized warfare—and the meagre and irregular medical stores that ran the blockade were their sole dependence (outside of captures by the army) for the supply of the scores of thousands of the sick and wounded who were weltering in homes and hospitals all over the bleeding, panting South. The humane surgeons of the prison had but little margin for the exercise of their professional skill. Their dispensary was painfully scant and ill-furnished. As they looked upon the empty bottles and bare shelves, they must have mused often and painfully of the vast repositories of those articles which would save those men's lives, hoarded in the warehouses of their kinsmen and fellow-citizens at the North, and denied by the government which they had imperiled all to defend. When demands were made upon Captain Goodman for straw and lumber for bunks, he urged the improbability of obtaining either. The hospital on the second floor of the large building was fitted with good bunks, and two or three of the smaller ones had bunks also. One of them was better supplied than the hospital for the guard.

General Bradley T. Johnson, who by appointment took command of the prison on 24 December, 1864, was a true gentleman with a generous, sympathetic heart, and joined his strenuous exertions to those of other officials to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners. He complained heavily of the Quartermaster to General Gardner for his inefficiency, and

deplored the necessity of the sick having sometimes to lie on the bare floor. If all the efforts made by Drs. Currie and Wilson, Major Gee and General Johnson to have the hospitals furnished were known, it would speak loudly in their honor and silence the maledictions of those who say that the prisoners suffered from inhumanity instead of necessity. Captain Goodman may or may not have done the best he could. His good teams were taken away from him and broken-down stock put in their places. The roads were almost impassable. Straw was scarce. The saw mills were not competent to the constant demands upon them. His wagons had to be used for various indispensable purposes. It may safely be affirmed that a far more efficient man would not have been able to meet the overwhelming requisitions made upon him in the general dilapidation and scarcity.

A SURGEON GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PRISONERS.

The Surgeons were faithful and humane, by the admission of the prisoners themselves. Dr. Richard O. Currie, from Knoxville, established a most enviable reputation by his self-sacrificing efforts, as Chief Surgeon, to minister to the poor sufferers. They seemed to burden his heart continually He visited them with the spirit of his Saviour. A good physician, he ministered to them in sickness—an earnest preacher of the Gospel, he strove to instruct them in the way of life. So incessant and exhausting were his cares and labors for them that, at the close of a day of overpowering toil, he was violently attacked with brain fever, and in a few days passed from his noble toils to the Land of Rest—dying a martyr to the Federal prisoners.

His successor, Dr. Wilson, was also a kind-hearted, faithful, Christian surgeon. After the main body of the prisoners had left, I received an invitation from him to hold divine service for the sick in the basement of the large building. At his request I had before held services in the main grounds. In the hospital were a considerable number of sick, some on bunks and some on the floor. Those on the floor were not required but permitted to lie there, as they preferred it. The floor was clean, and, considering the means at his disposal, the apartment was in good condition. He accompanied me

and remained to the close of the services. At his request I visited a dying prisoner who had been removed to a good bunk in the guard hospital. After conversing with him freely, when in the act of leaving, I could not but be impressed with the affecting and trustful attachment he evinced for Dr. Wilson, as he begged me to find him and send him to him. I did so, and the doctor went promptly.

The meed of professional fidelity is due to all his assistant surgeons.

But there was terrible mortality in the prison. From 1 October, 1864, to 17 February, 1865, there were 3,419 deaths among the prisoners.* The number of daily deaths varied from 18 to 40. On one day about 65 died. In its worst days the condition of the prison was shocking—the appearance and sufferings of the prisoners harrowing in the extreme. The red clay soil held the water, and under the tramp of thousands became one scene of mud. In December a number of prisoners were detailed to police the enclosure, but so boggy was the whole surface that they could do but little. Ditching would not drain the ground sufficiently.

The prisoners were the very personification of forlorn wretchedness. They seemed to grow more and more dejected, and an ennui congealed the very springs of life. Doomed to inevitable idleness and inactivity, with no sight but such as aggravated the gloom and horror of their shrouded hearts, with hope deferred from week to week, from month to month, many of them sank under the sheer burden of despair, and with a stolid silence and indifference to time or eternity, finished their mortal sorrows in death.

Major Gee informed me in February that he had made

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* *The Roll of Honor* (No. xiv, pp. 134-235), gives the names of 2,504 Federal soldiers who died in the Salisbury prison. This record shows that these deaths occurred almost without exception during the last months of 1864 and the spring of 1865. In view of this great mortality it may be interesting to note the total deaths in Federal and Confederate prisons. According to the *World Almanac* for 1890, p. 95, the deaths in Confederate prisons were 30,156; in Federal prisons they were 30,152. The total number of prisoners taken by the Confederates and not paroled was 196,177; the deaths therefore represented 15.37 per cent. of the prisoners. The prisoners captured by the Federals who were not immediately paroled were 227,570; the death rate among them was therefore 13.25 per cent. These figures are from the Adjutant General's office.

careful inquiry, and that of more than three thousand who had died not one had uttered a syllable of concern about the future destiny of his soul. Few religious advantages were afforded them. Dr. Currie preached in the hospitals. On repeated applications to him he discouraged me as to preaching to the masses of the prisoners, stating that they were generally foreigners and Catholics, and were not at all likely to give me a kindly reception. Rev Dr. Rumple, I think, held service in the hospital for them. In February I was invited by Dr. Wilson to preach to them, he telling me that it had all the time been Major Gee's pleasure for them to have preaching, and that they would certainly appreciate it. Entering the yard on the next afternoon, it being a beautiful Sabbath, I found a Baptist minister near the old well preaching to a large congregation of them; but as there were thousands scattered over the grounds who were not attending, I went to a large oak in the eastern center and began to sing. A number had followed me and the throng increased for some time. It was to me an interesting occasion. They were very respectful, earnest and solemn. I used the last Testament I had, and telling them during the discourse that I intended presenting it to one of them, I was touched by their eagerness to get it, quite a number pressing up with expectant looks. When I concluded they crowded thickly around me, and a number grasped my hand in Christian fervor.

It was probably Dr. Currie who made an effort for a prison library, and I wrote to the Tract Society at Richmond to get reading for them. Rev. Mr. Bennett was gone to Europe to make arrangements to get some Bibles and Testaments, which were also virtually contraband of war according to the regulation and practice of the United States.

I was answered by Rev. Mr. Moorman. He deplored his inability to supply me from the exhaustion of his supply. He spoke with Christian sympathy of my purpose. Hence few were the Christian privileges of the miserable prisoners. But I have seen the light of heaven in the eye of the suffering captive, and heard from his lips the glorious eloquence of salvation. From the tongue of another I have listened to the rich avowals of Christian hope and confidence, and heard the

failing, almost inaudible voice mutter, " 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are precious words." And doubtless amid the gloom and horror of that old prison, there was many an upward glance of the heart—many a struggle and triumph of faith—many a thrill of redeeming love and heavenly hope, which all unknown to friend or foe, were recognized by Him whose nature is love, and who is "mighty to save."

There was a small brick building near the center of the prison, which was used as a receptacle for the dead until they were carried to the burial ground. They were hauled thence, without coffins, to the old field west of the prison. A detail, first of convicts and afterwards of prisoners of war, was kept day by day, constantly digging the long pits in which they were interred. These pits were four feet deep, a little over six feet wide, and were extended, parallel, about sixty yards. The bodies were laid in them without covering—there was not material to cover the living, much less the dead. They were laid side by side, as closely as they would lie, and when the number was too large for the space that was dug, one would be placed on top between every two. They generally had very little clothing on, as the living were permitted to take their garments. Seldom does it fall to the lot of man tc behold a more sickening and heartrending spectacle than they presented. It was a lesson on the vanity of this life more impressive and eloquent than tongue or pen can describe. It was a picture of the hellish curse of war, in one of its most horrible and hideous aspects. I begged the workmen at least to get some brushes to lay over their faces. Sadly have I mused, as I stood and gazed upon their attenuated forms, as they seemed the very romance of the horrible in shroudless, coffinless grave. Those long, bony hands, were once the dimpled pride of a devoted mother, and on that cold, blanched brow tender love had often pressed the kiss of a mother's lips. Perhaps while I gazed on their hapless fate, a fond wife and prattling children were watching for the mail that they might receive the longed-for tidings from him who was best beloved. But I turn from the theme, as I always turned from those harrowing, chilling burials, with a heart full of sadness.

and shuddering over the unwritten terrors and calamities of war.

From the congregated evils of imprisonment the prisoners were always anxiously seeking escape. Gladly did they accept any opportunity to get out, however laborious the duties for which they were detailed. Numbers of them were on parole or detail for various duties. Some were clerks, some in the workshops, some in the shoe factories, some digging graves, some hauling wood on the train, etc.

A Colonel Tucker came there for the purpose of getting recruits from their number for the Confederate army. Only foreigners were allowed to enlist. Nearly eighteen hundred took the oath administered by a Catholic priest. Some may have taken this step in good faith, as it is known they were often recruited by foul means in the United States, but the greater number chose it as the only means of escape from their terrible den. They were called "galvanized Yankees," and though most of them made scarcely a show of fighting when the test came, a few stood their ground and fought with true courage.

ESCAPES FROM THE PRISON.

Of the whole number in the prison, five or six hundred escaped during the five months from October to March. They sometimes succeeded in deceiving the sentinels and passing quietly out at the gate. One morning a ladder was found against the stockade on the inside. How many had scaled it is not known.

They were constantly engaged in tunneling. At one time they were engaged on sixteen tunnels in different parts of the enclosure. Sometimes they would complete them and a number escape. But to prevent this a second line of sentinels was placed about thirty feet from the stockade. There were also spies among them who were bribed by the prison officials to detect and betray them.

Before the officers were removed and when there was only a line of sentinels between the officers and privates, a sentinel saw a paper thrown across by an officer, and on examining it, found that it contained directions for an outbreak to be made

at a certain signal that night. I have heard that the purpose was to overpower the guard and sack or burn the town. The plot was conceived by General Hays and others. It caused the officers to be removed to Danville immediately. It is almost impossible to conceive what the fate of the unsuspecting citizens would have been that night if the fearful plan had been consummated.

On 20 October, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as the relief for the inside guard entered the prison, they were rushed upon and disarmed by the prisoners, and two or three of them were killed. One was bayonetted, another shot, and both staggered out to the gate, fell and expired. About eight men were wounded. One sentinel on the parapet was also shot and killed, the ball passing first through the plank. As the prisoners made the rush they raised a tremendous yell. Then came their rapid fire upon the guard. They also threw brickbats and baked earth-balls, whatever they could obtain, at the sentinels. The latter stood at their posts, dodging and firing. In a moment the cannon at one of the angles fired, but being loaded with solid shot it did no execution.

There were soon two more discharges with grape and canister which did terrible execution. The musketry firing by the sentinels also became rapid. A large body of prisoners had congregated in a threatening attitude before the main entrance. As soon as they saw they could not succeed they threw up their hands and cried: "We give up! we are done!" They ran scampering all over the grounds, seeking for shelter, running into their burrows and tents, falling in the ditches and on the ground. The citizens, apprehending the cause of the yells and firing, armed themselves as soon as possible and young and old came in haste to the prison. Colonel Hinton's regiment, which was on the train at the depot and about to leave, formed at the sound of the cannon, double quicked to the stockade and mounted the parapet. But these and the citizens came too late. It is well they were no nearer, no sooner there, for many more would certainly have been killed. The officers of the prison stopped the firing as soon as they possibly could.

About sixteen of the prisoners were killed and sixty

wounded. It was difficult to restrain the excited people and soldiers, particularly some of Freeman's men whose comrades had been slain. When the prisoners attacked the guard a Federal deserter knocked one prisoner down with a brickbat, and wrenching a musket from another pinioned him with the bayonet. He then ran to his quarters.

Some of the guard, in running out, made a stand at the gate with some picks and shovels lying there and kept the prisoners back.

The whole affair lasted but about 10 minutes. The reason of their signal failure was their want of concert and organization.

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

About the middle of February Major Gee received intelligence that the articles of exchange had been agreed on. The perpetual dream and longing of those who survived was about to be realized at last. Oh how they had watched and prayed for it! Wading in the mire, pinched by hunger, chilled with cold, covered with vermin, broken in spirit, the thought of home was as sweet as the vision of happiness, and their most eager inquiry of all visitors as, "Is there any prospect for exchange?" At last their sad hearts were to be gladdened. Major Gee, knowing how it would excite and transport them, charged the officer who was to inform them to warn them to make no demonstration lest the guard might fire upon them. His message was, "Tell them they have something good to sleep over to-night."

About the 20th, all who were well enough, were removed. The sick were carried on the trains. The hospitals were emptied of all who could travel. It was a pitiable spectacle to see the haggard, staggering patients marching to the train. Some faltered along alone; some walked in couples, supporting one another; now and then three would come together, the one in the middle dragged along by the other two; and occasionally several would bear a blanket on which was stretched a friend unable to walk or stand. Deeply was every heart stirred which was not dead to sympathy, as the throng gazed on the heartrending pageant. God forbid I

should ever be called to witness the like again! At the train they received refreshments from the hands of several citizens. About 2,800 started to march to Greensboro. A great many who started were unable to make the march. Besides the stragglers, two hundred were left at Lexington and five hundred the next day, were abandoned on the road. About one thousand failed on the way.

I have failed to mention that three or four hundred negroes were brought to the prison, and were treated precisely as the other prisoners of war.

After this general delivery about 500 were confined, some of them from Sherman's army, and were hurried to Charlotte just in time to escape Stoneman's raiders in April (1865). The day that Stoneman captured Salisbury his prisoners were penned in the very same stockade which had so long enclosed the hordes of Federal captives. All the buildings and the stockade were burned by Stoneman's orders on the night of 12 April. A number of his men had been imprisoned there, and doubtless some of them were in the detail to which was assigned the avenging torch.

Having written thus frankly of the dark history of this great reservoir of misery and death, I now ask, "Who is to blame?" And I answer in the very words of two escaped prisoners, newspaper correspondents, who published their prison experience after their return to the North.

ESCAPED PRISONERS BLAMED EDWIN M. STANTON.

Mr. Richardson says:

"The government held a large excess of prisoners and the rebels were anxious to exchange man for man. but our authorities acted upon the cold-blooded theory of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that we could not afford to give well fed, rugged men for invalids and skeletons—that returned prisoners were infinitely more valuable to the rebels than to us, because their soldiers were inexorably kept in the army, while many of ours, whose term of service had expired, would not re-enlist."

Mr. Brown writes:

"As soon as Mr. Richardson and myself reached our lines we determined to visit Washington, even before returning to New York, to see what could be done for the poor prisoners we had left behind, and determine what obstacles there had been in the way of an exchange. We were entirely free. We owed nothing to the rebels or to the government

for our release. We had obtained our own liberty, and were very glad of it for we believed our captives had been so unfairly, not to say inhumanely, treated at Washington that we were unwilling to be indebted to the authorities of that city for our emancipation. We went to Washington, deferring everything else to move in the matter of prisoners, and did what we thought most effective for the end we had in view. During our sojourn there we made it our special business to inquire into the causes of the detention of Union prisoners in the South, although it was known that they were being deliberately starved and frozen by the rebels. We particularly endeavored to learn who was responsible for the murder—for it was nothing else—of thousands of our brave soldiers; and we did learn There was but one answer to all our questions, and that was, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Although he knew the exact condition of affairs in the rebel prisons, he always insisted that we could not afford to exchange captives with the South; that it was not policy Perhaps it was not; but it was humanity, and possibly that is almost as good as policy in other eyes than Mr Stanton's. After our departure from Washington, such a storm was raised about the Secretary's ears—such a tremendous outside feeling was created—that he was compelled to make an exchange.

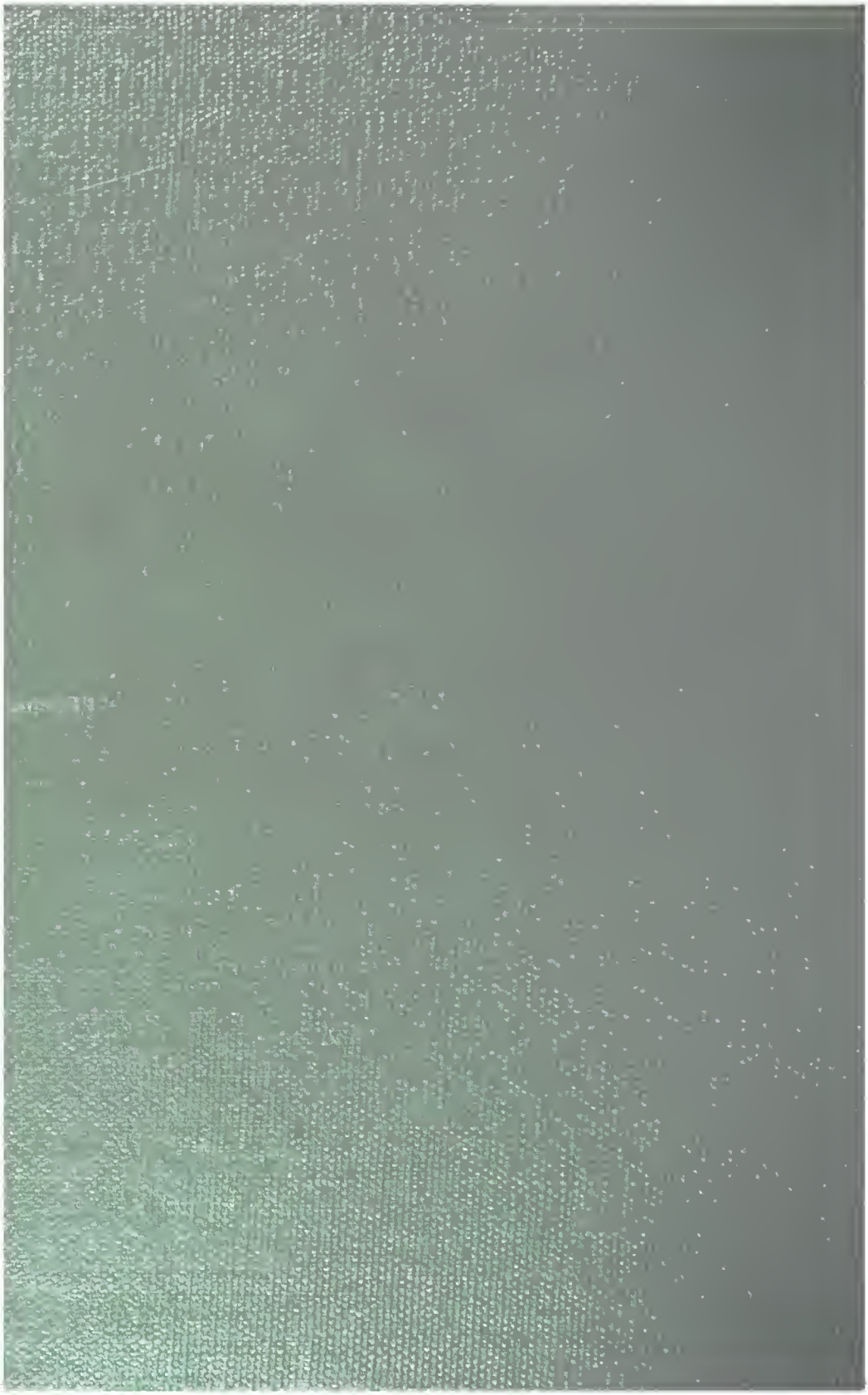
"The greater part of the Northern prisoners have now been released, I believe, but there was no more reason why they should have been paroled or exchanged since February than there was ten or twelve months ago. No complications, no obstacles had been removed in the meantime. Our prisoners might just as well have been released a year since as a month since, and if they had been, thousands of lives would have been saved to the republic not to speak of those near and dear ones who were materially and spiritually dependent upon them.

"Dreadful responsibility for some one; and that some one, so far as I can learn, is the Secretary of War. I hope I may be in error, but cannot believe I am. If I am right, heaven forgive him! for the people will not. The ghosts of the thousands needlessly sacrificed heroes will haunt him to his grave."

As these extracts are against the officers of their own government, one, if not both, written when the storm had lulled and the mind was capable of dispassionate reflection and judgment, we, of course, must accept them as true. They agree with and corroborate the opinion of all well-informed persons at the South—thus making it the verdict of the jury of the millions North and South, that Edwin M. Stanton, and not the authorities of the Confederacy, is guilty of the deliberate destruction of thousands of Federal and Confederate captives whom he would not permit to be exchanged.

Why, then, all this unrelenting bitterness—this bloodthirsty, inexorable vengefulness towards the South? Impartial history will show that in the article of prisons, she was "more sinned against than sinning." It is known by all who choose to know the truth, that stern necessity and insupportable national misfortunes occasioned the sufferings of

the Federal captives in Southern prisons. The South, both citizens and government, clamored for exchange—the North refused it. But where is the apology for the barbarities and murders of Northern prisons? Is it found in the *lex talionis*? Where is the authority that justifies retaliation against inevitable necessity?

ADOLPHUS W MANGUM.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,
26 April, 1890.